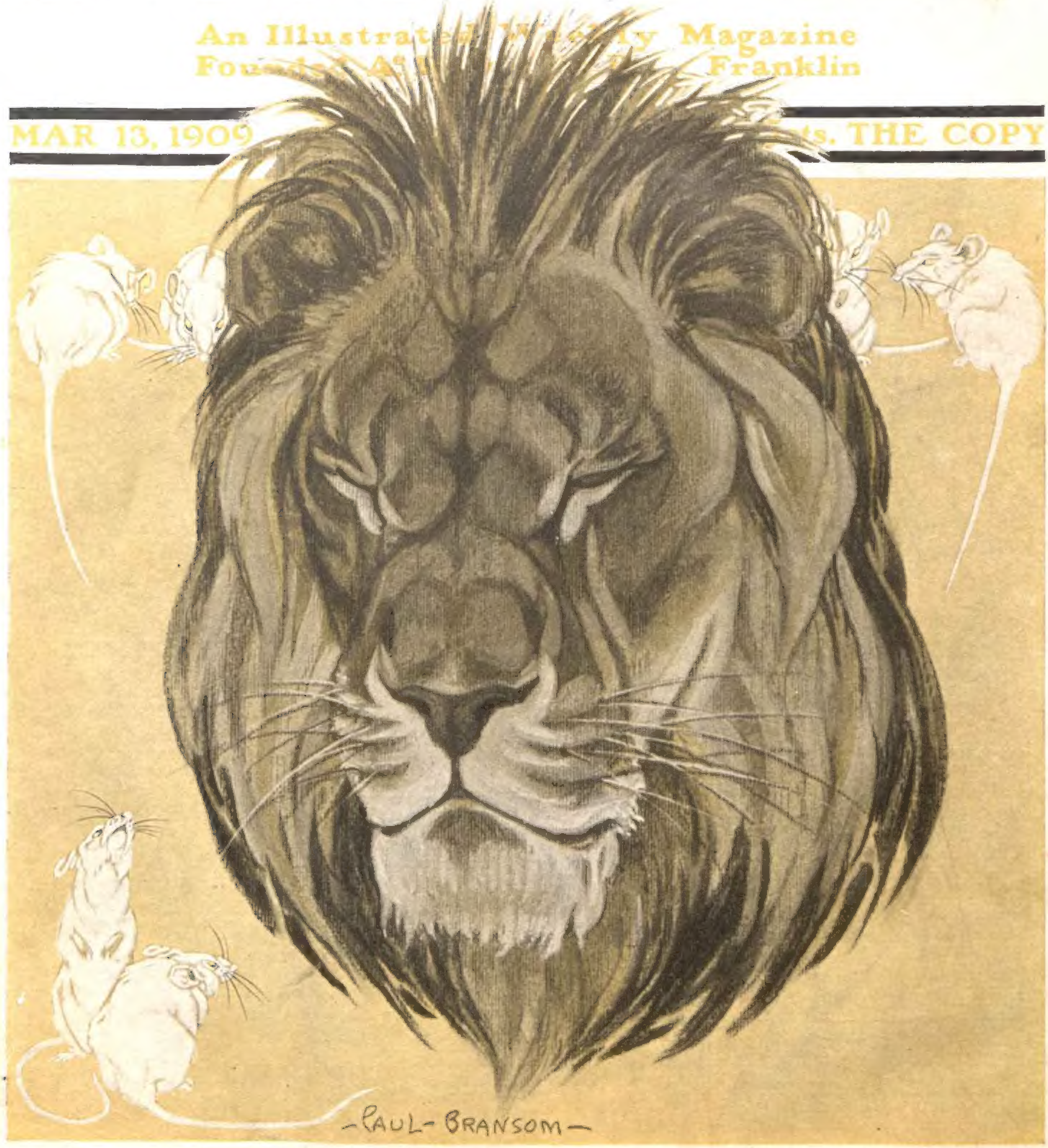
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° [illegible] Franklin

MAR 13, 1909 [illegible]ts. THE COPY

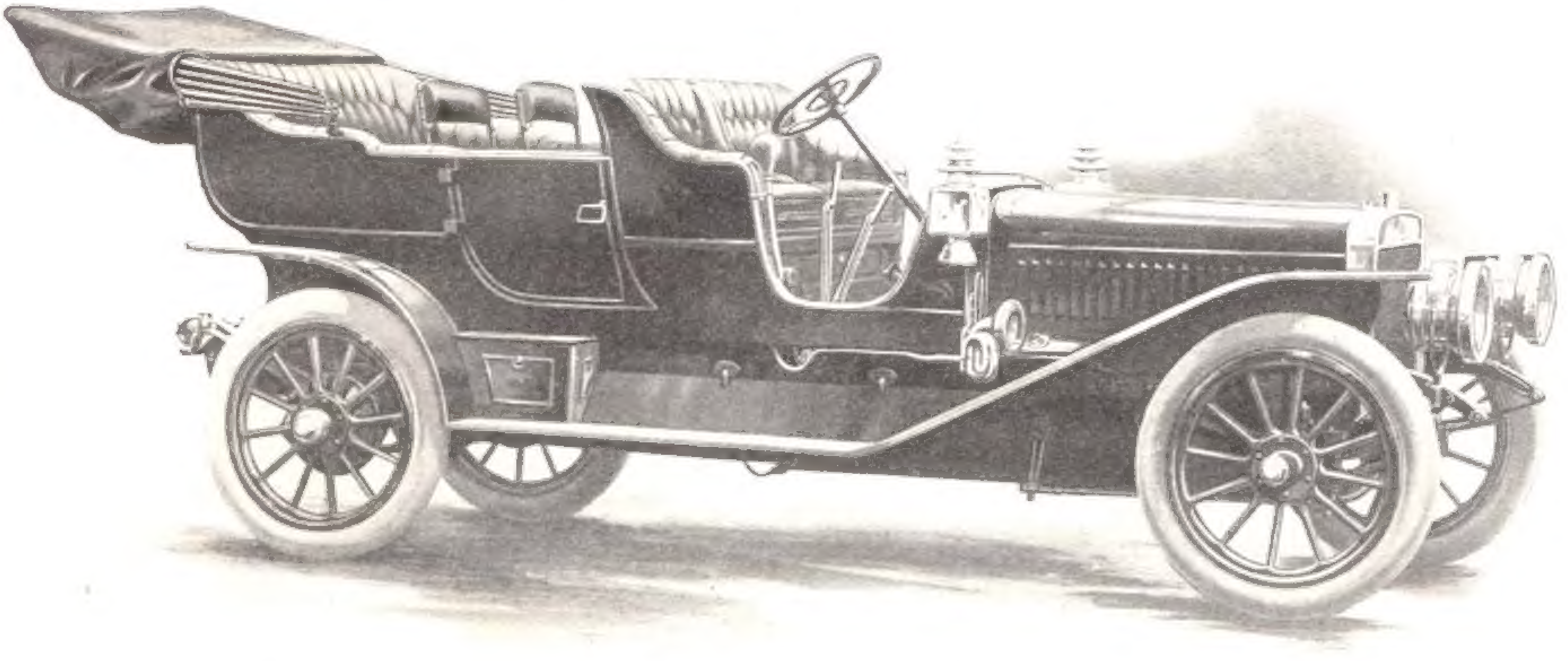


Beginning **THE WHITE MICE**—By Richard Harding Davis

We Make Sixes Exclusively

There are many sixes on the market. And every one of them but ours (so far as we know) is made by a manufacturer who also makes fours. Some of these makers just add two cylinders to a four and call it a six.

Most of them don't care whether you buy a four or a six, because they expect to get you "coming or going." And if you seem to prefer a four, the chance is that they will **not** tell you what a mistake you are making.



We do not ask you to purchase a

WINTON SIX

because we make sixes exclusively.

Instead we are making sixes exclusively because sixes are superior to all other types. And we can prove it to you just as we have done to hundreds of others.

The Winton Six isn't a four with two added cylinders. It is a six from the drafting room to the shipping department, from the radiator to the tail lamp. And because it is a real six (not a makeshift) the Winton Six proves in its work all the points of superiority we claim for it.

On the contrary it is not surprising that any so-called sixes (being really fours with two added cylinders) should prove disappointing.

Six cylinder cars are the world's best. Fours plus two cylinders are not. Therefore if you really seek the greatest enjoyment that motoring affords, you will be as careful to select a bona fide six as you will be to avoid a four.

The Winton Six starts without cranking.

Runs as sweetly and as quietly as a watch.

Makes hill climbing simple and easy.

Minimizes gear shifting, eliminates motor vibration, and goes the route like coasting down hill.

This car holds the world's upkeep record of 4343 miles on One Dollar expense. We send the sworn records upon request.

Two Models—$3000 and $4500.

We shall be pleased to send descriptive literature which fully presents the advantages enjoyed by the Winton Six owner. Our book, "Twelve Rules to Help Buyers," applies to all cars and will aid you in making a safe purchase.

Write for literature today.

Clip out this reminder and mail it today.

THE WINTON M. C. CO., Cleveland, O.

You may send me
☐ Winton Six Catalog
☐ Twelve Rules to Help Buyers
☐ One Dollar Upkeep for 4343 Miles Booklet

Name ....

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....

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.

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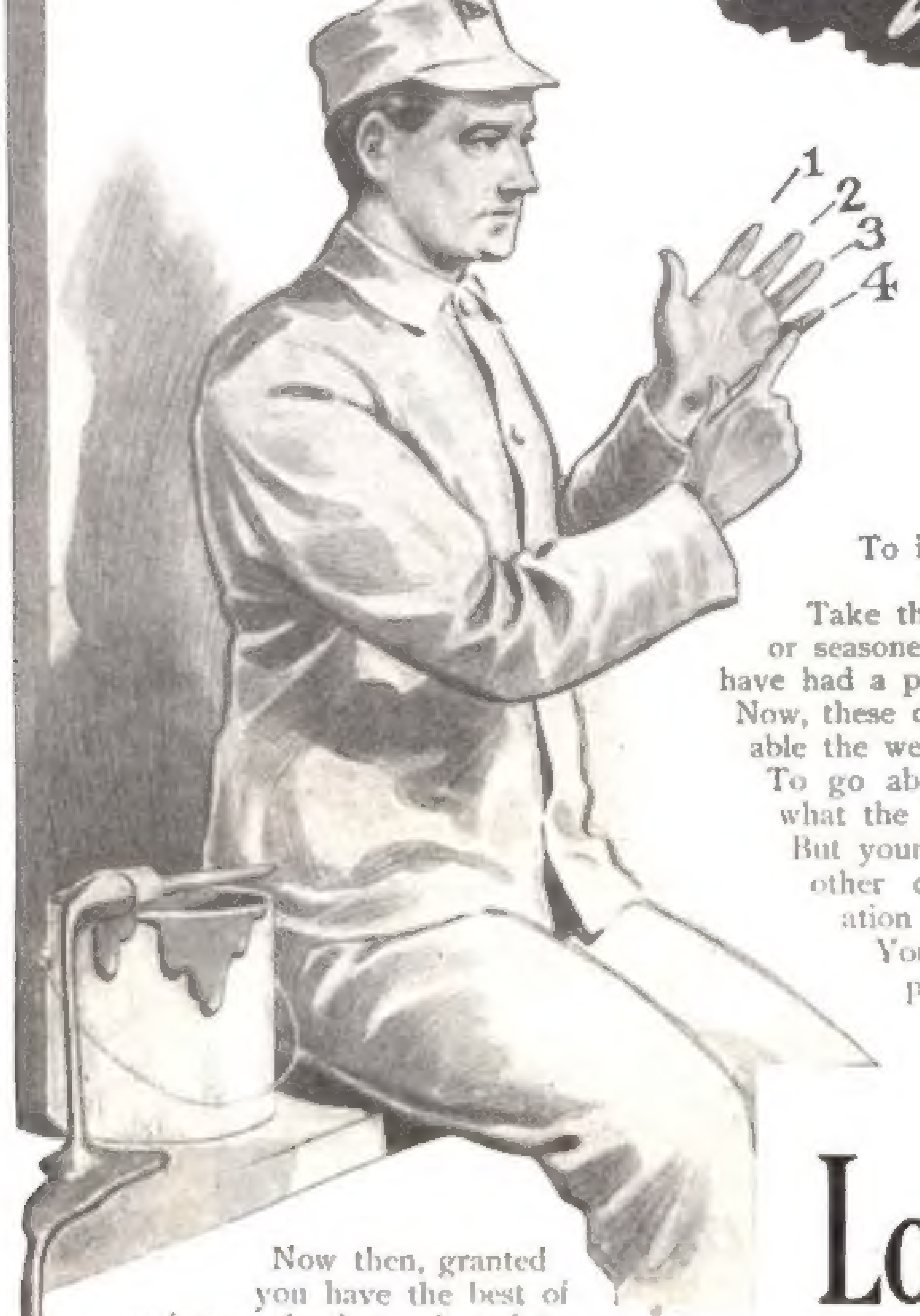
What you should know before you Paint



—If You Want Satisfaction

Four things affect results in painting. They are:

***First* —the Surface**
***Second*—the Weather**
***Third* —the Painter**
***Fourth*—the PAINT**

To insure satisfactory results each of these conditions has to be considered in its relation to the others.

Take the surface—it may be poplar or redwood, yellow pine or spruce; it may be green or seasoned, dry or damp, receptive or repellent, rough or smooth, hard or absorbent. It may have had a previous coat or not.

Now, these different surfaces call for thoughtful treatment in every case, no matter how favorable the weather conditions, or how good your painter, or how high grade the paint.

To go about it scientifically, even when the work is done by contract, you must learn just what the surface conditions are, and then learn what to do in that particular case.

But your knowledge of surfaces—while it helps some—will not make up for disregard of other conditions or for using unworthy paint. Then suppose you take into consideration the surface and the weather conditions and hire a poor painter to do the job. You cannot even then expect the best results because so much depends on the painter's care in spreading the right paint properly, applying it evenly, rubbing it out and rubbing it into the wood, allowing sufficient time between coats and in all around experience.

Lowe Brothers
High Standard
Liquid Paint

Now then, granted you have the best of painters who has taken into account the weather conditions and the surface and knows the needs of your particular case, you might still lack the most important essential of all—a reliable paint. If you use Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint you will not only have a reliable paint, but you will have the proper paint for any reasonable surface. Every dealer who handles Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint can give you definite help towards securing best results. "High Standard" Paint is the result of forty years of study of paints and scientific experiment in using them, and when instructions are carefully followed, it must prove satisfactory. Always remember that behind this knowledge is the spirit of the makers—doing the day's work according to the best there is in them, with a loyal, honest, earnest, working personnel, guiding and guarding the perfection of the product as though the whole future success hung on the quality of every drop.

That is the underneath "something" which supplies the true reason why "High Standard" Paint, used with proper consideration of conditions, gives best results.

"Best results" means that "High Standard" Paint, applied by a man who understands painting, will wear longer, looking "prosperous" all the time, will cost less in the long run, and will leave a better surface for repainting than any "mixed by hand" or cheap ready-mixed paint.

It follows that in Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint the finest materials must be combined by most-up-to-date machines under the supervision of foremost paint experts. Is it strange that such paint "makes good"?

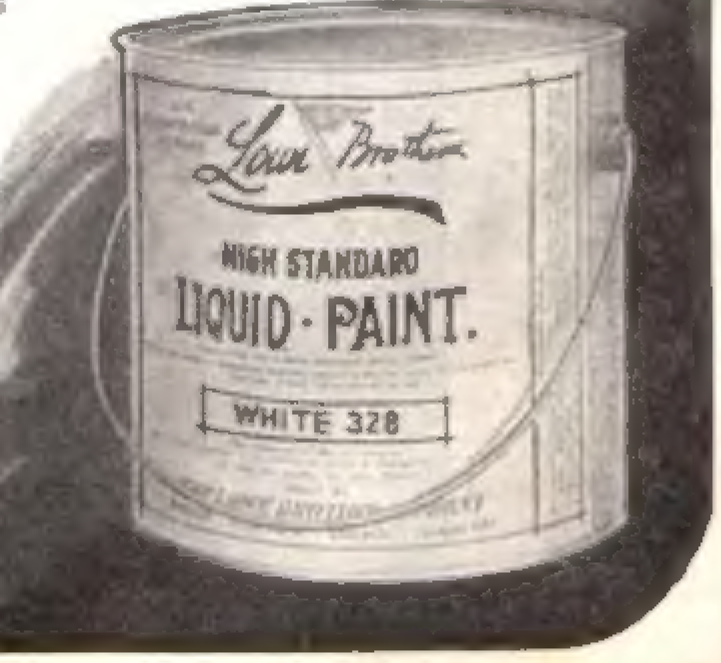
Just as dependable as "High Standard" Paint are Lowe Brothers Linduro and other Enamels, Household Finishes—like Vernicol—for floors, woodwork and furniture, Hard Drying Floor Paint, Oil Stain for beautiful stain effects—and "Little Blue Flag" Varnishes for every purpose.

The *Little Blue Flag* on the can is your protection.

"High Standard" Agents are usually the leading paint dealers in their community who believe in *quality*, and who are building their reputation thereon.

Ask them for practical information and for your requirements.

Write us for booklet, "The Owner's Responsibility," and let us supply suggestions for your color combinations, both exterior and interior.



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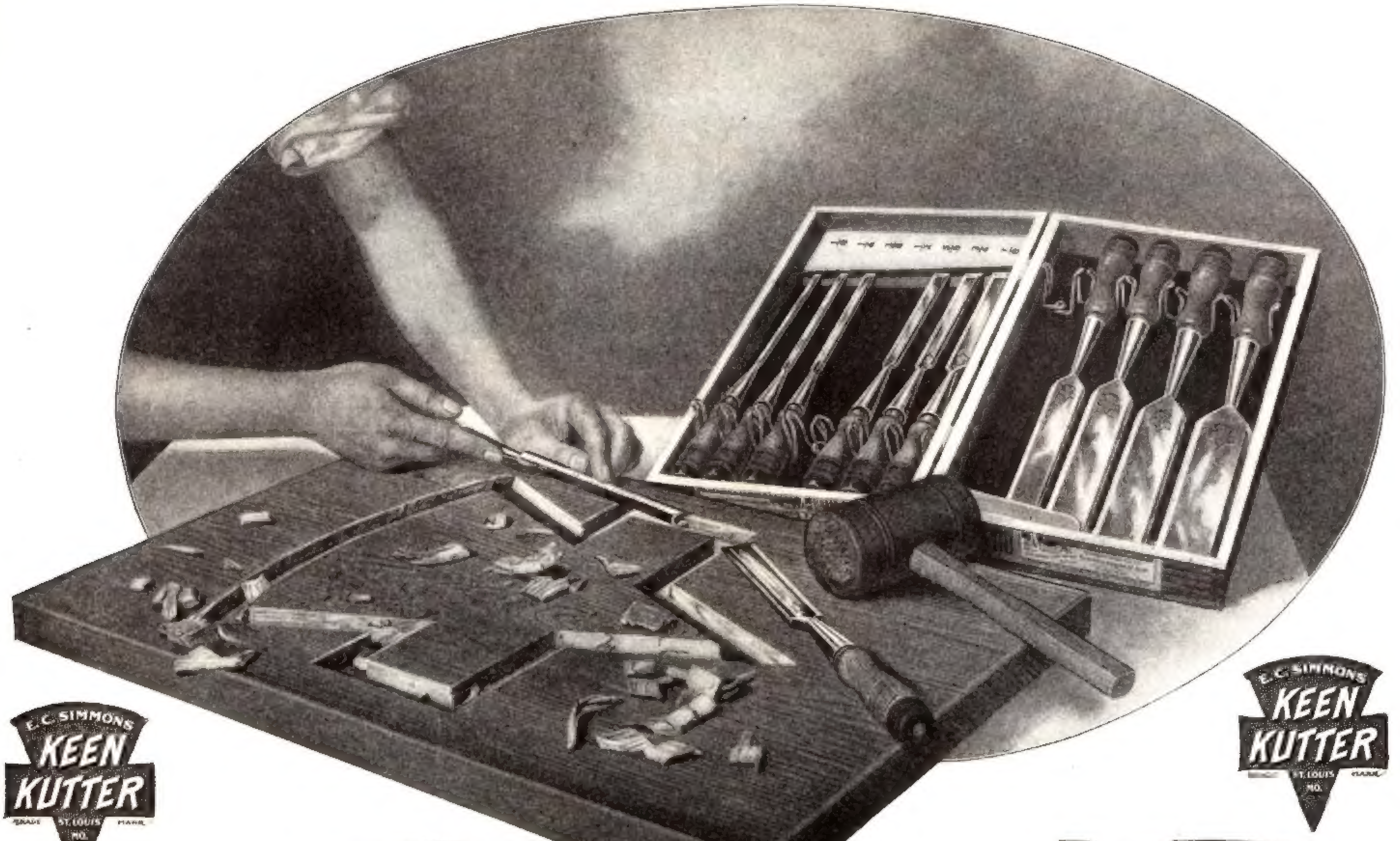

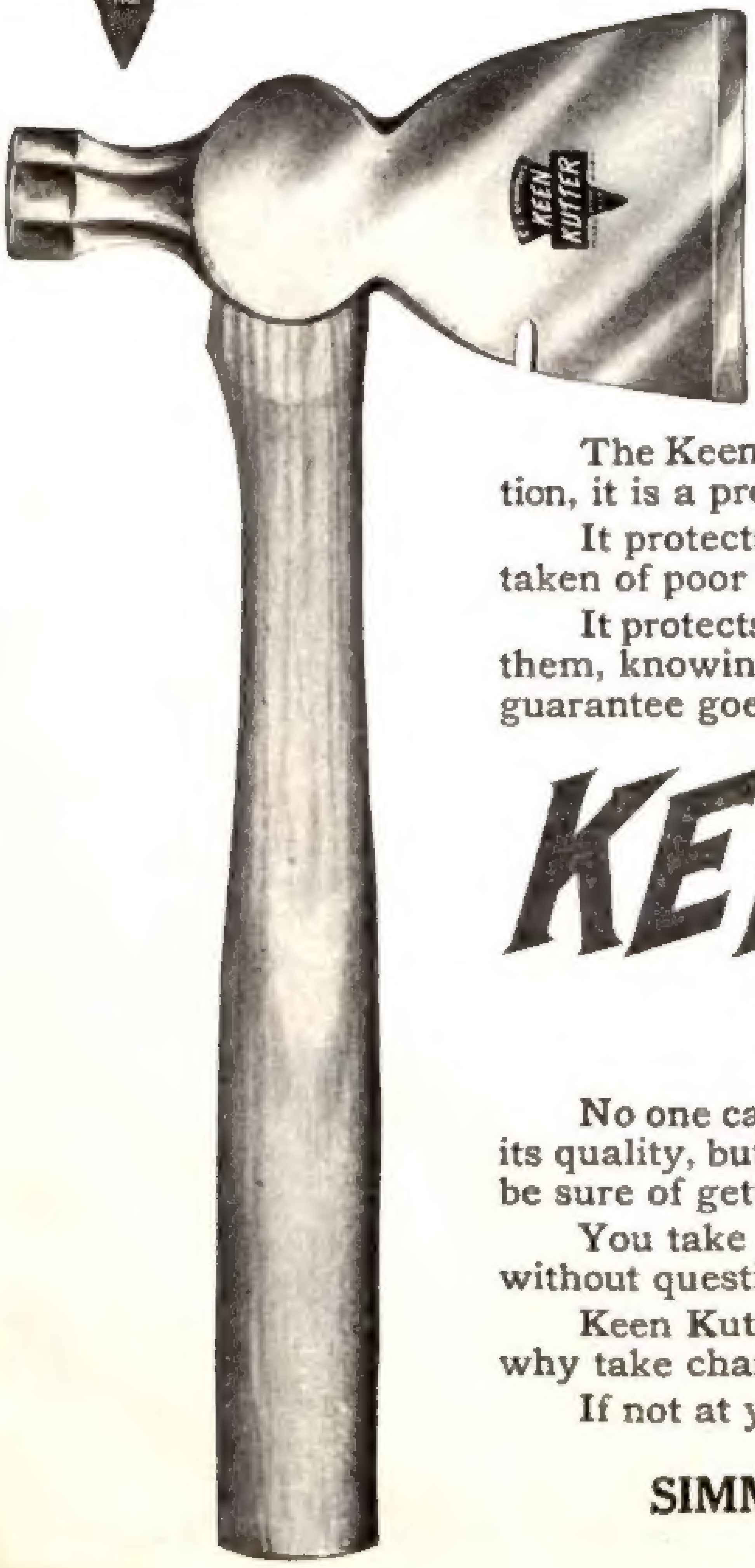

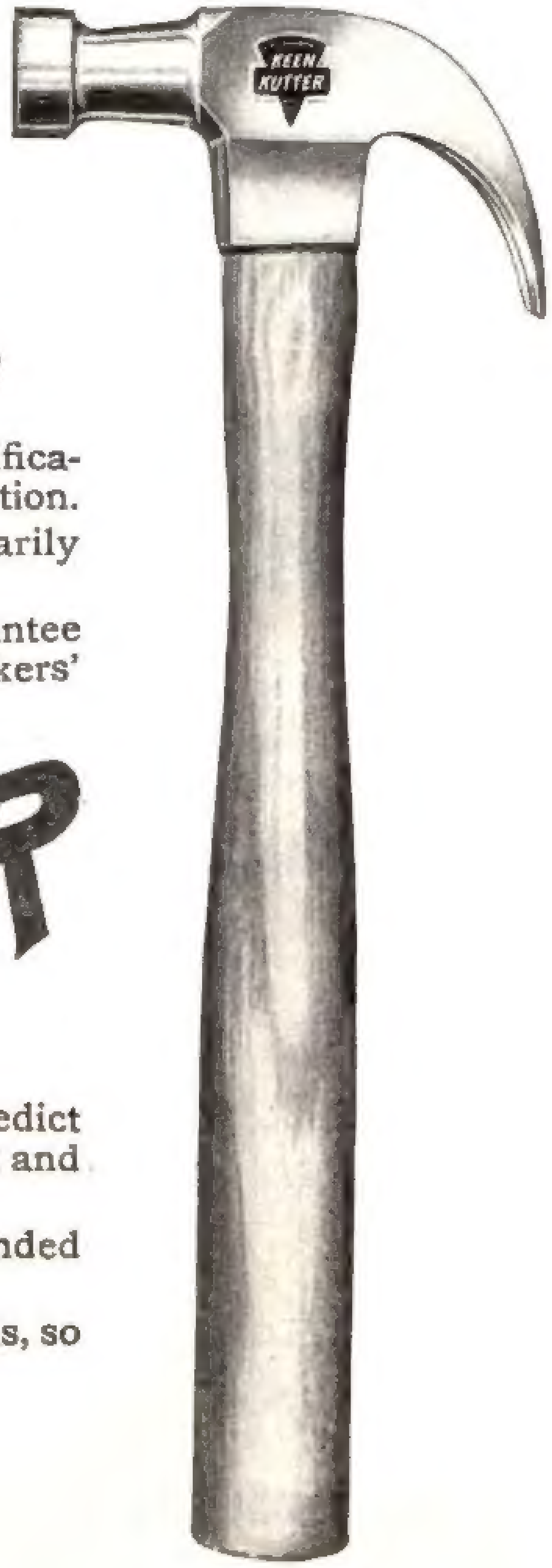

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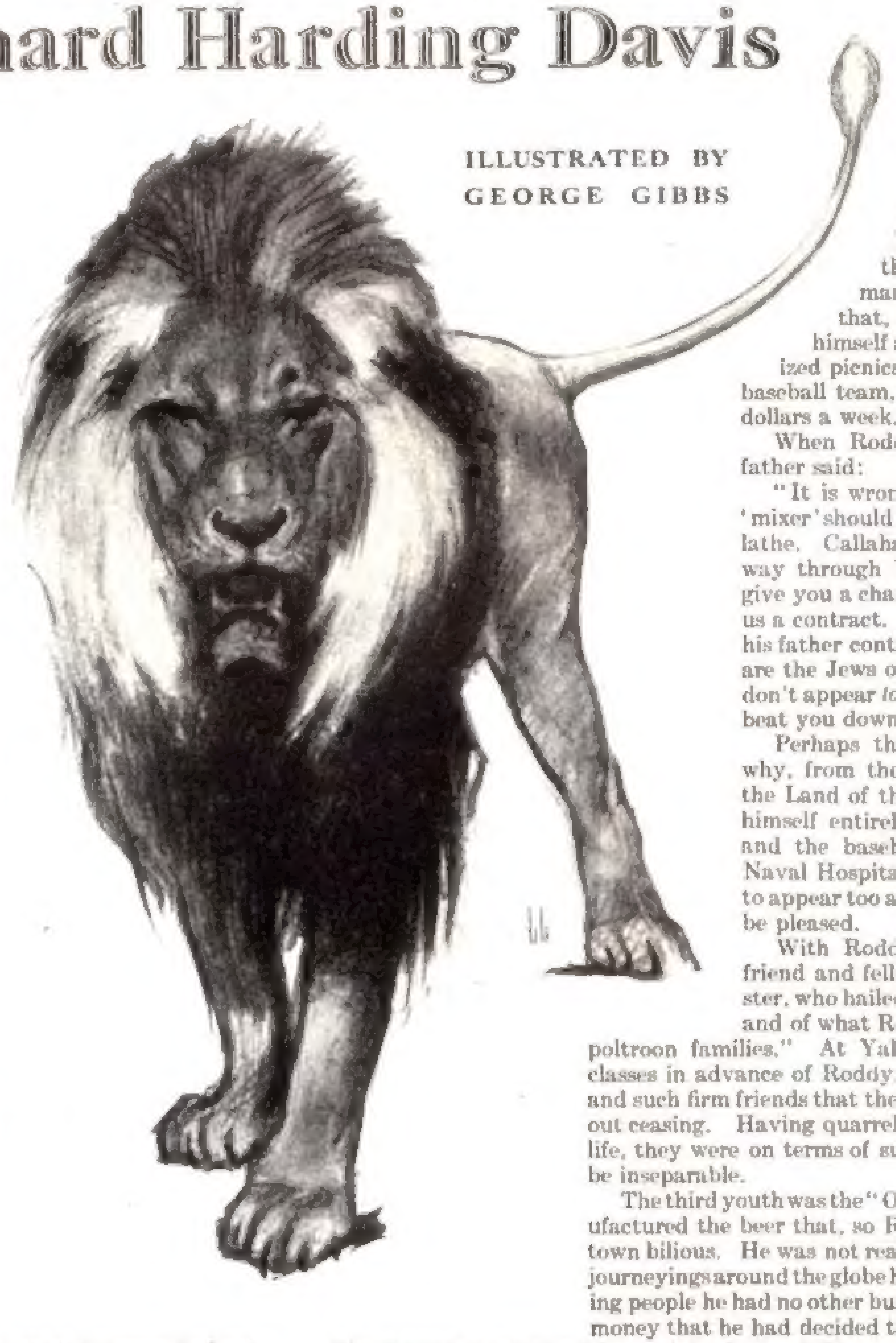
THE WHITE MICE

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE GIBBS



I

ONCE upon a time a lion dropped his paw upon a mouse.

"Please let me live!" begged the mouse, "and some day I will do as much for you."

"That is so funny," roared the king of beasts, "that we will release you. We had no idea mice had a sense of humor."

And then, as you remember, the lion was caught in the net of the hunter, and struggled, and fought, and struck blindly, until his spirit and strength were broken, and he lay helpless and dying.

And the mouse, happening to pass that way, gnawed and nibbled at the net, and gave the lion his life.

The morals are:

That an appreciation of humor is a precious thing; that God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform, and that you never can tell.

In regard to this fable it is urged that, according to the doctrine of chances, it is extremely unlikely that at the very moment the lion lay bound and helpless the very same mouse should pass by. But the explanation is very simple and bromidic.

It is this—that this is a small world.

People who are stay-at-home bodies come to believe the whole world is the village in which they live. People who are rolling-stones claim that if you travel far enough and long enough the whole world becomes as one village; that sooner or later you make friends with every one in it; that the only difference between the stay-at-homes and the gadabouts is that while the former answer local telephone calls, the others receive picture postal-cards. There is a story that seems to illustrate how small this world is. In fact, this is the story.

. . . .

General Don Miguel Rojas, who as a young man was called the Lion of Valencia, and who later had honorably served Venezuela as Minister of Foreign Affairs, as Secretary of War, as Minister to the Court of St. James and to the Republic of France, having reached the age of sixty found himself in a dungeon-cell underneath the fortress, in the harbor of Porto Cabello. He had been there two years. The dungeon was dark and very damp, and at high-tide the waters of the harbor oozed through the pores of the limestone walls. The air was the air of a receiving vault, and held the odor of a fisherman's creel.

General Rojas sat huddled upon a canvas cot, with a blanket about his throat and a blanket about his knees, reading by the light of a candle the story of Don Quixote. Sometimes a drop of water fell upon the candle and it sputtered, and its light was nearly lost in the darkness. Sometimes so many drops gathered upon the white head of the Lion of Valencia that he sputtered, too, and coughed so violently that, in agony, he beat with feeble hands upon his breast. And *his* light, also, nearly escaped into the darkness.

. . . .

On the other side of the world, four young Americans, with legs crossed, and without their shoes, sat on the mats of the teahouse of the Hundred and One Steps. On their sun-tanned faces was the glare of Yokohama Bay, in their eyes the light of youth, of intelligent interest, of adventure. In the hand of each was a tiny cup of acrid tea. Three of them were under thirty, and each wore the suit of silk pongee that in eighteen hours C. Tom, or Little Ah Sing, the Chinese King, fits to any figure, and which in the Far East is the badge of the tourist tribe. Of the three, one was Rodman Forrester. His father, besides being pointed out as the parent of "Roddy" Forrester, the one-time celebrated Yale pitcher, was himself not unfavorably known to many Governments as a constructor of skyscrapers, breakwaters, bridges, wharves and lighthouses, which last he planted on slippery rocks along inaccessible coast-lines. Among his fellow Captains of Industry he was known as the Forrester Construction Company, or, for short, the "F. C. C." Under that alias Mr. Forrester was now trying to sell to the Japanese three lighthouses, to illuminate the Inner Sea between Kobé and Shimonoseki. To hasten the sale he had shipped "Roddy" straight from the machine-shops to Yokohama.

Three years before, when Roddy left Yale, his father ordered him abroad to improve his mind by travel, and to inspect certain lighthouses and breakwaters on both shores of the English Channel. While crossing from Dover to Calais on his way to Paris, Roddy made a very superficial survey of the lighthouses and reported that, so far as he could see by daylight, they still were on the job. His father, who had his own breezy sense of humor, canceled Roddy's letter of credit, cabled him home, and put him to work in the machine-shop. There the manager reported to Mr. Forrester that, except that Roddy had shown himself a good "mixer" and had organized picnics for the benefit societies, and a baseball team, he had not earned his fifteen dollars a week.

When Roddy was called before him, his father said:

"It is wrong that your rare talents as a 'mixer' should be wasted in front of a turning-lathe. Callahan tells me you can talk your way through boiler-plate, so I am going to give you a chance to talk the Japs into giving us a contract. But, remember this, Roddy," his father continued sententiously: "the Japs are the Jews of the present. Be polite, but don't appear *too* anxious. If you do, they will beat you down in the price."

Perhaps this parting injunction explains why, from the time Roddy first burst upon the Land of the Rising Sun, he had devoted himself entirely to the Yokohama teahouses and the baseball grounds of the American Naval Hospital. He was trying, he said, not to appear too anxious. He hoped father would be pleased.

With Roddy to Japan, as a companion, friend and fellow-tourist, came Peter de Peyster, who hailed from the banks of the Hudson, and of what Roddy called "one of our ancient poltroon families." At Yale, although he had been two classes in advance of Roddy, the two had been roommates, and such firm friends that they contradicted each other without ceasing. Having quarreled through two years of college life, they were on terms of such perfect understanding as to be inseparable.

The third youth was the "Orchid Hunter." His father manufactured the beer that, so Roddy said, had made his home town bilious. He was not really an orchid hunter, but on his journeyings around the globe he had become so ashamed of telling people he had no other business than to spend his father's money that he had decided to say he was collecting orchids.

"It shows imagination," he explained; "and I have spent enough money on orchids on Fifth Avenue to make good."

The fourth youth in the group wore the uniform and insignia of a Lieutenant of the United States Navy. His name was Perry, and, looking down from the toy balcony of the teahouse, clinging like a bird's-nest to the face of the rock, they could see his battleship on the berth. It was Perry who had convoyed them to O Kin San and her delectable teahouse, and it was Perry who was talking shop.

"But the most important member of the ship's company on a submarine," said the sailor-man, "doesn't draw any pay at all, and he has no rating. He is a mouse."

"He's a *what?*" demanded the Orchid Hunter. He had been patriotically celebrating the arrival of the American Squadron. During tiffin, the sight of the white uniforms in the hotel dining-room had increased his patriotism; and after tiffin the departure of the Pacific Mail, carrying to the Golden Gate so many "good fellows," further aroused it. Until the night before, in the billiard-room, he had never met any of the good fellows; but the thought that he might never see them again now depressed him. And the tea he was drinking neither cheered nor inebriated. So when he spoke he showed a touch of temper.

"Don't talk sea slang to me," commanded the Orchid Hunter. "When you say he is a mouse, what do you mean by a mouse?"

"I mean a mouse," said the Lieutenant—"a white mouse with pink eyes. He bunks in the engine-room, and when he smells sulphuric gas escaping anywhere he squeals; and the chief finds the leak, and the ship isn't blown up. Sometimes, one little, white mouse will save the lives of a dozen bluejackets."

Roddy and Peter de Peyster nodded appreciatively.

"Mos' extr'd'n'ry!" said the Orchid Hunter. "Mos' sad, too. I will now drink to the mouse. The moral of the story is," he pointed out, "that everybody, no matter how impecunious, can help; even you fellows could help. So could I."

His voice rose in sudden excitement. "I will now," he cried, "organize the Society of the Order of the White Mice. The object of the society is to save everybody's life. Don't tell me," he objected scornfully, "that you fellows will let a little white mice save twelve hundred bluejackets, an' you sit there an' grin. You mus' all be a White Mice. You mus' all save somebody's life. An' —then—then we give ourself a dinner."

"And medals!" suggested Peter de Peyster.

The Orchid Hunter frowned. He regarded the amendment with suspicion. "Is't th' intention of the Hon'ble Member from N'York," he asked, "that *each* of us gets a medal, or just th' one that does th' saving?"

"Just one," said Peter de Peyster.

"No, we all get 'em," protested Roddy. "Each time!"

"Th' 'men'ment to th' 'men'ment is carried," announced the Orchid Hunter. He untwisted his legs and clapped his hands. The paper walls slid apart, the little Nezans, giggling, bowing, ironing out their knees with open palms, came tripping and stumbling to obey.

"Take away the tea!" shouted the Orchid Hunter. "It makes me nervous. Bring us fizzy-water, in larges' size, cold, expensive bottles. And now, you fellows," proclaimed the Orchid Hunter, "I'm goin' into secret session and initiate you into Yokohama Chapter Secret Order of White Mice. And—I will be Mos' Exalted Secret White Mouse."

When he returned to the ship Perry told the wardroom about it and laughed, and the wardroom laughed, and that night at the Grand Hotel, while the Japanese band played Give My Regards to Broadway, which Peter de Peyster told them was the American national anthem, the White Mice gave their first annual dinner.

And Louis Eppinger himself designed that dinner, and the Paymaster, and Perry's brother-officers, who were honored guests, still speak of it with awe; and the next week's Box of Curios said of it editorially; "And while our little Yokohama police know much of jiu-jitsu, they found that they had still something to learn of the short jab to the jaw and the quick getaway."

Indeed, throughout, it was a most successful dinner.

And just to show how small this world is, and that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," at three o'clock that morning, when the dinner-party in rickshaws were rolling down the Bund, singing We're Little White Mice Who Have Gone Astray, their voices carried across the Pacific, across the Cordilleras and the Caribbean Sea; and an old man in his cell, tossing and shivering with fever, smiled and sank to sleep; for in his dreams he had heard the scampering feet of the White Mice, and he had seen the gates of his prison-cell roll open.

. . . .

The Forrester Construction Company did not get the contract to build the three lighthouses. The Japanese preferred a lighthouse made by an English firm. They said it was cheaper. It *was* cheaper, because they bought the working plans from a draftsman the English firm had discharged for drunkenness, and, by causing the revolving light to wink once instead of twice, dodged their own patent laws.

Mr. Forrester agreed with the English firm that the Japanese were "a wonderful little people," and then looked about for some one individual he could blame. Finding no one else, he blamed Roddy.

The interview took place on the twenty-seventh story of the Forrester Building, in a room that overlooked the Brooklyn Bridge.

"You didn't fall down on the job," the fond parent was carefully explaining, "because you never were *on* the job. You didn't even *start*. It was thoughtful of you to bring back kimonos to mother and the girls. But the one you brought me does not entirely compensate me for the ninety thousand dollars you didn't bring back. I would *like* my friends to see me in a kimono with silk storks and purple wistarias down the front, but I feel I cannot afford to pay ninety thousand dollars for a bathrobe.

"Nor do I find," continued the irate parent coldly, "that the honor you did the company by disguising yourself as a stoker, and helping the baseball team of the Louisiana to win the pennant of the Asiatic Squadron, altogether reconciles us to the loss of a Government contract. I have paid a good deal to have you taught mechanical engineering, and I should like to know how soon you expect to give me the interest on my money."

Roddy grinned sheepishly, and said he would begin at once, by taking his father out to lunch.

"Good!" said Forrester, Senior. "But before we go, Roddy, I want you to look over there to the Brooklyn side. Do you see pier number eleven—just south of the bridge? Yes? Then do you see a white steamer taking on supplies?"

Roddy, delighted at the change of subject, nodded.

"That ship," continued his father, "is sailing to Venezuela, where we have a concession from the Government to build breakwaters, and buoy the harbors, and put up lighthouses. We have been working there for two years, and we've spent about two million dollars. And some day we hope to get our money. Sometimes," continued Mr. Forrester, with apparent irrelevance, "it is necessary to throw good money after bad. That is what we are doing in Venezuela."

"I don't understand," interrupted Roddy with polite interest.

"You are not expected to," said his father. "If you will kindly condescend to hold down the jobs I give you you can safely leave the high finance of the company to your father."

"Quite so," said Roddy hastily. "Where shall we go to lunch?"

As though he had not heard him, Forrester, Senior, continued relentlessly: "Tomorrow," he said, "you are sailing on that ship for Porto Cabello; we have just started a lighthouse at Porto Cabello, and are buoying the harbor. You are going for the F. C. C. You are an inspector."

Roddy groaned and sank into a chair.

"Go on," he commanded; "break it to me quick! *What* do I inspect?"

"You sit in the sun," said Mr. Forrester, "with a pencil, and every time our men empty a bag of cement into the ocean you make a mark. At the same time, if you are not an utter idiot and completely blind, you can't help but see how a lighthouse is set up. The company is having trouble in Venezuela—trouble in collecting its money. You might as well know that, because everybody in Venezuela will tell you so. But that's all you need to know. The other men working for the company down there will think, because you are my son, that you know more about what I'm doing in Venezuela than they do. Now, understand, you don't know anything, and I want you to say so. I want you to stick to your own job, and not mix up in anything that doesn't concern you. There will be nothing to distract you. McKildrick writes me that in Porto Cabello there are no teahouses, no roads for automobiles, and, except for the fireflies, all the white lights go out at nine o'clock.

"Now, Roddy," concluded Mr. Forrester warningly, "this is your chance, and it is the last chance for dinner in the dining-car, for you. If you fail the company, and by the company I mean myself, *this* time, you can ask Fred Sterry for a job on the waiters' nine at Palm Beach."

. . . .

Like all the other great captains, Mr. Forrester succeeded through the work of his lieutenants. For him, in every part of the world, more especially in those parts of it in which the white man was but just feeling his way, they were at work.

In Siberia, in British East Africa, in Upper Burma, engineers of the Forrester Construction Company had tamed, shackled and bridged great rivers. In the Soudan they had thrown up ramparts against the Nile. Along the coasts of South America they had cast the rays of the Forrester revolving light upon the face of the waters of both the South Atlantic and the Pacific.

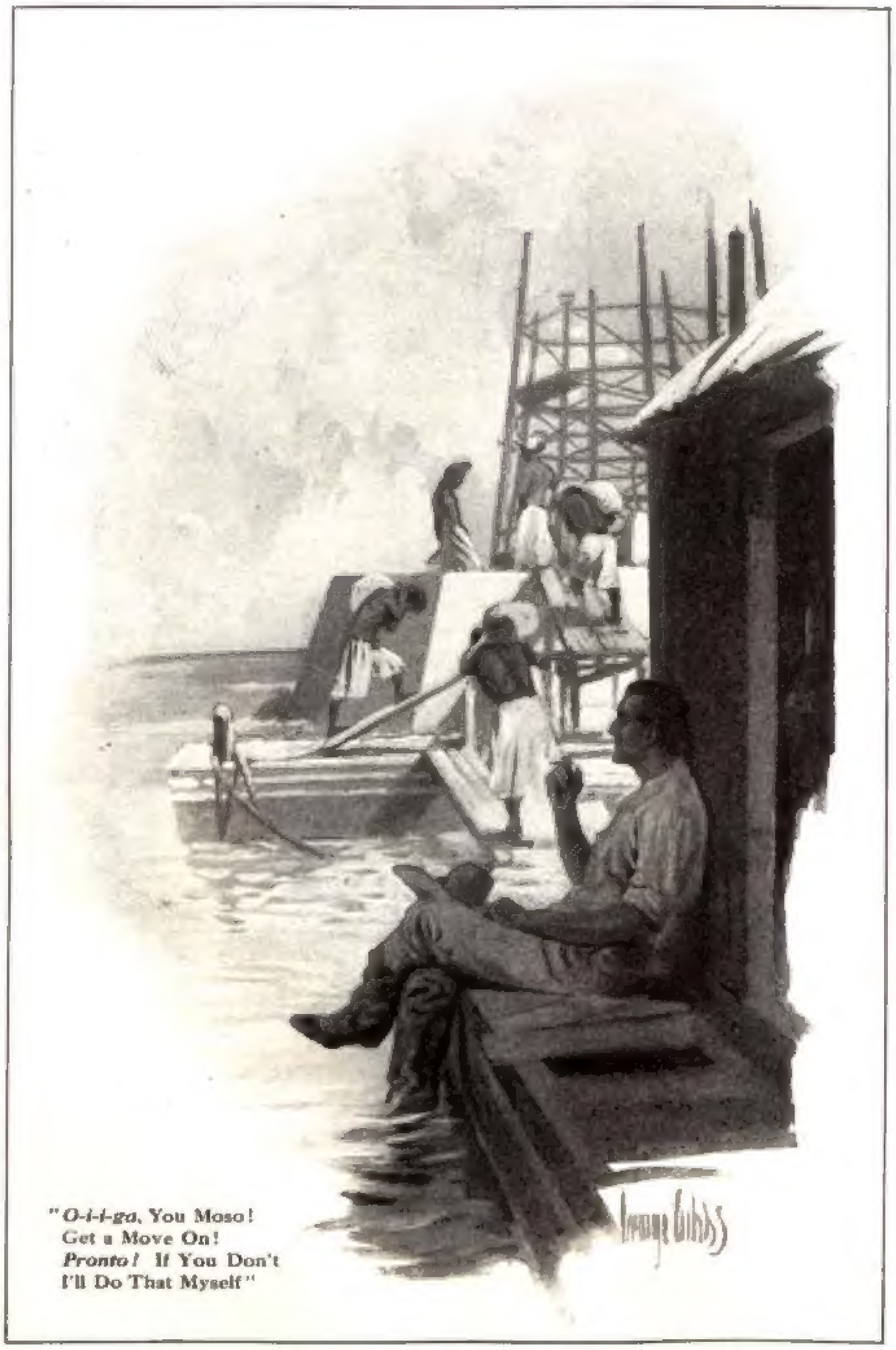
They were of all ages, from the boys who had never before looked through a transit except across the college campus, to sun-tanned, fever-haunted veterans, who, for many years, had fought Nature where she was most stubborn, petulant and cruel.

They had seen a tidal-wave crumple up a breakwater which had cost them a half-year of labor, and slide it into the ocean. They had seen swollen rivers, drunk with the rains, trip bridges by the ankles and toss them on the banks, twisted and sprawling; they had seen a tropical hurricane overturn a half-finished lighthouse as gayly as a summer breeze upsets a rocking-chair; they had fought with wild beasts, they had fought with wild men, with Soudanese of the Desert, with Yaqui Indians, and they had seen cholera, sleeping sickness and the white man's gin turn their compounds into pest camps and crematories.

Of these things Mr. Forrester, in the twenty-seven-story Forrester skyscraper, where gray-coated special policemen and elevator starters touched their caps to him, had seen nothing. He regarded these misadventures by flood and field only as obstacles to his carrying out in the time stipulated a business contract. He accepted them patiently as he would a strike of the workmen on the apartment house his firm was building on Fifty-ninth Street.

Sometimes, in order better to show the progress they were making, his engineers sent him from strange lands photographs of their work. At these, for a moment, he would glance curiously—at the pictures of naked, dark-skinned coolies in turbans, of elephants dragging iron girders, *his* iron girders; and, perhaps, he would wonder if the man in the muddy boots and the heavy sun hat was McKenzie. His interest went no further than that; his imagination was not stirred.

Sometimes McKenzie returned, and, in evening dress, dined with him at his uptown club, or at a fashionable restaurant, where the senses of the engineer were stifled by the steam heat, the music and the scent of flowers, where, through a joyous mist of red candle-shades and golden champagne, he once more looked upon women of his own color. It was not under such conditions that Mr. Forrester could expect to know the real McKenzie. This was not the McKenzie who, two months before, was fighting death on a diet of fruit salts, and who, against the



"*O-i-i-ga*, You Moso! Get a Move On! *Pronto!* If You Don't I'll Do That Myself" sun, wore a bath-towel down his spinal column. On such occasions Mr. Forrester wanted to know if, with native labor costing but a few yards of cotton and a bowl of rice, the new mechanical rivet-drivers were not an extravagance. How, he would ask, did salt water and a sweating temperature of one hundred and five degrees act upon the new anti-rust paint? That was what he wanted to know.

Once one of his young lieutenants, inspired by a marvelous dinner, called to him across the table: "You remember, sir, that lighthouse we put up in the Persian Gulf? The Consul at Aden told me, this last trip, that before that light was there the wrecks on the coast averaged fifteen a year and the deaths from drowning a hundred. You will be glad to hear that since your light went up, three years ago, there have been only two wrecks."

Mr. Forrester nodded gravely.

"I remember," he said. "That was the time we made the mistake of sending cement through the Canal instead of around the Cape, and the tolls cost us five thousand dollars."

It was not that Mr. Forrester weighed the loss of the five thousand dollars against a credit of lives saved. It was rather that he was not in the life-saving business. Like all his brother captains, he was, in a magnificent way, mechanically charitable. For institutions that did make it a business to save life he wrote large checks. But he never mixed charity and business. In what he was doing in the world he either was unable to see, or was not interested in seeing, what was human, dramatic, picturesque. When he forced himself to rest from his labor his relaxation was the reading of novels of romance, of adventure—novels that told of strange places and strange peoples. Between the after-dinner hour and bedtime, or while his yacht picked her way up the Sound, these tales filled him with surprise. Often he would exclaim admiringly: "I don't see how these fellows think up such things!"

He did not know that in his own business there were melodramas, romances, that made those of the fiction-writers ridiculous.

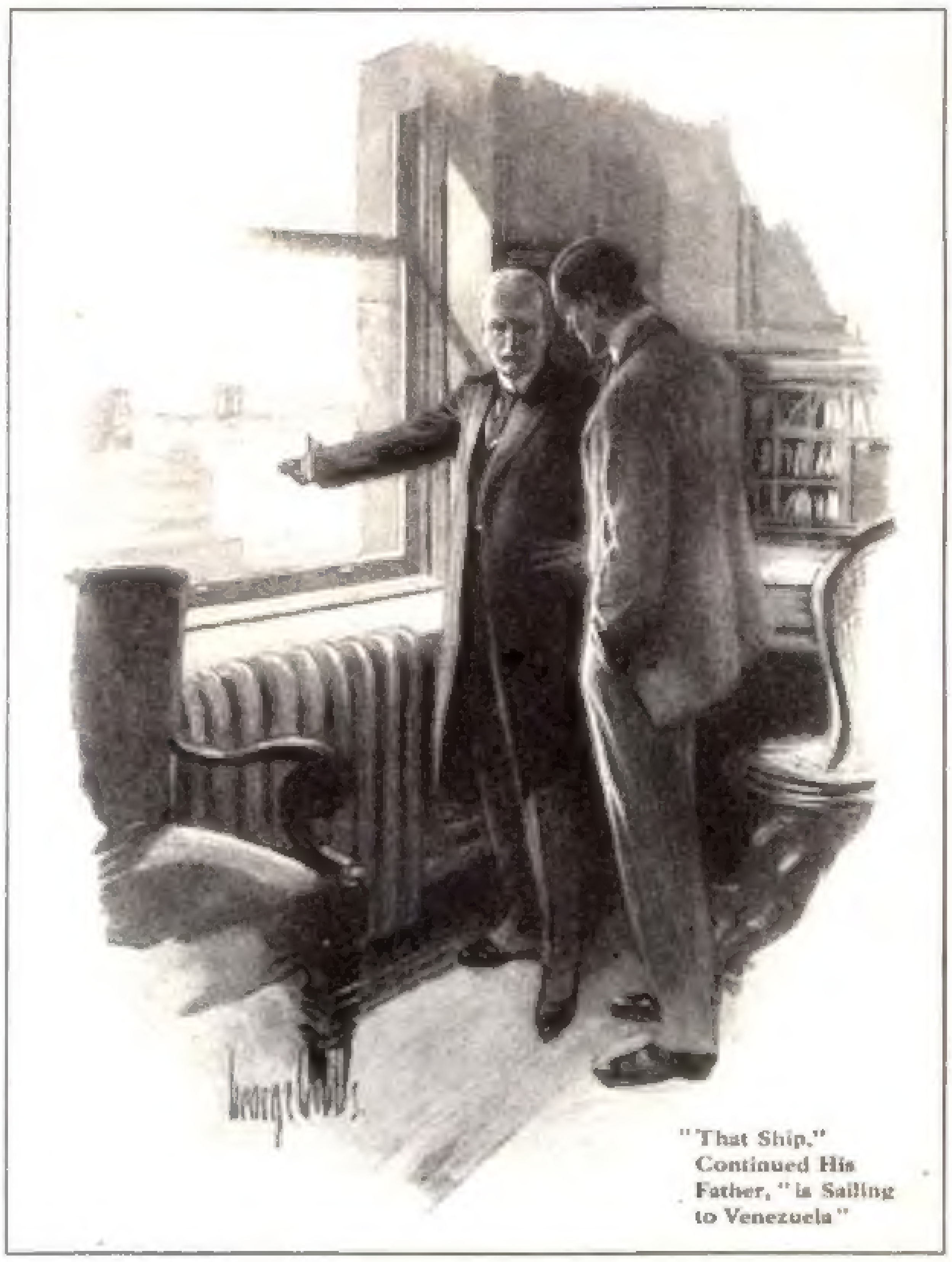
And so, when young Sam Caldwell, the third vice-president, told Mr. Forrester that if the company hoped to obtain the money it had sunk in Venezuela it must finance a revolution, Mr. Forrester, without question, consented to the expense, and put it down under "Political." Had Sam Caldwell shown him that what was needed was a construction raft or a half-dozen giant steam-shovels, he would have furnished the money as readily and with as little curiosity.

Sam Caldwell, the third vice-president, was a very smart young man. Every one, even men much older than he, said as much, and no one was more sure of it than was Sam Caldwell himself. His vanity on that point was, indeed, his most prepossessing human quality.

He was very proud of his freedom from those weak scruples that prevented rival business men from underbidding the F. C. C. He congratulated himself on the fact that at thirty-four he was much more of a cynic than men of sixty. He held no illusions, and he rejoiced in a sense of superiority over those of his own class in college who were still hampered by old-time traditions.

If in any foreign country the work of the F. C. C. was halted by politicians it was always Sam Caldwell who was sent across the sea to confer with them. He could quote you the market price on a Russian grand duke, or a Portuguese colonial governor, as accurately as he could that of a Tammany sachem. Sam Caldwell's was the non-publicity department. People who did not like him called him Mr. Forrester's jackal. When the lawyers of the company had made a study as to how they could evade the law on corporations, and had shown how the officers of the F. C. C. could do a certain thing and still keep out of jail, Sam Caldwell was the man who did that very thing.

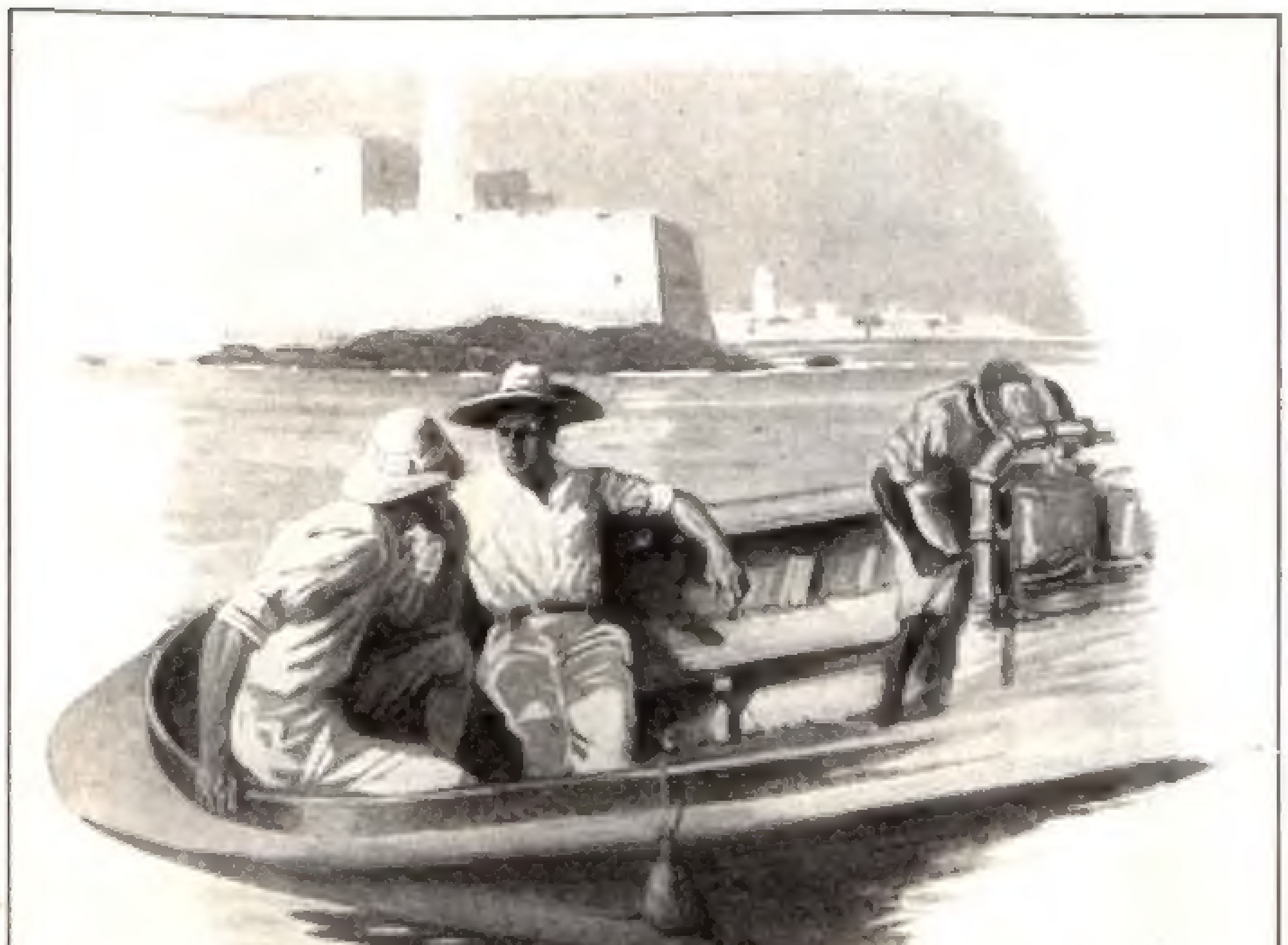
He had been to Venezuela "to look over the ground," and he had reported that President Alvarez must go, and that some one who would be friendly to the F. C. C. must be put in his place. That was all Mr. Forrester knew, or cared to know. With the delay in Venezuela he was impatient. He wanted to close up that business, and move his fleet of tenders, dredges and rafts to another coast. So, as was the official routine, he turned over the matter to Sam Caldwell, to settle it in Sam Caldwell's own way. Two weeks after his talk with his father, Roddy, ignorant of Mr. Caldwell's intentions, was in Venezuela, sitting on the edge of a construction raft, dangling his rubber boots in the ocean, and watching a steel skeleton creep up from a coral reef into a blazing, burning sky. At intervals he would wake to remove his cigarette, and shout fiercely: "*O-i-i-ga*, you Moso! Get a move on! *Pronto!* If you don't I'll do that myself." Every ten minutes El Señor Roddy had made the same threat, and the workmen, once hopeful that he would carry it into effect, had grown despondent.



"That Ship," Continued His Father, "is Sailing to Venezuela"

. . . .

In the mind of Peter de Peyster there was no doubt that, unless something was done, and at once, the Order of the White Mice would cease to exist. The call of Gain, of Duty, of Pleasure had scattered the charter members to distant corners of the world. Their dues were unpaid, the pages of the Golden Book of Record were blank. Without the necessary quorum of two there could be no meetings, without meetings there could be no dinners, and, incidentally, over all the world people continued to die, and the White Mice were doing nothing to prevent it. Peter de Peyster, mindful of his oath, of his duty as the Most Secret Secretary and High Historian of the Order, shot arrows in the air in the form of irate postal-cards. He charged all White Mice to instantly report to the Historian the names of those persons whom, up to date, they had saved from death.



"I Hear the Call of the White Mice," Said Peter de Peyster

From the battleship Louisiana Perry wrote briefly:

"Beg to report during gale off Finisterre, went to rescue of man overboard. Man overboard proved to be Reagan, gunner's mate, first class, holding long-distance championship for swimming, and two medals for saving life. After I sank the third time Reagan got me by the hair and towed me to the ship. Who gets the assist?"

From Raffles' Hotel, Singapore, the Orchid Hunter cabled:

"Have saved own valuable life by refusing any longer to drink Father's beer. Give everybody medal."

From Porto Cabello, Venezuela, Roddy wrote:

"I have saved lives of fifty Jamaica coolies daily by not carrying an axe. If you want to save my life from suicide, sunstroke and sleeping sickness—which attacks me with special virulence immediately after lunch—come by next steamer."

A week later Peter de Peyster took the Red D boat south, and after touching at Porto Rico and at the Island of Curaçao swept into Porto Cabello and into the arms of his friend.

On the wharf, after the shouts of welcome had died away, Roddy inquired anxiously: "As you made the harbor, Peter, did you notice any red and black buoys? Those are *my* buoys. *I* put them there—*myself*. And I laid out that channel you came in by, all by myself, too!"

Much time had passed since the two friends had been able to insult each other face to face.

"Roddy," coldly declared Peter, "if I thought *you* had charted that channel I'd go home on foot, by land."

"Do you mean you think I can't plant deep-sea buoys?" demanded Roddy.

"You can't plant potatoes!" said Peter. "If you had to set up lamp-posts, with the street names on them, along Broadway, you would put the ones marked Union Square in Columbus Circle."

"I want you to know," shouted Roddy, "that my buoys are the talk of this port. These people are just crazy about my buoys—especially the red buoys. If you didn't come to Venezuela to see my buoys, why did you come? I will plant a buoy for you to-morrow!" challenged Roddy. "I will show you!"

"You will *have* to show me," said Peter.

. . . .

Peter had been a week in Porto Cabello, and, in keeping Roddy at work, had immensely enjoyed himself. Each morning, in the company's gasoline launch, the two friends went put-put-putting outside the harbor, where Roddy made soundings for his buoys, and Peter lolled in the stern and fished. His special pleasure was in trying to haul man-eating sharks into the launch at the moment Roddy was leaning over the gunwale, taking a sounding.

One evening at sunset, on their return trip, as they were under the shadow of the fortress, the engine of the launch broke down. While the black man from Trinidad was diagnosing the trouble, Peter was endeavoring to interest Roddy in the quaint little Dutch island of Curaçao, that lay one hundred miles to the east of them. He chose to talk of Curaçao because the ship that carried him from the States had touched there, while the ship that brought Roddy south had not. This fact irritated Roddy, so Peter naturally selected the moment when the launch had broken down and Roddy was both hungry and peevish to talk of Curaçao.

"Think of your never having seen Curaçao!" he sighed. "Some day you certainly must visit it. With a sea as flat

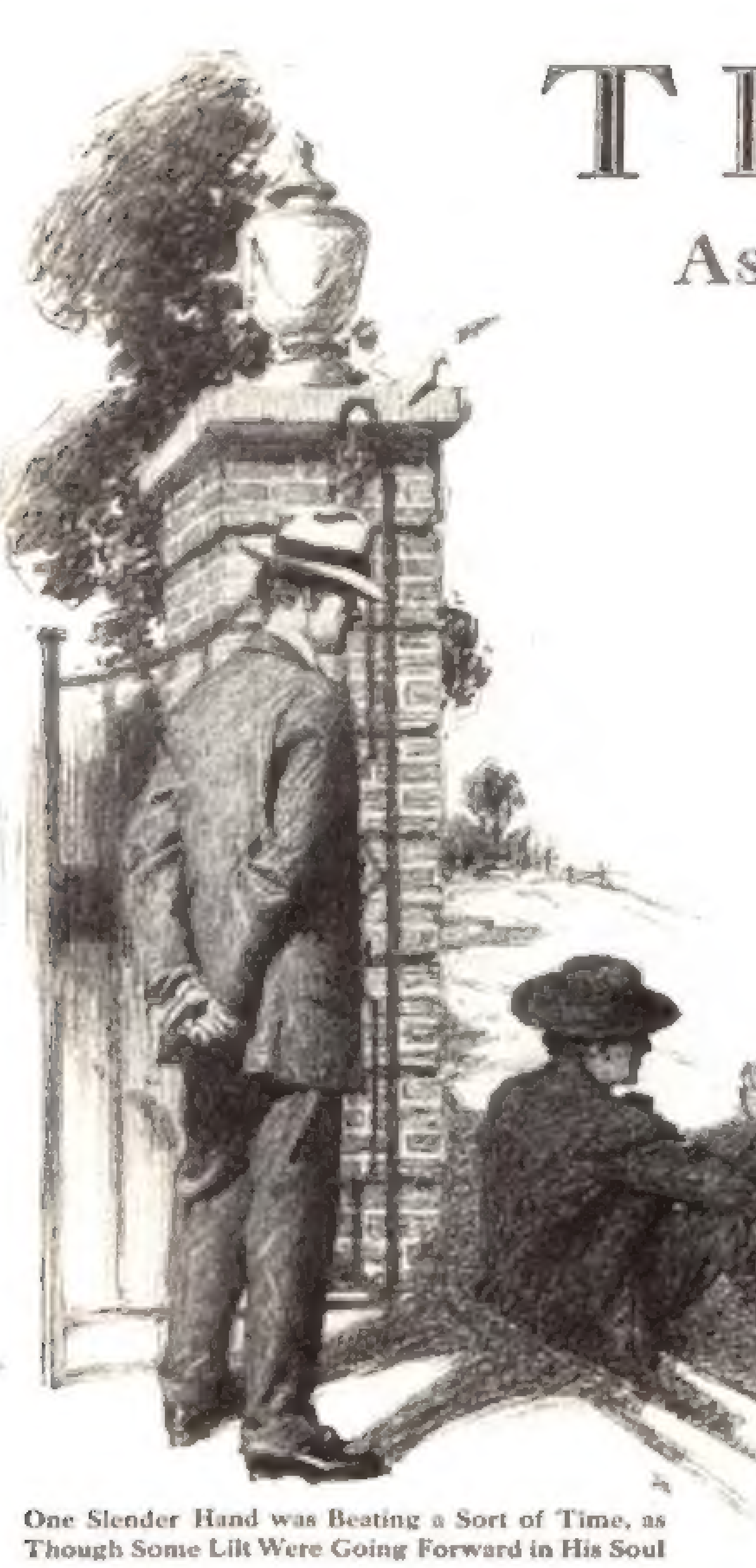
(Continued on Page 52)

THE OPEN ROAD

As Traveled by Poet, Business-Man and Woman

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN PFEIFER



One Slender Hand was Beating a Sort of Time, as Though Some Lilt Were Going Forward in His Soul

NEWMAN turned and looked back at the house. It was worth a man's pride. Its restful, easy lines, simple and gracious, blended with the shadowy masses of the trees in the early sun, which now but tinted the tops of the white pillars. Around it swept wide grounds of velvet green, broken only with discreet plantings. The walk curved easily away from the privet hedge that fenced the lawn on the front. Here a little gate opened out, by a few modest steps of stone, to the road, where Newman usually met his car when the chauffeur drove it around. It was a pleasant prospect. But its owner in fee stood uncertain, not wholly happy, dangling the key of the front door vaguely in his hand as he looked back. He had dreamed of all this. As a farmer boy in a Western State he had planned to do all these things some day. He had done them. None the less, now, as though he said farewell, he stumbled awkwardly as he turned toward the little gate.

The sun shone gently here and there over the wet green, revealing the full beauty of the scene, as Newman opened the gate and paused at the edge of the road. It was not the absence of his car which surprised him, for he was up three hours earlier than usual and had not ordered the car. It was the figure of a young man, sitting on the lowest of the stone steps.

This young man ought by all right to have heard the approaching footsteps; but he sat without turning his head. Ordinarily Newman would have frowned. But since upon this morning nothing seemed to matter he stood looking at the intruder half in contemplation. He discovered him to be rather a young man, and for the time apparently much preoccupied. One slender hand was beating a sort of time, as though some lilt were going forward in his soul.

It was an honor to be invited to the home of Newman. This young man had not been invited. Newman pondered all these things as he stood looking at him. At length, apparently having completed something to the satisfaction of his own soul, the young man calmly turned about.

"Good-morning, Mr. Newman," said he. "For, as the story-teller would say, I presume you are he."

He did not trouble himself to arise, but made room at his side on the stone step, as though to invite the owner to be seated. Something in Newman's humor moved him to comply.

"Ordinarily, Mr. Newman," said the young man, "I would not be here at six o'clock in the morning; and, ordinarily, I would not comment upon the weather. Believe me, I would not say it is a fine morning if, indeed, it were *not* a fine morning. I know you agree with me. Just look."

Newman looked. He could not evade the glow of the coming sun, the white cloud in the sky, the dew on the grass, the verdancy of the grass itself—following the pointing finger of the young man, a finger which trembled visibly.

"I would envy you all this," said the young man at last, "if I ever envied any one. This house, these grounds, this morning, which you have provided as proper finish to this scheme—all are precisely as I should have done myself. Let me commend you on your choice of suns. Let me flatter you, if I may, on the exquisiteness of yonder cloud of yours, just fleecy, but not too white to make it wholly charming. No man could command a finer dew than this; and as for the greensward which you have provided, I cannot too much approve your taste."

He still pointed here and there; and his hand still trembled, although his voice was steady. Newman saw that the little upward curve at the corner of his lips was permanent, and not there in mockery.

"Especially do I approve of your mansion-house," said the youth. "It is precisely what I used to dream—out there, out home, in the West, before I came to the city to live. It is annoying to have one's ideas copied—as I have occasion to know; but, with your leave, I shall follow your plan almost precisely when, presently, I shall build my own mansion-house. That, of course, cannot be until the market for my goods has recovered from its present somewhat panicky condition."

Newman broke out into a sudden little laugh, a gasp as of relief from some terror.

"I'll have to come in with you, my son," said he, "on most of what you say. And I would like to know, if you have no objection to telling me, who you are and what is your line?"

"Sir," said the young man, "I am a poet. At the present moment I am still a somewhat drunken and very penitent poet."

"Go on," said Newman.

"Yesterday I was fired—that is to say, I was given the alternative of being funny all of the time or going on fire and police. I refused to be funny all the time, and refused to do fire and police.

"At that time, you will understand, I was pursued by a certain thing, the conquest of which I have but this moment completed. I have it in my head here. It has to do with my poem, published earlier, and called The Open Road. In that poem, as I now reflect, I have my road running all one way. Now it occurred to me —— But, your morning being so fine, it occurs to me also that little else matters. I even forget whether or not I am hungry. Perhaps I am. Reason convinces me that I have eaten very little for three days. I am glad to meet you—that is to say, thou—or thee, to be more correct. I would be glad to meet a loaf of bread. But I should not exult to meet a jug of wine ——"

Newman moved down to the lowest step, quite to the level of the speaker.

"You interest me," he said. "I will not say you amuse me."

"Thank you," said the young man. "Words! Words! How much depends upon their proper use! In your own case, Mr. Newman, until this morning, your words were mostly employed to conceal your thoughts. In mine they have been necessary partially to express a part of my thoughts. Think of the agony these two facts have caused you and me." A beaded damp stood on his forehead.

"You are a philosopher, then," said Newman at last.

"Naturally! I was on the editorial page. Let us not go into comparisons, however; because, in the last analysis—as my editor always says when he writes an editorial—all men really are so much alike that there is not difference enough between them to make comparison interesting. Do you not find that you and I, sitting here in the dawn, Mr. Newman, are very much alike?"

"Yes," said Newman, "now that you mention it."

"Yet for those in your occupation it is not necessary to think; and even poets need not think more than occasionally. It is only editors who need to think they think. But editors are not human beings—in the last analysis. The difference between the editor and the human being consists in this, that he can drink Scotch and stand it. Yet, after all, I have that missing line safe in my head."

"My friend," said Newman, "I shall not even ask you to repeat it to me."

"Thank you. It shows that you are large. Sometime you shall hear it. But if I should repeat it to you now I should be violating one of the office rules, which forbids 'copy' to be read by outsiders."

"But you have just declared yourself done with the office."

"Ah, no! I wish it were otherwise, but they will take me back; they always do. I rebel at that. I don't want to go back. I—don't—want—to—go—back. Look!"

He pointed a wavering hand down the long, white road that rolled out before them across the round, green hills.

"Behold my life line," he said yearningly. "Is it yours? I presume no—yours runs yonder, in an easy curve, back to the front door of success."

"Have you had your breakfast yet?" asked Newman.

"As a business man, you know that I have not. When one cannot pay he does not eat." Mechanically his hand went into his pocket and fished out a double eagle, which he balanced on a fingertip.

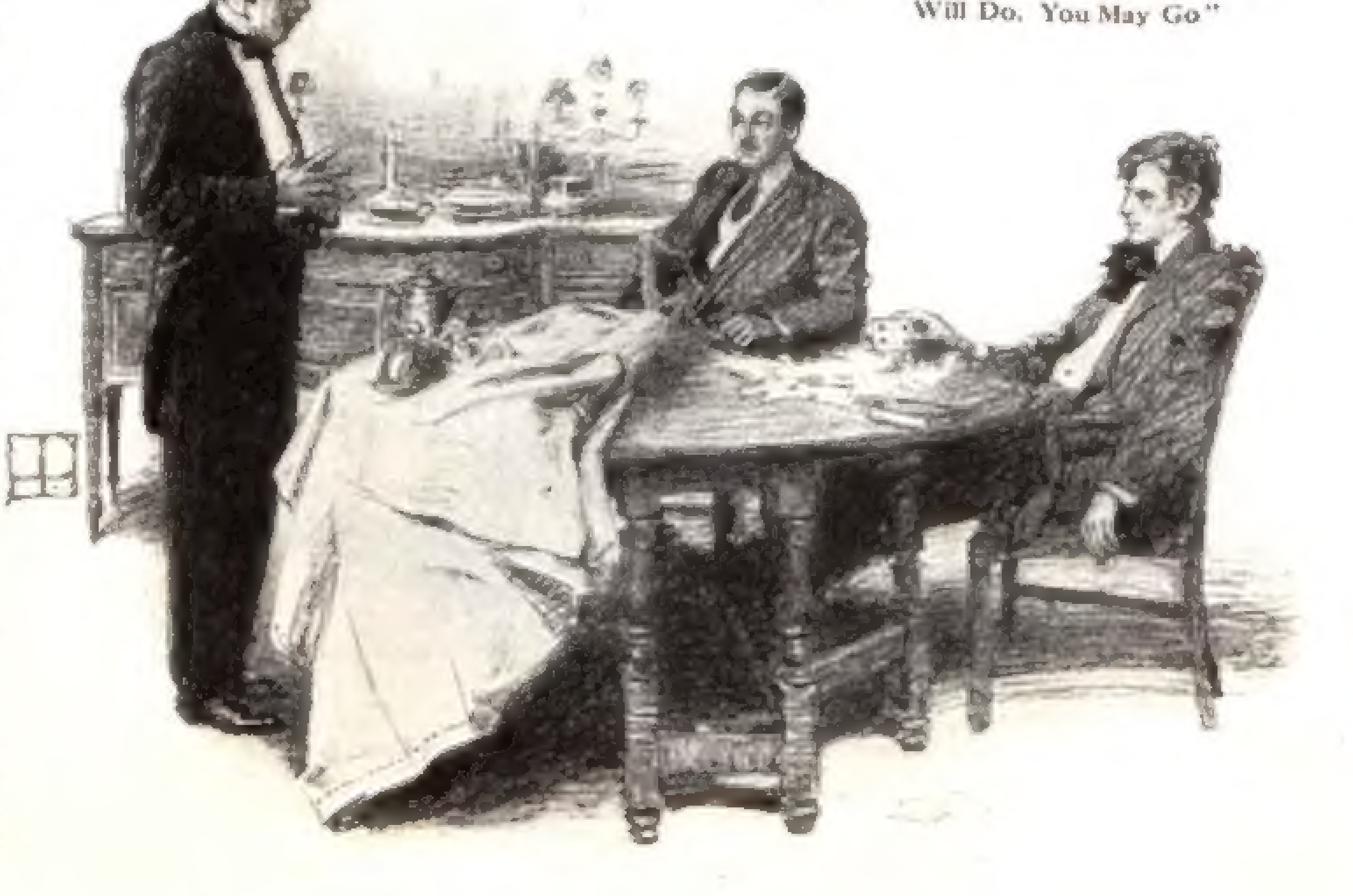
"This coin which we both see," he remarked, "of course, is not there. I have carried it for five years, and have starved all around it and adjacent to it. That is my test. Had I eaten I should have been weak. As matters are, I know I have not been weak. Also I know that when, eventually, I shall be buried, they will find this coin in my possession, and so lay me away with state enough for me to retain that self-respect with which I have always steadily refused to part."

"Don't," said Newman; "you make me creep."

"Don't creep," said the Poet. "Please don't creep! It would annoy me. But, to resume, I will say to you again only this much—that my newly-perfected line has something in it about the Open Road. I have made my fight and won it. You know what it is to feel that you have won?"

Newman nodded.

"You came in from the country to the city with an idea—a thing to do?"



"I Have Just Won You, Do You Understand? That Will Do. You May Go"

Newman nodded again.

The Poet reached out a hand to him. "If I may?" he said; "because, so did I."

But Newman had already grasped the trembling hand in his.

"I understand!" said the older man, after a time. "In some ways this is a very extraordinary meeting, and the most extraordinary thing is that I seem to understand so many things."

The young man nodded at this, as though it were quite a matter of course.

"I don't doubt you are a very happy man, sir?" said he, hesitating.

"You owe me better frankness than that, on my own doorstep this morning," said Newman sadly.

The Poet looked at him seriously. "It is this habit of lying," he said. "But, since you have been very gentle with me, I shall not ask why the truth is what I know it is." Newman did not answer.

"Sir," said the Poet, turning and looking back at the mansion, "this place of ours a moment ago seemed well designed, did it not? Now, we can both suggest improvements. You are not happy in owning your somewhat lesser share in this property on this very pleasant and delectable morning of yours, are you, Mr. Newman?"

The older man burst out with sudden short laughter. "I'll pay you a salary to do this every day," said he. "Come now!"

"Sir, you pain me," replied the Poet. "A salary I can get any day, by going to my editor with my hat in my hand. It is the pride and glory of our acquaintance, Mr. Newman, brief as it has been, that neither of us has felt constrained to remove his hat from his head. Sir, I will be your friend, your partner, but *not* your employee! Take back your proffered salary. Why should you spoil our singularly happy acquaintance?"

Newman hesitated; but the young man went on evenly:

"I am sure you do not wish me to be unhappy. Far better is an arrangement whereby each partner contributes as the other lacks. As my partner, you could do much for me. For instance, you could furnish me a breakfast, and a place to sleep afterward; for all wise men sleep after breakfast, and not before. In turn, I could, perhaps, recite to you at the breakfast-table this Thing, this missing Line, which I have found on the steps here on this excellent morning of yours—of *ours*, I mean; since we now are partners."

"That, at least, is easy," said Newman, rising half uncertainly, the key still dangling in his hand. The other raised a restraining hand.

"No," said he. "You offer me food as though it were half the profits of our firm. I have not yet earned it. Neither must you think me a Socialist. I am no such weakling. I recognize the ancient truth, that in each house there must be one master, and no more. The only question is, which of us ought to be master here in our house."

"True," said Newman soberly. "But how can we arrive upon any basis which will give you the breakfast—more especially the good hot coffee which I feel you really need, my boy."

"Do not accost as Boy, I beg you, one so much older in sin and wisdom than yourself, Mr. Newman. As to the sin, I do not specify; but as to the wisdom, I will prove it. I will show you how all barriers between us can utterly be removed. We will go to yonder house, and you and I will then play a game of seven-up to see who owns it."

Newman pursed a lip. "The idea at least has the virtue of novelty," said he.

"Precisely. Thus, nothing would be left unadjudicated. At the end of the game we can be partners. Should fortune favor me—as is not her wont—I would make you welcome in my house. In no circumstances, therefore, could you really lose. Upon the other hand, unless we arrive upon some such method, I fear I must return to my editor, a man whom I very much detest, as in no way my social or intellectual equal."

Newman pondered for a moment, and answered with equal gravity: "You have that constructive imagination which I should prize above all things in a partner. You are never one of those who cannot see the statue hidden in the stone."

"Believe me, sir," said the Poet, "I see them everywhere—things of beauty—such things of beauty, always! I hope I may be able to show you things of beauty and content in yonder house—things which you have not seen."

"Of content—of peace?" demanded Newman fiercely.

"Assuredly."

"Then come!" said the great man; and he took the young man by the arm, so lightly that he seemed to offer no assistance to steps which, at first, were confused.

Arm in arm, they went up the curving path across the green, crossed through the shadows of the rhododendrons, and so, presently, entered the gallery, on whose farther side stood the door which Newman had locked a half-hour ago, and which he had purposed never again to enter.

Newman unlocked the door. The two stepped within. The young man half gasped, sighed deeply in wonder and delight, as he looked about at the furnishing, simple, dignified and strong.

"Some other poet has preceded me," he said. "It is all as I would have wished. It is my mind has done this. This is the very place, as I planned it long ago! I am sure I shall like it very much indeed, Mr. Newman."

"Yes?" said Newman. "As for me, I hate it. You will be welcome, if you win."

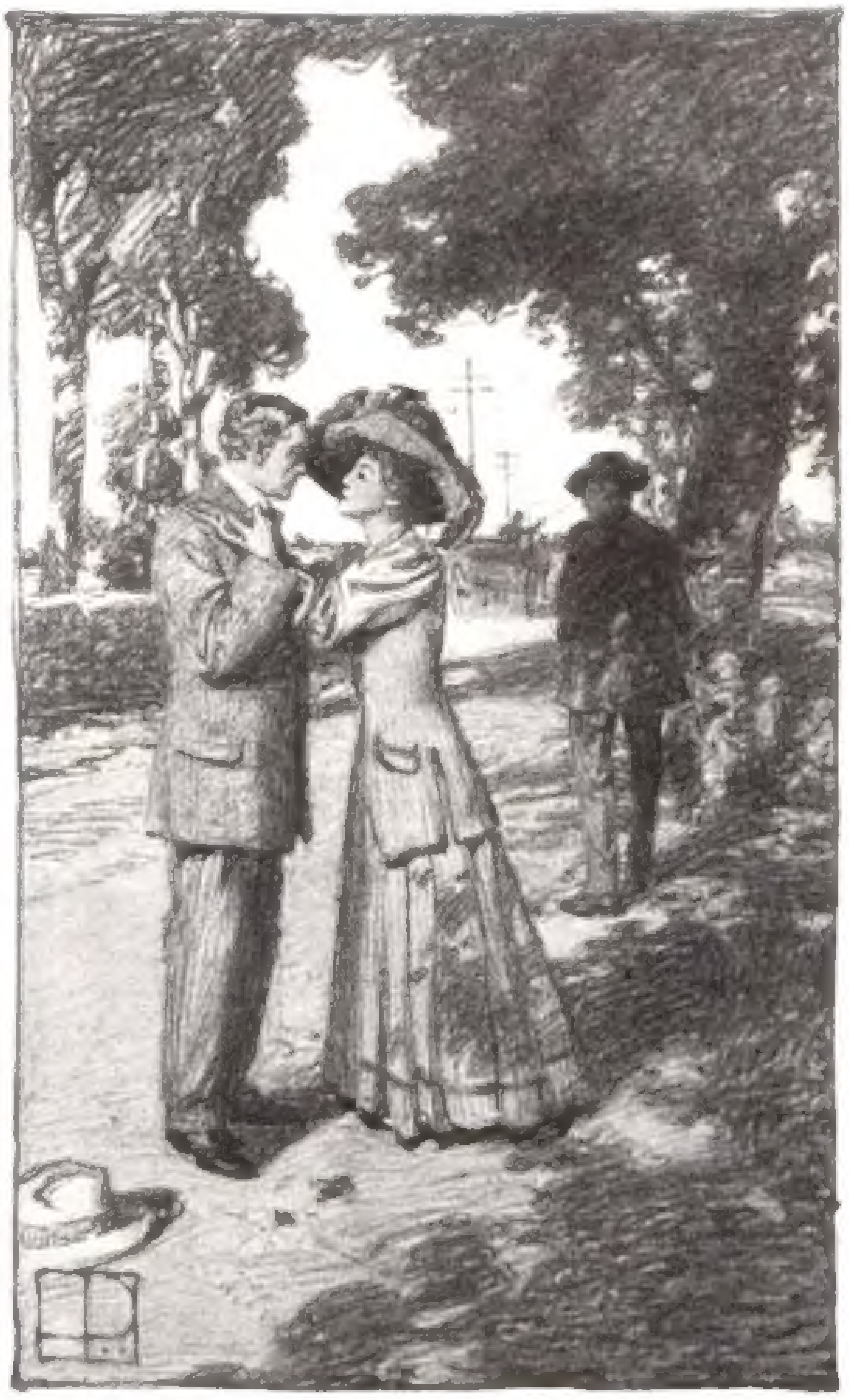
"As between gentlemen, of course," said the Poet. "Where, then, shall we play?"

"But first—the coffee?"

"I decline extraneous aid," replied the young man gently. "Your partner should be a game man. He is."

"But you have had no breakfast ——"

"Still we are even." He pointed at the table, spread for one, the food untouched.



"You Have Come Back to Me!" One of the Men Heard the Other Say

"Come, what lacks here?" he demanded. "My friend, what was wrong? Of course I credit you with intelligence enough to see that I have all along known *something* was wrong with you this morning, Mr. Newman; else, we should not have had our wholly human conversation."

Newman shook his head.

"Are you, then, also a poet?" demanded the young man savagely. "Do you dare invade my provinces? Come, now, I claim this city and its suburbs. Tell me, are you a poet?"

"No," said Newman. "Only a plain, ordinary fool."

"Not ordinary—we are two splendid fools, of this splendid morning. We are about to play a splendid game. Come, I will show you how excellent a thing is life."

"I wish you might," said Newman. "Oh, how I wish you might!"

"The cards?" queried the young man.

Newman touched a bell. A butler came, his mouth dropping with sudden horror at what he saw.

"A pack of cards at once, Conley," said his master.

"You may go, Conley," supplemented the young man gravely, after the butler's reappearance. Newman smiled again.

"You do interest me, my son," he said.

The young man paused for a time, the pack of cards divided between his trembling hands. The light from a side window showed his hair rather tumbled, his eyes deep, his brow rather full, his mouth perhaps gay, or possibly grave.

"But it is not fair," he began, "that I should stake nothing." He hesitated.

"Do not disappoint me," broke out Newman. "Your stake is already overpaid." The other shook his head.

"I do not play with paper. Look, I place here on the table the copyright of my immortal work."

Newman took in his hand the well-worn little volume. "The Rose of Sharon," he began; and then he paused.

"It would go very hard with me to lose this book," said the young man. "It is almost all I have. Named after a woman? Of course. I do not need declare to you that even your own best possession is—or *was*—a *woman*. So? They make us, and they break us—is it not so? Many, many, many, in a man's life. Sometimes *one*. Yes, once in a while, *one*. Ah, I see who was the poet here! Yes, now I see. Now I see my own mind."

"You are uncanny," said Newman; "but you must take no liberties."

"That is farthest from my thought," answered the young man quickly. "Only, as your partner, I am so far your senior in suffering that we may talk freely of such matters."

"Were you married?"

The Poet shook his head. "It would not have been right. But I could never shake her out of my mind until this very morning. That was the Thing which I conquered, out there on the step."

"I have not yet conquered mine," said Newman.

"We lose time in these trivial matters," said the young man. "Cut." He passed the pack.

Newman served the deal with easy hand, gathering his own cards up with a frown of interest, but the young man put a hesitant finger to his chin. "Shall we bunch them this time?" he asked.

They tossed in their cards together, and the next time the young man dealt, each receiving a hand which seemed to please its holder. The game went on swiftly.

"Ah," said the young man, at length, sighing softly at the conclusion; "it seems that I have high, low and the game. You are very welcome to that silly-faced Jack. Mr. Newman, I see the mortgage settling on your home."

"Not yet," said Newman. "Go on, for the next one."

But still Newman lost, until, finally, he straightened up, smiling.

"No doubt, at times, you thought you gambled well, Mr. Newman," said the young man. "Ah, you do not know how we of the other half live. You play only for money. We gamble all the time for the right of life and love—for everything! This was a simple game, for, see, I have now my house; and I still own my immortal work."

Newman smiled grimly. "I told you you would be welcome. It was nothing to me. If your little book had nothing between its covers, it held as much as these walls do for me. Empty!"

"One who has such a house," said the Poet, looking about him, "needs something of fortune to keep it from being indeed empty. If you please, I will play you another game, to see whether you or I shall own the furnishings, the equipment, servants, and other appurtenances of this very well-appointed household."

"Of course," said Newman, without the change of a muscle. "What is the house to you without the furnishings, and what would the furnishings be to me since I no longer own the house?"

The Poet nodded. "Wisdom is a very simple thing," said he, "if only one will pause to think! Your conclusions are absolutely accurate. Therefore, I place again upon the table the copyright of my immortal work—my little book, about the Rose of Sharon."

"Please don't ——" began the late owner of Fairview.

"*Was that her name* — Rose?" asked the young man. "*Yes?* Strange! That was the name in *my* case, too! It is your deal."

They played, and Newman won.

"My friend," said he, "I have your book, and my furniture, and my servants. Would you oblige me by the offer of a room in your house, that I might retire and read for a time?"

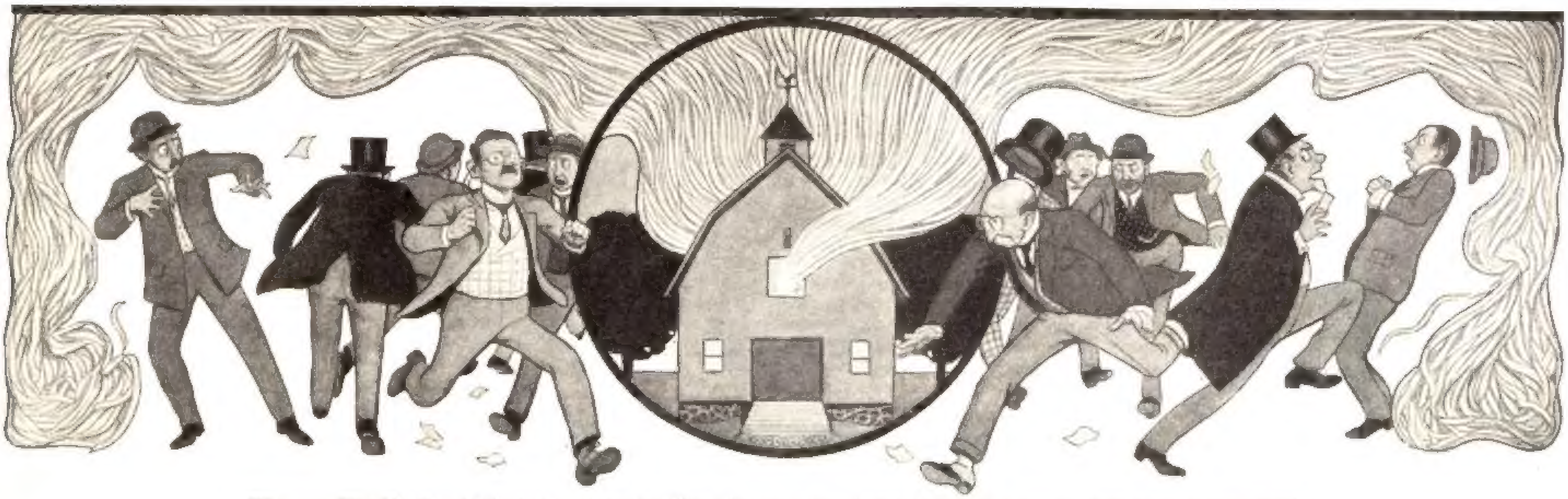
The moisture again broke out on the Poet's face, as he pushed the volume across to the winner. "You, too, are becoming a poet," said he. "You begin to imagine—you begin to see! But you do not know what you have taken from me; even though you won it fairly."

"Let me see," said Newman, opening the book—"Let me see what I have won." He read, and still read, rapidly. At length he placed the book, face down, upon the cloth.

"There are two real poems," said he. "One is The Rose, and the other is The Open Road. Sir, you have played with a fool, I with a philosopher."

(Continued on Page 40)

Timorous Pirates of High Finance



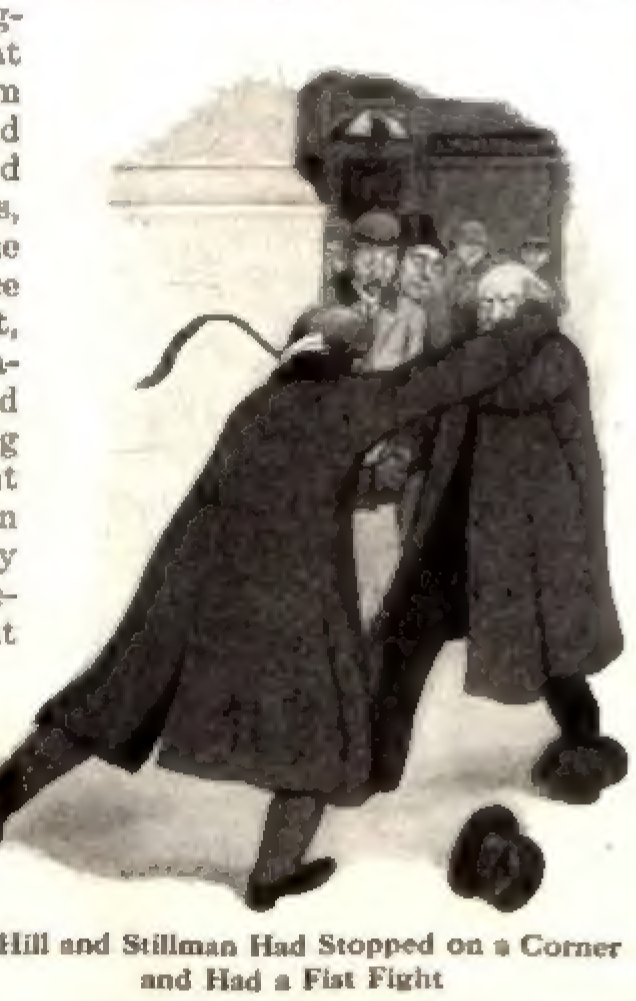
There was That Historic and Horrendous Occasion When Harriman's Barn Burned Down. That was a Calamity to Stagger Humanity

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

EDWARD HENRY HARRIMAN, our leading collector, conglomerator and conquistador of railroads, who has tidily tucked away in his jeans more stocks and bonds of the great highways of steel, as the railroad writers say, than any other person on earth, not to mention such non-essentials pertaining thereto as more miles of track and more things to run on those tracks in similar profusion, is a small man who weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds and wears a barely-perceptible goatee—kidee might be better—on his lower lip, consisting of six hairs—count 'em—six.

One of these days when Edward Henry Harriman is shaving himself, or is being shaved, the razor will slip and those six hairs will be massacred, slain, annihilated. As soon as the news gets to Wall Street the market will break three points. Those daring operators we read so much about, who risk millions without batting an eye, who take desperate chances, who stand unconcernedly and watch their fortunes swept away, whose brilliancy and dash amaze the poor serfs who have to work, who nonchalantly put through deals involving more money than there is in the Treasury; those bold bulls and bears who fleece the lambs; those spectacular, but always courageous, pirates who cruise in the financial waters with the Jolly Roger at the masthead, will shiver, shake and quake at the dire tidings and will wildly throw on the market all the stocks they have, meanwhile running around in circles, pop-eyed and cotton-tongued, emitting low moans of terrible fear.



If Hill and Stillman Had Stopped on a Corner and Had a Fist Fight

There was that historic and horrendous occasion when Harriman's barn burned down. That was a calamity to stagger humanity, and it did stagger that portion of humanity that speculates in stocks, staggered them to a blind stagger, and they whooped madly into the Exchange and tumbled their stocks on the market regardless, determined not to be caught in the aftermath of the cataclysm. Once Harriman had his appendix cut out, they said, and that epochal extirpation caused a slump of a few hundred millions in values; for, as these daring operators argued, of what permanent strength to the market can a Captain of Finance be who captains his way along minus a vermiform appurtenance? And they must have thought Mr. Harriman was as well supplied with appendices as he is with railroads, for on three other subsequent and separate occasions the story that he had his appendix disassociated with his masterful personality threw the intrepid professionals into similar panics. Other horrifying stories about this potent person jammed the doughty brokers around the selling-posts so thickly you would have to use a snow plow to get through them. They heard Harriman's backbone was congealing or consolidating or something, and away they went. They heard his bones were ossifying, and it was enough, for they didn't stop to think a bone that wasn't ossified would be a poor sort of a bone. It is likely thirteen old and respected brokerage firms would have failed if somebody had been smart enough to say his bones were petrifying. And only a short time ago the papers had these headlines:

HARRIMAN RUMOR CAUSES BAD SLUMP

Declines of 3 to 4 Points in Leading Shares During the Afternoon

It was discovered that on this fateful occasion Mr. Harriman was bilious. He did not go to his country home on Friday night as usual; and honk-honk! away they went like a bunch of fudge-fed schoolgirls who see a mouse. If Mr. Harriman should get the mumps there would be a wreck of matter and a crash of worlds.

Money is congenitally timid, but the money that men get by buying, with borrowed funds, stocks that do not belong to the people who sell them, appears to be so faint-hearted that it has ordinary legal-tender looking like T. Roosevelt defying Congress. There is no easier thing to do in the whole line of financial accomplishment than to start a flurry in Wall Street and break the market several points, unless it is to start two flurries and break it many points. Those bold operators down there, who talk in the Waldorf, so loudly you can hear them at Forty-second Street, about control and manipulation and all that brave patter, will run into the high grass like a lot of rabbits if a sandwich man comes along the street and says James J. Hill has a boil on the back of his neck. Outsiders, trained by the yawps of publicists of all kinds, who are not in the market or have been wiped out, think of them as pirates, which is what they are, a fine agglomeration of timorous, vibratory pirates who tremble every time a big man sneezes, and who scuttle to cover instead of scuttling ships.

If you take a good, well-bred, bashful rabbit and make a loud noise in its vicinity it will make three long jumps into oblivion, and so it will for fifty days if you make the same noise to scare the same rabbit; but along about the fifty-first or fifty-second time the fact will have percolated into the rabbit-mind that that noise it has heard before so often does the rabbit no harm, and it will continue nibbling cabbage leaves, merely winking a beady eye at you. Familiarity, even in a rabbit-mind, breeds contempt, wherein the rabbit has an acute advantage over the daring operators.

They will fall for the same rumor, shake at the same scare, five hundred times in quick succession, get just as panicky, whirl around just as rapidly, utter just as many screams of apprehensive agony over a rumor or a story that has been used every week since there was a Wall Street, as they will over a brand-new one that some juggler of securities has invented for his own particular purposes. Most of the rumors and stories that flurry the market all up, cause the bold boys who buy stocks to chuck in their holdings for what they can get, are so old they have moss on them. They have been used so many times that one would think the appearance of one or all of them would start the buyers and sellers out in a body to waggle their fingers at the source instead of throwing them in a scrambled mess into the market to rid themselves of whatever they have the rumor is shooting for.

You see, nobody understands the stock market. Plenty of men say they do, but, really, nobody can define it. It is an intangible institution, where you buy something you never see from a person who hasn't got it to sell, or sell something you don't own to a person who won't own it when he buys it. In a market of two million shares not more than five hundred thousand shares would change hands—that is, really be transferred from one person to another. It is like speculating in rainbows. Naturally, when many men are dealing with a commodity as diaphanous as this, it takes only a diaphanous situation to throw them into a frenzy. But if they are as astute as we are taught to believe, it seems odd that they should become frantic, day after day, because of the same old reasons. They do, and the older the story is, the harder they bite. Every so often, for example, they rush in and buy on the barnacled story that some dog is going to pay a dividend, and along they come whooping, time and again, clamoring, shouting, gasping to get some on the story that some steamship cat is to have a subsidy.

Why Stocks Fall With Hair

NOR is it the non-professional trader alone who comes yipping in to cover when the familiar old bogey-men are paraded. The bold, professional brokers fall just as many times and just as hard for yarns they have heard since they began business. "Ha!" said a market sage a time ago. "Here we are. The most notable fact about the market is the futility of the explanations offered. For several days past people have been trying to fit theories to the market, and this is a state of mind which expedites the circulation of rumors—rumors of a big man in trouble, rumors of war, rumors of Mr. Harriman being sued and being ill. Yet the very obvious explanation is that an unexpected supply of stocks is being placed on the market. The source of selling has not been determined, but because it has converged on Harriman stocks the Stock Exchange believes it has come from a Harriman or near-Harriman source."

Now there is an explanation that explains, whether explanations are futile or not. Things are hop-scotching about because it is hard to fit theories to the market, and, by the same token, the situation would have been similar if people were trying to fit the market to theories. But observe the rumors that this authority says are having an effect: A big man in trouble, war, a Colorado and Southern deal, Harriman sued and, mayhap, bilious again. There are the old familiar friends, the pals of former days, and age cannot wither nor custom stale. They are good whenever they are trotted out. Big man in trouble—wow! Sell 'em! *Sell 'em!* SELL 'EM!—and don't stop to ask who the big man is or what trouble he is in. Perhaps J. P. Morgan is getting balder, or John D. Rockefeller is sprouting hair. Sell 'em!

Not very long ago James J. Hill and James Stillman, then president of the National City Bank, the big Rockefeller institution, walked up Nassau Street, in New York,

And Make a Loud Noise in Its Vicinity

together. There was a situation for you! Tremendous possibilities. Creak, c-r-e-a-k went the rumor-machine, and the report came out that a deal was on between Mr. Hill and the Standard Oil party which would end the war on the Pacific Coast by providing a working agreement between the Hill and Rockefeller parties, so that the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul extension would not wage a competitive war with the Hill roads. They walked up Nassau Street together. That was enough. The only way Wall Street would have figured out that that didn't mean a deal would have been if Hill and Stillman had stopped on a corner and had a fist fight.

The cutting-a-melon story is always good. Tales of extra dividends are lapped up eagerly. Increased earnings, as rumors, help a lot. Time after time the stories about melon-cutting have been circulated, and Wall Street never stops to think that, if the gentlemen who have melon-patches are going to do any cutting, that cutting will be done with an exact reference to the proper distribution of the slices to those in the picnic, and will be over and nothing left but the rinds before the general public will have any knowledge of it. It is like the old story of the man who went into the restaurant and ordered an extra porterhouse steak, two inches thick, to be covered with fresh mushrooms and served, properly garnished, with marrow-bones and corn fritters and the like. "'Deed, boss," said the waiter, "we ain't got no steak like that. Ef we had th' boss would eat it hisself."

An impending war between any two European Powers sends them scurrying to sell. They have been throwing stocks overboard in Wall Street for forty years on impending wars that never got beyond the impending stage. About the only clash that couldn't be worked in the past generation was the fuss between Holland and Venezuela. They tried on that, but, for some reason, the dashing operators remained dashing and did not dash to the floor or to their brokers to sell what they had. At that, upsetting a market because of a war between Holland and Venezuela would be the limit, wouldn't it? It would be like fearing an attack from the Swiss navy.

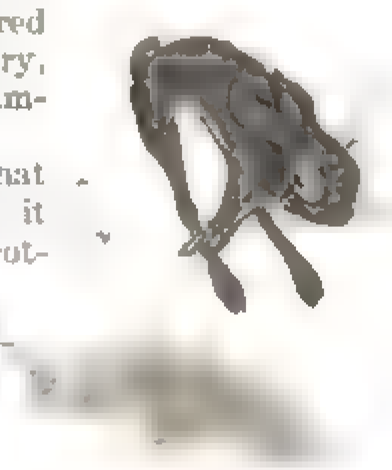
Once in a while they get a real one, as they did when Governor Roswell P. Flower died, and then the flurries become panics and the jaunty paper millionaires are all broke. That is natural, too, for, when a market can be influenced for several points by any ancient, musty tale, it normally must drop through the floor when a real sensation comes. The operators who get frightened at the rustle of a leaf may be expected to jump out of their skins if a tree falls down.

During the Presidential campaign last year a reporter on one of the New York newspapers bought, on a margin, two hundred shares of Union Pacific. He had the stock at a good price and had a little profit. One day he called up his broker and told him to sell the two hundred Union Pacific. "Why?" said the broker. "Oh," said the reporter, "nothing much. I think there's going to be something doing in one of the papers about the Republican ticket next Monday morning."

The broker jumped up and down rapidly, sold the Union Pacific, sold everything else he had, and word soon got around that some paper had a scandal about Taft, that there was a scandal about Sherman that would disrupt the Republican ticket and rip things wide open, and that there were scandals about both of them. The market broke three points before the truth was known, which was that one of the newspapers had a story for publication on Monday morning about Sherman trying to buy some land in the Southwest while he was a member of Congress. The story was printed and fell flat, for Sherman easily showed he was well within his rights, and that he didn't buy any land, anyhow. A break of three points in the general list of stocks means a depreciation of a good many millions of dollars, and it all started because a reporter wanted to take his profit on two hundred shares of Union Pacific, although, for that matter, probably the reporter was scared about his glimmering of the story, as everybody else is scared in similar circumstances.

The Wall Street axiom is that the stock goes with the tip, and it applies to corn and wheat and cotton and pork and all the other speculative commodities. And so they do. Nor need the tip be of any stability. A conversation

(Concluded on Page 44)



WELFARE WICKS

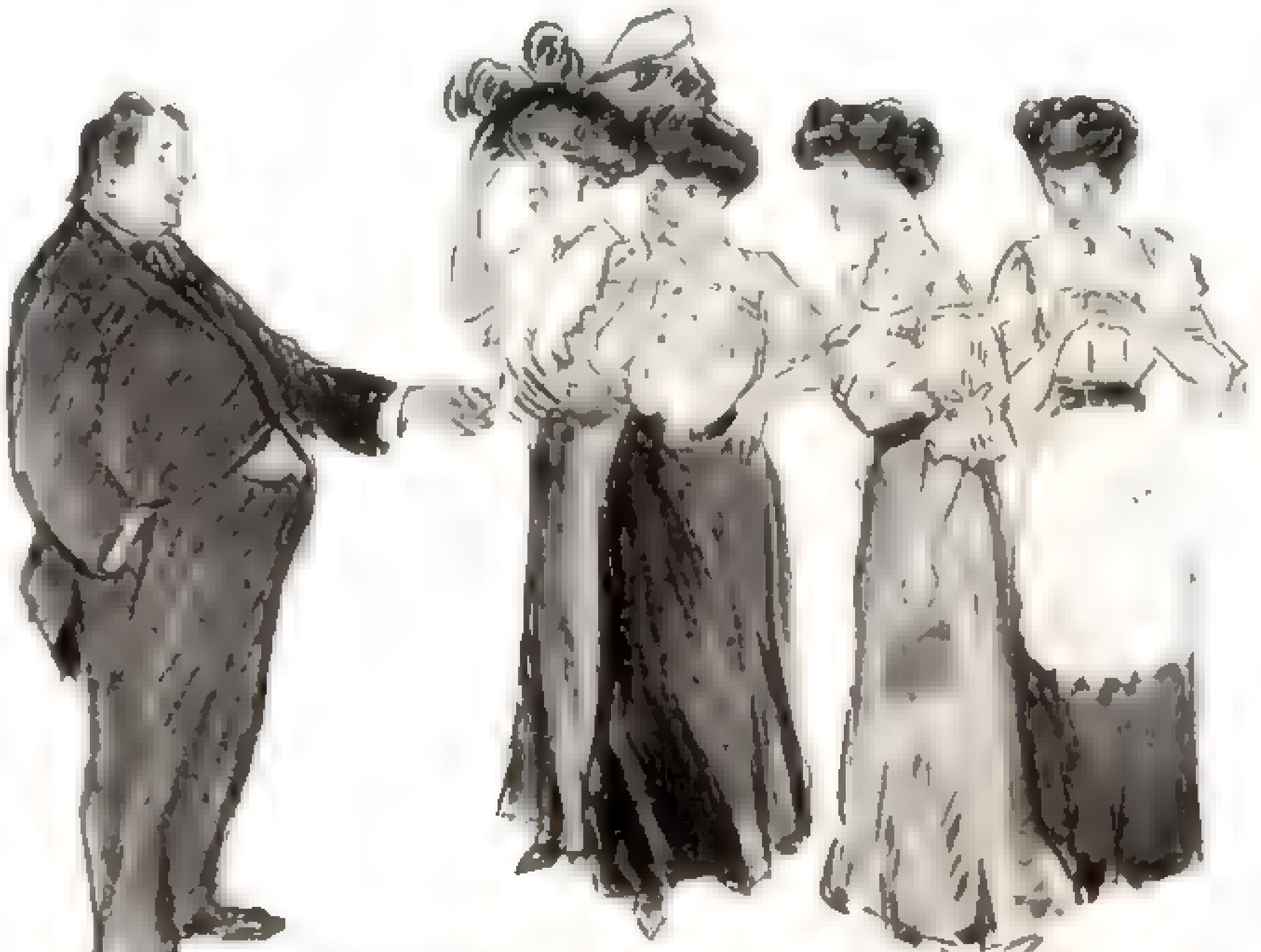
By Lloyd Osbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WHEN old Isaac Wicks died there was naturally a lot of speculation as to what would happen to the business. It was an awful big business, the Paragon Company, Printers and Binders, and a mighty prosperous one, too, employing nearly four hundred men and girls, year in and year out. Old Wicks, who was the hardest-fisted man on the Lakes, and couldn't bear to see a nickel get past him, had stayed in harness to the end and, with all his money, had slaved harder than any of us. But what with leaving a four-million-dollar estate and no end of downtown property that only had to be left there to double in value every three years, it didn't seem likely that his son, Horace Greeley Wicks, would continue in his footsteps to the extent of living and dying in the Paragon pilot-house. That was why the office staff had all perked up and were looking sideways at one another while they waited for the lightning of partnership to hit the lucky one.

None of us had ever seen Horace G., who had been on bad terms with the old man for ever so long, though news of him, of one kind and another, had trickled in from the outlying parts that he seemed to prefer to Chicago, and as to how he was half a lunatic, with long hair and bomb-throwing ideas for the betterment of mankind, and his pockets full of dynamite and anarchist tracts. So you can imagine how we rubbered as he headed our way, inspecting his new property in company with crisp, gray-haired, dignified Mr. Snyder, the general manager, and that lean, tall, sneering swine, Mr. Pinney, and short, jolly, red-faced Johnny Bull Boltover, who the boys would have voted in, unanimous, had the choice been left to them. Horace G. was a big man of about forty, and powerful fat, with obstreperous red hair down below his collar, and a cowboy hat and velveteen clothes, and he was smiling most genial from ear to ear, and saying: "How do do—how do do!" right and left in a way to make the office force squirm, it was that democratic and friendly. At first you thought he had a silly face, but it was all the hair and the hat, and when he stopped and spoke to you it wasn't like a crank at all, but most jolly and kind and sensible.

"I see I'm going to like you," he says to me, shooting out a fat thumb and waving it in front of me while everybody grinned. "Ideality, imagination and loyalty—and acres of virgin soil! Ha! And, best of all—good humor! Come and see me—drop in any time—let's get together!"



He was That Set and Outspoken Against Peek-a-Boo Waists and Rats

He went on, showering the same invitation everywhere, while Mr. Snyder's face was a sight, and Pinney he almost groaned out loud, and Mr. Boltover didn't dare to catch anybody's eye he was that ready to explode. The boys were left a good deal mixed in their opinions, though the girls were solid for the new boss, and a hum of "Ain't he a darling! Ain't he just too nice to live!" drowned the noise of the presses for ten minutes after he was gone.

The next day we learned he had come to stay and was going to take the old man's place, and that there wasn't going to be any partnership or anything but just *him*. Though what his Pa would have said at all wages below twenty-five dollars a week being raised thirty per cent, and all above that fifteen per cent, I leave to them that remember the way the old fellow used to cuss. My, if Horace G. was a lunatic he was our kind of lunatic, all right, and some of those who had been most cantankerous the day before now couldn't say enough in praise of him.

Not but what we did not have to pay for that raise! He hadn't been a week with us before he was nicknamed "Welfare Wicks" or "Old Welfare" from the word he was always saying, and, worse still, always *doing*. Our "bodily welfare"—our "mental welfare"—"the girls' moral welfare"—"our hygienic welfare"—"the welfare" of our teeth and toes and backs and stummicks. We were welfared at work, welfared at home, and were assembled two nights a week in the loft, where more welfare was lammed into us an hour at a stretch. Of course we weren't *forced* to go; but he being the boss, and human nature being what it is, and what with the refreshments that were served out lavish, and the wives liking the attention and the chance it gave them of wearing their best bonnets and breaking into society—those "little talks" of his were about as easy to avoid as a police-court subpœna.

He hadn't any dignity at all, and would joke along like it was a confab around the stove, and if anybody chose to join in he was welcome—and he used such common, ordinary language that anybody could understand him. No style to it, no dictionary words, but like a big, fat father talking to a pack of kids. It jarred on me a lot, though there were some who said the refreshments were worth it. One of them was called Lead as a Steady Diet, or a Little Talk on Dying Young—this aimed at the compositors who wouldn't clean up before lunch. Another was, The Penalty of Pie, and another, What Shall I Read, or Aids to Becoming a Perfect Idiot. He lined us up there and just made a joke of everything we liked or did or wore or thought, till it was a wonder we stood it like we did. But his laugh was so genial and he had such a taking way with him, and there was something so sunshiny *good* in his fat, red face that we managed to tolerate him and live through it.

But, my, that wasn't the end of it. He was the most interfering, prying, red-headed nuisance that was ever let loose on a long-suffering community. Now if there's one thing that ought to be sacred it's a fellow's dinner-pail, but he'd dive right into them, and if it was a fried chop or a soggy deck of soda biscuits, or anything else he thought wasn't suitable for our insides, he would rip out then and there, and throw a fit. The girls fared just as bad—or even worse—he was that set and outspoken against peek-a-boo waists and rats and ostrich feathers and dirty finger-nails, and the way they lived principally on cake and sweet stuff. I have seen as many as three blubbering at once, and him standing like a slave-driver in their midst, waving a doughnut. Nor were our homes safe, night or day. You might be settled down comfortable with your evening paper, with the wife washing up and the kids at their lessons, when in would pop Old Welfare, bursting with geniality and interference.

He was as likely as not to ask you what you had paid for that green-and-gold parlor suite, and when you answered perhaps fifty dollars he'd say, just as calm as that, "I'll take it off your hands for a hundred!" And then he'd pull out a catalogue of Mission furniture and say: "Go and buy something restful; go and buy something that doesn't hit you in the eye!" And it was quite on the cards he'd take the parlor lamp then and there, and a chromo or two, and maybe the carpet and the mantelpiece fixings. Then he'd go into the kitchen where the wife was all in a fluster at the sight of him, and buy your china in the same autocratic, no-back-talk-about-it way; and it was seldom he left without carrying the frying-pan with him (Lord, how he hated frying-pans!), and all your agateware utensils besides.

You'll ask why we stood it. Well, that's hard to explain if you hadn't known Old Welfare for yourself. For one thing, he always made himself solid with the kids, and they're a power in a family. He was always loaded up with candy and circus tickets, and if any were sick you couldn't but melt, he was that sympathetic; and I guess all his big automobile ever did was to take them rides. His coming was never a nuisance to the kids, however much it might rub up Popper and Mommer, and to them it was all a joke to see him walking away with your furnished flat, and maybe giving them a quarter each to help him carry the stuff down the stairs. My, but they loved Old Welfare, and they'd tag along behind him like he was a band-wagon, and everything he did was right—to the kids.

But the grown-ups often sighed for the old days; and, in spite of the raise and all that, there were those who downright wished old Isaac back again, with your home your own and your dinner-pail your own and your Tuesday and Friday nights your own, and no one to stop you from spitting or chewing or wearing suspenders, or doing without filters, or using toothpicks, or eating lead if you had a mind to, or reading detective novels, or neglecting your nails or your teeth or your stummick. But, my, if it was hard to stand at the beginning, that was nothing to what happened after Old Welfare organized the Get Busy Society and unloosed forty-four pests to help him jack us up. He whipped us with whips, as the Good Book says, but the Get Busy Society got after us with scorpions—and, being the youngest and looniest of the bunch, it was almost more than the traffic could bear.

But Old Welfare didn't always have things his own way. There was a young lady named Christine Farmiloe in the office end of the business, a proud, handsome young piece if ever there was one, and the admitted belle of the works. She had come of a tiptop family, and was a real lady down to her toes, for all her being forced out to earn her living as a stenographer. She always kept very much to herself and was very modest and genteel, and it was common gossip that Mr. Pinney was stuck on her, though anybody could see he hadn't a chance. She had the starriest blue eyes you ever saw, and Mr. Pinney wasn't the only one who was fond of gazing into them. People always talked to her in a loving kind of way, she was that sweet and nice to look at, and would go on talking even after they had said everything there was to say—just to get another smile from her pretty mouth. Oh, she was a beauty, and might have been on our calendars in four colors if she hadn't objected strenuous.

I happened to be in the office when she and Old Welfare had their first tilt. He had just finished dictating her a letter to the American Lithographic Company, and was smiling at her most friendly, with that dance in his eye and funny, fighting look at the mouth that he always had when most interfering with your rights and liberties.

"I've been engaged to bring an action against you," he says. "A civil action, of course, and I'm going to serve the papers on you right now."

"An action?" says she, quite startled.

"Yes," he says. "I've been engaged to represent your liver and your lungs that's being crushed to death"—and he gives her a hearty poke in the ribs—"and those poor little feet are asking for an injunction against your French heels."

She flushed scarlet and was all of a tremble as he went on cheerfully: "Considered æsthetically or medically, you're hardly better than a distorted monstrosity, Miss Farmiloe!" Here he gives one of his big laughs, and we waited for him to offer to buy her out at an advance.

But for once he struck a Tartar.

"I've been here for three years," says she, most pitiful-like, and sizzling mad, too, and yet all the lady, "and no one has ever insulted me before. I have an old mother to support, and it's terrible to have to leave a good position and look for another. You ought to be ashamed to force a decent, hard-working girl to quit your service, Mr. Wicks, for that's the only way I can resent your insults!"

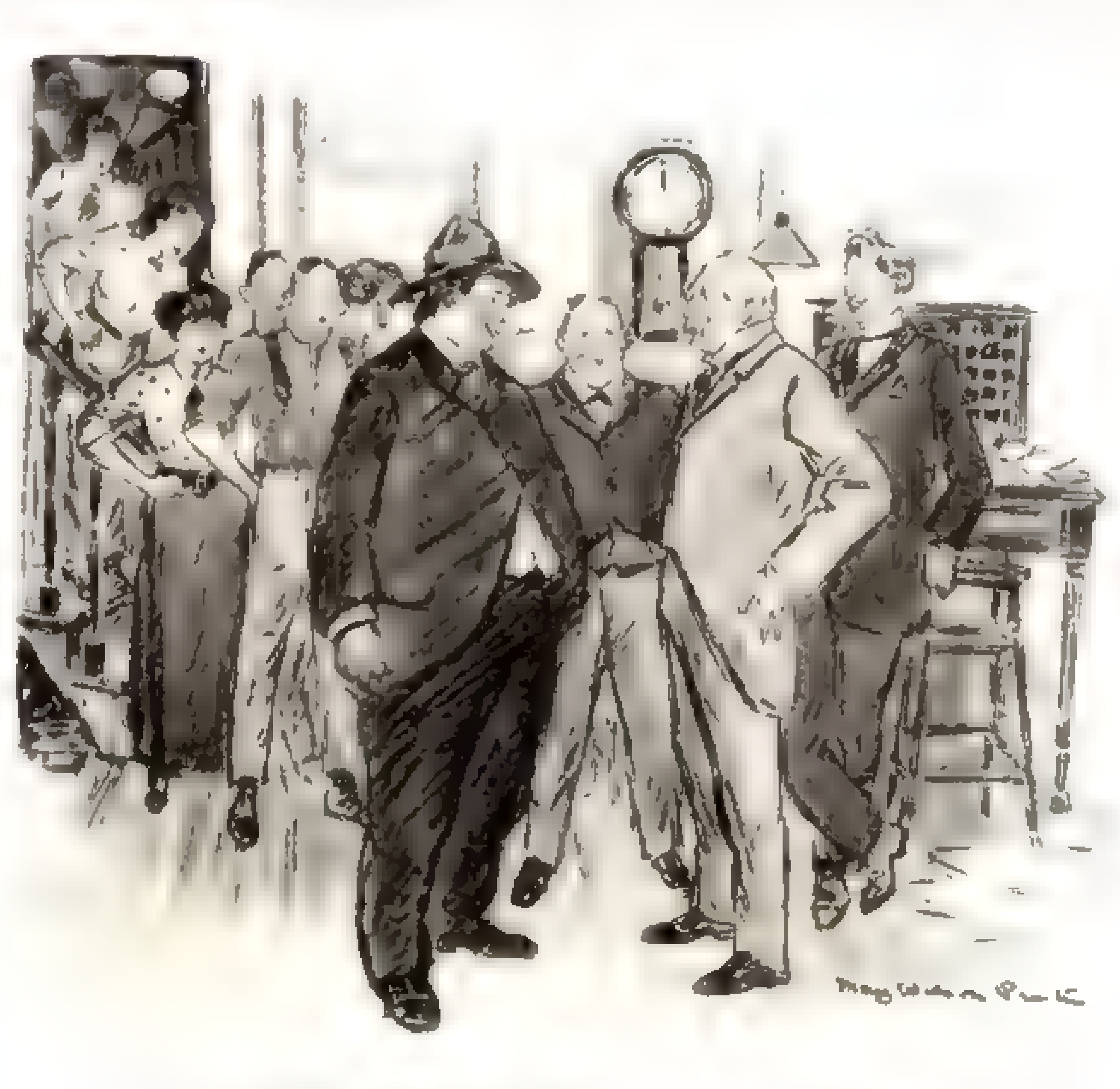
And with that she gets up, quivering all over, and reaches out for her poor, shabby gloves.

My, if Old Welfare wasn't struck of a heap!

"No, no," he cries. "I wouldn't insult you for the world. You've taken me up all wrong. It's only that I hate to see a pretty young woman trussed up in boilerplate and gasping for breath. Oh, Miss Farmiloe, be indulgent with an old crank who only has your welfare at heart."

That set her blazing.

"Oh, welfare," she says most scornful. "My welfare is none of your business as long as I do faithfully what I am paid to do; and I'm sure that Mr. Snyder and Mr. Pinney will bear me out that I've always been satisfactory. Permit me to pass, sir," she demands as he blocks her way, his fat, silly face a picter of mortification. Then what do you suppose he does next? Plumps right down on his knees and roars for forgiveness! It was half joke, half in earnest, and we all nearly burst. Mad as she was, Miss Farmiloe simply had to smile, it was so comical, and then he roars louder than ever and pretends to tear his long, red hair. For a boss printer and binder it was a sight never seen before or since.



Saying: "How Do Do—How Do Do!" Right and Left in a Way to Make the Office Force Squirm, it was That Democratic and Friendly

"Do you apologize?" says she.

"Yes, yes," he cries.

"And you promise never to address me a single word again except on business?"

"Yes, yes," he cries.

"Then please go away," she says like a haughty young queen, "and if you haven't any sense of your own dignity, do us the favor to let us keep ours."

This was rubbing it in, but Old Welfare took it like a lamb. He got up and brushed his pants, no more concerned at the fool he'd been making of himself than if he had been one of them performers in vaudeville.

"One can't reform the world without getting a bump or two," he says, rueful-like. "If a fellow is born a hundred years ahead of his time he can't complain if he's misunderstood. Isn't that so, Mr. Pinney?"

"Yes, sir," answers Mr. Pinney.

"Happy child of your generation," says Old Welfare, laying his hand lovingly on Mr. Pinney's thin shoulder, like he was raising his salary. "A nice blend of prejudice, self-interest and conventionality. You will be a respected citizen when the mob's hanging me to a lamppost!" And with that he goes out, whistling a melancholy air, like he wished he hadn't been so much ahead of the game as he thought he was.

Next day, before Miss Farmiloe came, he planted a bunch of roses on her desk and a little plaster statoot of the Venus of Something. You might have called it the Venus of Nothing, it was that shy of clothes, and was intended, I suppose, to show a female form that had never worn corsets or shoes. She blushed as red as a beet, and threw it into the waste-paper basket along of the roses. If Old Welfare had meant either for a peace offering he was all off in the way he went about it.

But it's common knowledge that lots of love-affairs have begun with a good scrap between the two high, contending parties. Old Welfare might never have given Miss Farmiloe another thought had she meekly knuckled down and dressed herself to suit him. The fight she put up, and the flashing, passionate way she talked back, and the stunning beauty of the girl as she faced him, panting and insulted—all landed him one in the solar plexus, and, for all his being a hundred years ahead of his time, I guess it came over him he'd choose a wife in *ours*

Naturally, we didn't get on to it at first, it only dawning on us when she joined the Get Busy Society, and became pest number forty-five. The institootion had been getting pretty slack, some of the he-ones having gotten their eyes blacked, and the she-ones having lost hair and been well scratched up in raiding our kitchens and spying on the girls that didn't belong. But it took a new lease of life when Miss Farmiloe came along, and, my, soon life wasn't hardly worth living again!

She went for us like a little tiger, and as Old Welfare was always close behind we couldn't do nothing but grin and bear it. I lost a fancy lamp I'd managed to hide till then, knowing it was sure to go—and a plush-framed chromo of a Swiss lake I had won in a raffle. Billy Latt's second was carted to the hospital, and his little appendicitis cut out; the Beasleys were ordered to move from a tidy little flat just because the drains were blocked; the Thompsons were made to get married, which they did most unwilling; the Joneses got the kibosh on raising Belgian hares in their kitchen, and Betty Martin's hair had to turn brown again or she needn't never come back.

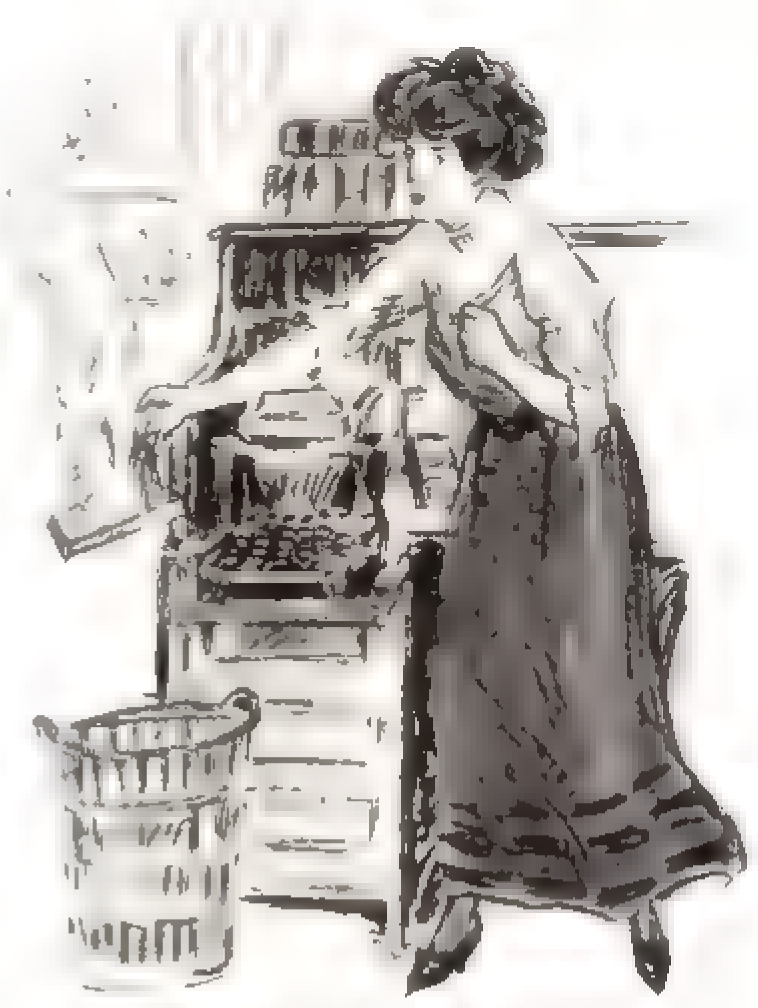
Not that all this was the worst of it, though I haven't told the half nor the quarter. It was the Jack-in-the-box feeling that you were never safe, so that you started at a sound like a murderer, and every step at the door brought the heart to your mouth. I had to rush the growler myself those days and buy a foot-warmer to carry it in, the Get Busy Society closing in that hard and picketing us night and day.

Soon there was talk and gossip and winks, and then it came out they were engaged to be married. Yes, bless you, Miss Farmiloe and Old Welfare—and it took place a month later in the Odd Fellows' Hall, and all the Works was there in their best bib and tucker, with a committee in rosettes and new shoes, and a bell of roses, and the dandiest band in Chicago for us to dance to. Old Welfare, with all his faults, always did things handsome, and he blew us off right royal, and all his long-haired friends were there, too, down to the last Anarchist; and we weren't behindhand in whooping it up either, and when at supper Old Welfare stood on a table and made a speech, a walloping speech that made you laugh just when you thought you were going to cry, and cry when you were ready to laugh—oh, a corker!—what was our feelings when he announced that the fellows who weren't married didn't know what they were missing, nor yet the girls neither, and that he was going to give a hundred dollars to every couple that got married within the next thirty days! And then he give a rousing call for volunteers, and, my, if there wasn't sixty or more who run up cheering, and Old Welfare almost hugged them he was that delighted—we old stagers clapping our hands and shoving up the youngsters that held back, like we wanted to help, too.

Some of them thought better of it the next day, but the most took the plunge and the hundred dollars and went to housekeeping. Old Welfare went to housekeeping, too—but not in a fine house like you might have expected, but in a little twelve-dollar-a-month flat no better than ours.

It was kind of hard on Mrs. W., who wasn't a hundred years ahead like him and might have expected a millionaire husband to treat her better. But, no, she did her own work like the rest of the wives, and ran out his underclothes and hers on a line; and I've seen Old Welfare on his knees scrubbing the kitchen floor while she was rolling out dough, with a dimple in each of her pretty cheeks. I guess she thought a powerful lot of Old Welfare for all he was such a crank, for she was a cozy, loving little piece and tried to think his new ideas was right.

By and by the baby came, along with about forty-eight others to the hundred-dollar couples, and Old Welfare was up in the air about it as he and the other happy fathers got together and talked how it felt. Then if he didn't spring a fresh surprise on us, which made the boys who had hung back tarnation sore—nothing less than two hundred and fifty dollars for every child born thirty days in front of or behind of Horace Greeley, Jr. I managed to squeeze my little Willie into the appropriation, though he was nine months old and teething, and I guess some of the candidates for the two hundred and fifty almost knew their letters. But, with all that easy money waiting to be took, human nature wouldn't be what it is if there wasn't a lot of grabbing. There was more graft to that baby business than one could see in a political election, and I just know that some of the committee was fixed—leastways a lot of the kids had to be made twins to fit, and the lobbying and electioneering that went on was downright disgraceful, Old Welfare being too busy at home to look after matters, and signing his name regardless on the checks the committee sent in and O. K'd.


She Blushed as Red as a Beet, and Threw it Into the Waste-Paper Basket

His mother-in-lor had come and that didn't leave him with anything else to think about. She was a commanding old lady, with corkscrew curls, and didn't take to the Simple Life for beans. At no time is there much room for a commanding old lady in a twelve-dollar flat, least of all where there is a newly-arrived baby hollering and a pale young mother having hysterics because hubby and Ma can't pull it off together. As far as Old Welfare was concerned I guess it was a twelve-dollar hell, and he began to look that blue and downhearted that we all felt mortal sorry for him. The first sign of something wrong was when Christine and the old lady and Horace Greeley, Jr., all lit out for the Auditorium Hotel and put it up to Old Welfare either to follow or stay. He voted to stay, being a very obstinate man and having no more use for the commanding old lady; and from bad, matters drifted on to worse, till the lawyers took a hand and the party moved from the Auditorium to South Dakota. Here Christine got a divorce against him, with thousands in alimony and the custody of Horace Greeley, Jr.

For a time it broke Old Welfare all up. He moved about like a ghost and hardly interfered with anybody, though his ideas on marriage changed considerable, and are not to be printed, they were that free and revolutionary. I wonder he didn't put out a bounty for old ladies' scalps he was that worked up against old Mrs. Farmiloe, though he did the thing about next door to it when he called us together as usual for one of his "little talks." He sketched marriage from the earliest ages, when they'd give the young lady a five minutes' start and time *you* off from the tape with a club. He said it had been a failure then, and hadn't improved any since, and the corridors of time reëchoed with the groans of those who got into it and couldn't get out.

All this led up to his saying that it was a crime divorce should be a rich man's luxury and altogether beyond the reach of poor folks. My, if he didn't lambaste Capital all round the block, and make out that it was an outrage on the toiler—the way the working man couldn't help himself, what with his having no money for lawyers and sich, and public opinion being against legislation to help him, and mothers-in-lor growing worse and worse and more aggressive every day, till no serf in Roosia was half such a slave to the whims and caprices of a Grand Dook as that wretched worm—the American husband! It was the most majestic feat of eloquence I've ever heard, bar none, and the women were snuffling audible, and the men had a set, bloodthirsty look. You see, though he put it general, we all knew it was Old Welfare who was groaning so loud in the corridors of time, and when he spoke of poor folks so deeply sympathetic every man and woman there felt he meant *us*.

He wound up by saying that for every couple who was tired of it, or was mother-in-lored to death, or was hammered out of resemblance of humanity, or was just rattling their chains up to that moment in general helplessness and misery, he was prepared to pay that there couple five hundred dollars, United States gold coin, standard weight and fineness, whereby they might cast off the dreadful yoke.

There were no cheers nor handclappings, but a consternated silence, followed by a low and penetrating buzz as Old Welfare swallowed a glass of water and waited expectant for a line to form. Joe Tyson sprang up and proposed that a committee of five be appointed with the boss as chairman, hisself as recording secretary, to pass on credentials.

"We all remember the baby-graft," says Joe, very heated, "and the low-down, slimy way some took advantage of Mr. Wicks' generous philanthropy at the time he was hardly able to give the matter his personal attention. It would be an everlasting shame to every man and woman here if his present noble effort was tainted at the font by self-seeking and deceit. I propose," says he, "that no married person be eligible to sit on the committee, and that its watchword be 'Favor to none; justice to all!'"

Then up got old Harry Trumbull, the father of the chapel (as printers call the oldest and best hand in the composing-room), and he enters a stiff kick against an unmarried committee. "What do they know of the trials and tribulations of that holy state," he asked; "nor yet of its joys and blessings? It ought to be a committee who has been through the mill themselves and could weed out the grafting goats from the deserving sheep. For," he says, "this ain't to be a premium on divorce, but an oar held out to the suffering and those up against it."

"What hits me all wrong," interrupts Smith, the electrician, "is the mean way the happy couples ain't to get nothing out of it! Them that's borne the heat and burden of the day are to be counted out with nothing, while the others romp off with five hundred dollars!"

"You've been happy," says Old Welfare, reproachful-like. "You've been happy, Smith."

"The hell I have!" says the electrician, who was a saving chap and owned suburban property and couldn't bear to see all that money get away from him, though he had lived contented with his wife these eighteen years. In fact, he was always bragging what an economical woman she was, and it shows what he thought of her that all his lots were in her name. But that's the worst of philanthropy—it sets husband against wife, brother against brother, sister against sister, and it all becomes a scramble for the dough, and the devil for the hindmost. Then Mrs. Smith was took fearful with hysterics, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

My, but that five hundred dollars put an awful strain on some of the boys and girls, and about eighty-seven of them went over! Tom Burdick, who was a grandfather, cashed in with the rest, and likewise Uncle Sam Jordan, who was a deacon in the Baptist Reformed Church, and little Miss Lamb, the typist, whom everybody thought single, owned up to a long-lost husband she hadn't seen in years, and Neddy O'Dell, who was in the hands of the loan sharks, broke away from that sweet, curly-haired wife of his, getting no more than twenty-five dollars out of it and four hundred and seventy-five to pay off the cormorants who were eating him up. The most contemptible thing of all was what two of the pressmen did both of them rushing off to get married in order to qualify for divorce! I am glad to say they were disallowed, and Old Welfare got so worked up that he fired them. But like in everything of the sort there was graft unstinted, and the old lady and I were some tempted ourselves. Five hundred dollars is a mighty big pile of money to poor folks—and one could always remarry afterward. But my Mamie came of church-going stock and couldn't see it, so I suppose I ought to give her the credit of our both staying honest. Them were stirring times and no mistake, with the whole eighty-seven on the jump, collecting evidence and manufacturing it. It was all "Help me, and I'll help you," and "Say, how are you going to blow it in?" Everything decent and right seemed to be falling to pieces, and Old Welfare he beamed from ear to ear, thinking of the good he was doing, while every dollar he was giving away so prodigal was bomb-shelling happy homes to pieces. Not that he had any idea of it, no, indeed! It was his being a hundred years ahead of his time, and I guess we were as far away from him as the specks on the floor to the moon, we being in 1908 and him in 2008! I reckon all philanthropists are in 2008 when you come to think of it, and some in 3008.

Then the courts got busy, and even the judges began to recognize the name of the Paragon Company, Printers and Binders, as a domestic cyclone center, and passed remarks on it as something extraordinary. There were articles in the papers about it and it was referred to by the bishops in confaree—though none of them followed up the trail to the man behind the gun, who was Old Welfare, prancing around in his long hair and cowboy hat, drawing checks.

By and by it all settled down to peace and quietness, with the eighty-seven having spent their money and taking a new start—many with somebody else. Of course, there was a certain amount of hair-pulling and considerable biting and scratching, but no more than might have been expected after forty-four thousand dollars' worth of philanthropy not counting the committee's expenses and here and there a bonus to some specially deserving barnacles like the Smiths. I tried my darnedest to get into this class, myself, but Old Welfare was recuperating in the Adirondacks, and the committee wanted so much of it that what was left would hardly pay carfare or take us all to a show. So I stung them up in a picture post-card to Old Welfare, and let it go at that.

There were some who thought he'd marry again, and most of the girls joined the Get Busy Society on the chance a lot who till then had stood out the most indignant against it. But there wasn't any marrying left in Old Welfare, and though he shoveled up his hair and went at us worse than ever, one couldn't help seeing he was changed. He often had a moping look, and sometimes of an evening when he'd drop in on me he would go on most dismal about Horace Greeley, Jr., with hardly any ginger to scoop the kitchen, or grab anything he didn't fancy the appearance of. It was all little Willie, and, my, the care we must take of him, and hadn't his tonsils ought to be attended to? Of course, he was still as interfering as ever—he wouldn't have been Old Welfare if he hadn't—and invented sixteen new ways of filling us full of small shot, but he went about it more plodding-like and with less of that grand, genial smile.

"Why don't you try it again, sir?" I made bold to ask him once. "There's that little Teresa Le Brun, the Canadian, who's pretty enough to eat, and that modest and well-conducted that she's a model for every girl in the Works. And it almost seems like a Providence that she's an orphan and lives with her married sister." I said "orphan" most significant, knowing what a red rag mothers-in-lor were to him.

But he only sighs and shakes his head.

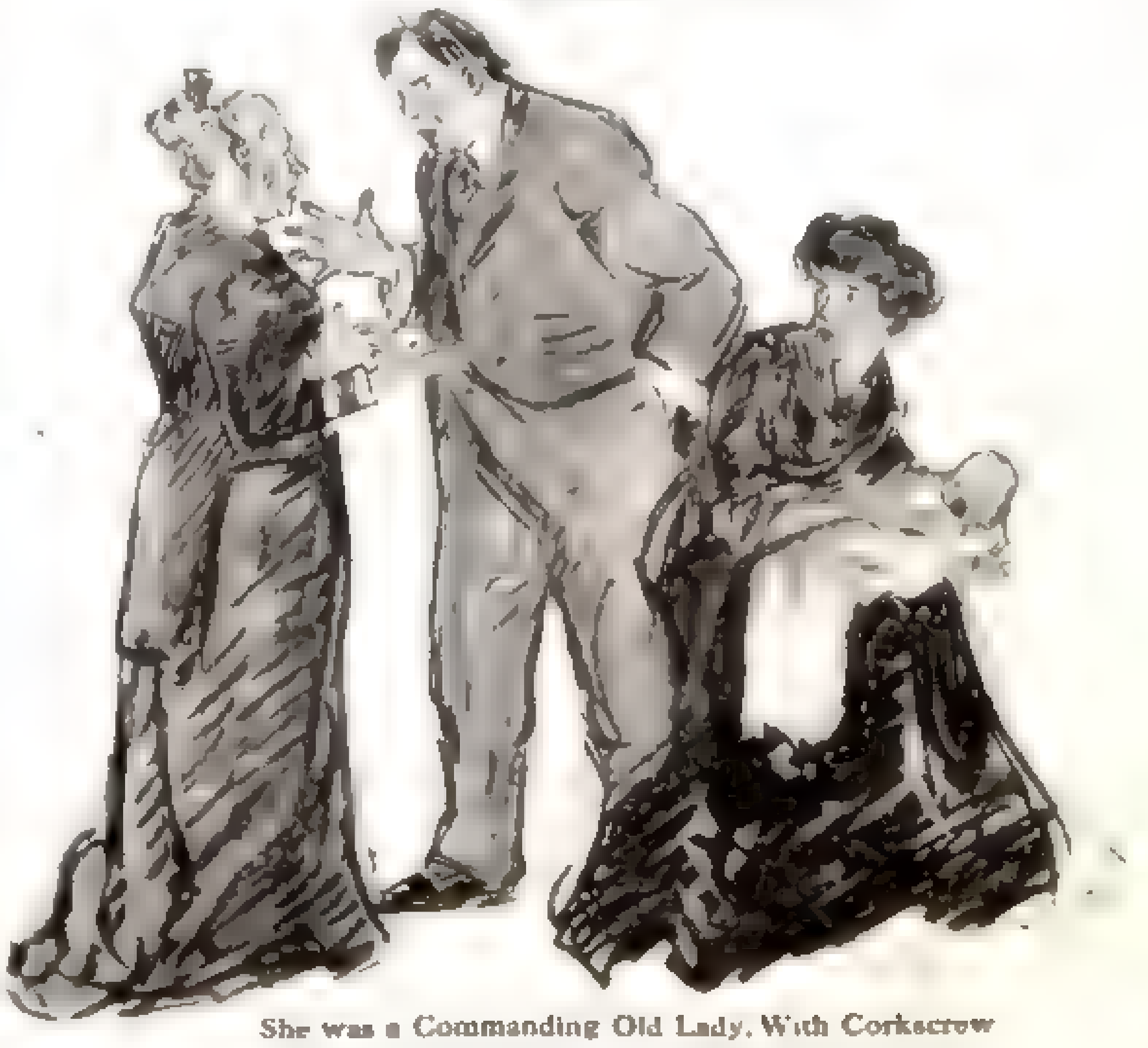
"I'm going to match her with Danny O'Higgins," he says, interfering as always, "but for me there ain't but one woman in the world," and he waves his hand toward South Dakota in a way to break your heart. Then he puffs hard at his cigar and calls hisself a red-headed jackass for still caring. "Though that's between you and me, Jim," says he; "I wouldn't have the others know of my contemptible weakness." And next day he gives a little talk on resignation till there wasn't a dry eye in the room.

By and by—oh, it was months after—he went away, and not even Mr. Snyder knew what had become of him, he just saying he wanted to stand solitary on a mountain-top and commune, and naming no special mountain in particular. I'll never forget. I was in charge of old Number 4 at the time, kind of dopy and hypnotized, like I always am at that steady cascade of paper, flowing endless and endless with a sleepy rustle—when behind me there rose a hum louder than the presses, and when I turned round, what if it wasn't Old Welfare!

Yes, Old Welfare, parading along with Christine his ex-wife on his arm, and that genial smile of his all overflowing with tears, and she laughing and crying, too, both at once, with everybody crowding in, congratulating. By gum, if he hadn't remarried her and brought her and Horace Greeley, Jr., back! though never to this day has it been discovered what was done with the old lady, it being wrapped in mystery, like the Man With the Iron Mask.

It was a dandy sight to see him shaking hands with the boys and girls, and the boys and girls shaking hands with him, like a king come home, if ever there was one. They

(Continued on Page 56)


She was a Commanding Old Lady, With Corkscrew Curls, and Didn't Take to the Simple Life for Beans

THE BANK CLERK

His Life and His Job—By John Mappelbeck

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

Jimmy Breen was a Boy Who Ran to Spectacles Rather Than Spunk

THIS tragedy is still fresh in mind: A teller in a New York uptown bank comes to work as usual one fine June morning. He has been with that institution twenty years. Several days ago the manager had an agreeable surprise for him. He was promoted from receiving to paying teller, and told that if he succeeded in this more exacting work his salary would be increased

Half an hour after the bank opens the receiving teller, in this man's old cage, finds in a depositor's passbook a credit entry for which there is no corresponding entry on the bank's ledgers. Nor can any deposit slip be found. This discrepancy is brought to the new paying teller's attention. The latter seems much interested in running it down. The manager is told about it, but does not suspect that it is anything more than a routine blunder.

Half an hour later the paying teller goes to the cellar, evidently to look for the missing deposit slip in the wastepaper. The janitor is there and offers to help. The teller asks the janitor if he will go upstairs and bring some memoranda lying on the manager's desk, and as this request is obeyed says, heartily:

"What a fine spring day it is!"

The janitor is delayed a few minutes. When he gets back to the cellar there is the teller lying by the furnace, with the office revolver in his hand and a bullet in his brain. On his counter is a note confessing that for several years he has been short in his cash, having covered defalcations now aggregating more than nine thousand dollars by withholding deposit slips. With the letter are the missing slips.

Other facts come to light and get into the newspapers. This teller was paid only fifteen hundred dollars a year. That is not a large salary for a man with a family, living in New York. His first misstep was taken, it is said, under pressure for money when his first child was born, four years ago. All the money taken has been spent on his wife and two babies. His officers' knowledge of his life goes back to the time when he entered the bank as a boy of seventeen. His habits were exemplary. His suicide is a thunderbolt.

Underpaid Men Who Handle Money

THAT bank is a big institution. Its capital and surplus exceed eight millions, and its resources nearly seventy. It is the largest State bank in the city, with twenty-two branches scattered over Greater New York. People read the newspaper accounts, and think of the main banking-house downtown. The contrast between a bank of that size and a teller, holding a responsible place and handling its funds on a salary of thirty dollars a week, is the cardinal point of the whole sad affair.

For a week the newspapers give this case wide publicity. Somebody states that seven or eight millions have been stolen from banks over the country the past few years. Bank clerks write anonymous letters to the papers, denouncing the whole banking system, asserting that institutions earning dividends of one hundred per cent and upward pay their clerks only half enough to live on. Bankers are interviewed and maintain that salaries, while not large, are still fair, considering the competition for such places and the profits of the banking business. But sympathy is plainly with the dead teller. Why, a successful jockey earns ten times that! The baseball players in a championship series receive more than this teller's yearly income as their share of the gate receipts! A good many people seem to think that this teller had almost a right to help himself to some of the money that was passing through his hands. A good many more people feel this. Everybody wonders what sort of lives bank clerks lead, anyway.

There is much to be said on both sides of the question. Bankers admit that salaries are not high, but say, in their own defense, that banking profits do not warrant larger salaries. There are only a few men in the ordinary bank whose work requires special skill and carries responsibility. Below the tellers and loan clerks there is an enormous rank and file of bank employees whose duties are absolutely routine, calling for little ability. Hours are shorter than in many other occupations. Salaries may be small, but they are paid steadily through the year, during vacations and sickness. Few occupations offer such security for old age—a bank can keep a man employed as long as he is able to come down to its counting-room, and when he isn't able to come it is the practice with many banks to provide for him in some way until the end

Viewed from the banking standpoint this teller who shot himself was not so badly off. His connection with a large institution, the fact that he was a paying teller, and his moderate salary, were cardinal points that stood out prominently in newspaper accounts. Had he been paying teller in this bank's main counting-room down in the Wall Street district, thirty dollars a week would have been a niggardly salary. But he was merely a teller in one of its twenty-two branches. That bank has at least fifty men holding similar positions in other branches. Their responsibilities and duties are equal to those of the teller in a country bank. Their work is comparatively light. Coming down at nine in the morning, their "proof" is made by five o'clock, perhaps earlier.

Despite these considerations, however, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that banking, especially in New York, is an excellent calling for the ambitious young fellow starting out in life to leave severely alone

The Story of Jimmy Breen

ABOUT twenty years ago a youngster named Jimmy Breen finished high school. Jimmy's grandfather came from Ireland in our early railroad days and assisted in the construction of several large Eastern lines as a pick-and-shovel man. Jimmy's father got a little schooling, went into a store as clerk, and finally owned a small grocery on the West Side of New York. Jimmy Breen himself got more education, and passed at the head of his class. Great things were expected of him. He was a lad of marked intelligence. Had there been money enough his family would have sent him to college. But there wasn't. So political and social influence was exerted on the West Side, and through a Tammany district leader Jimmy got a job in a bank. Jimmy's classmates started in life mostly as they could. Some went into stores and factories, others drove wagons, others took up liberal arts, like plumbing. In all that neighborhood Jimmy Breen was regarded as the one boy who had really planned a career. He had selected a light, genteel, well-paid occupation, and some day people would hear of him—he had gone into a bank.

Well, today, after twenty years, Jimmy is still in a bank. When he began they paid him five dollars a week. Now he gets about thirty, and this is regarded as a desirable salary from the banking standpoint. Some of the boys who went into stores are now superintendents, buyers, merchants. Lads who drove delivery wagons own good teaming businesses. Some of the plumbers have shops, and those who work for wages probably make as much as Jimmy.

Why isn't Jimmy earning more?

That is partly the fault of the bankers.

Why hasn't he risen higher?

That is the fault of banking. He has risen. He is nearly at the top. It only remains now to make him a junior officer, and his bank will probably do this in five years.

When Jimmy Breen started in the bank they made him a "runner." His duty was to go about town, collecting checks and drafts from other banks not in the Clearing House, and the notes and coupons deposited by customers. This is where every youngster begins, and is virtually the only work that takes him around that wonderfully suggestive district of the business world known as the Outside. A boy who drives a grocery wagon or helps a plumber is likely to see much of the Outside—make acquaintances, compare bosses and wages, investigate other occupations, and lay out a course in life to fit his ambitions. But Jimmy, as a bank runner, saw few people except runners and tellers of other banks, and had little contact with the depositors who owned the checks and coupons he collected

By and by they took him inside and set him at various sorts of work under different chiefs. Every check that enters a bank, for instance, goes to the check clerk to be examined. Jimmy learned to scan signatures, compare amounts, and sort checks for the Clearing House. Then they put him in the money-room where several clerks count currency all day long, make up packages for the paying teller, check depositors' bundles, run down shortages and set aside mutilated bills for redemption. He helped with the correspondence, worked for the bookkeeper, the discount clerk, the loan man. It was all routine, routine. He did not deal directly with depositors. Nor did his chiefs. Nor did the tellers at their windows—they dealt chiefly with Tillie, the stenographer, and Johnnie, the office-boy. The loan clerk saw customers, sometimes, when they needed money.

A department-store clerk isn't well paid when he starts as a cash boy. But his job may be compared to a ladder—he can make his services more valuable by skill in selling, and individual work shows in figures. There are rounds leading right up to the merchandise man, general manager and proprietor, if he is able to climb.

Other occupations are stepping-stones rather than ladders—newspaper reporting, for example. Reporters are not well paid, and the bright and shining editorial positions are not many. Yet newspaper reporting is the readiest stepping-stone into something else.

Banking is neither a ladder nor a stepping-stone. There are few opportunities to do "stunts." Ability shows slowly, because the work is all of a piece. Promotion goes largely by seniority, and a man gets into the way of calculating the chances for his next step—five years, ten years off. Worse than any of these things, from the standpoint of the ambitious youngster, is the office gossip and office pessimism of banking. For where numbers of men are shut indoors, running counting machines, posting books, sorting checks, there is certain to develop a strong feeling that nothing is of much use anyway.

Why Boys Go Into Banks

JIMMY BREEN was a boy who ran to spectacles rather than spunk.

Parents with an overintelligent son are fairly certain to select for him some light, indoor occupation. "Johnny isn't strong," they reason, "and it would kill him to lay bricks." Yet indoor work of any sort calls for a bricklayer's constitution, and the delicate boy should be put outdoors

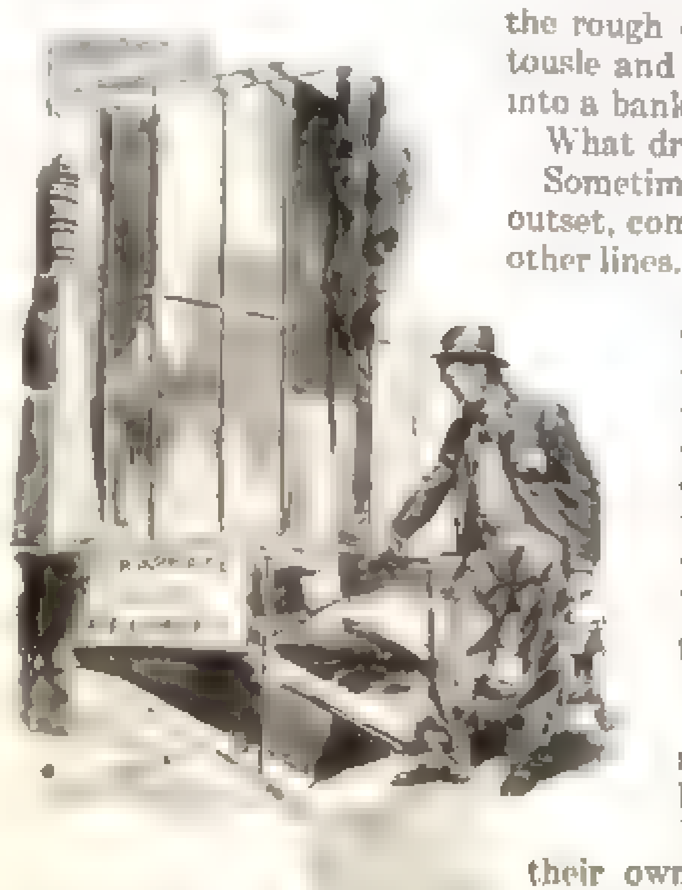
This same principle applies to mentality and temperament. "Jimmy is high-strung and sensitive," said the Breens, "and in a bank he will not have to associate with the rough element." Really, though, what their shy Jimmy needed was a big, brutal sales-manager to chase him out into the streets every morning and let the rough element oppose, ignore, insult, tousle and harden him. But he was put into a bank, and he is in a bank today.

What draws young men into banks?

Sometimes the better pay given at the outset, compared with the wages paid in other lines. Again, there are routine men, born to love a rut, who find the work congenial. Boys are placed in banks in the belief that there they will learn business in its broadest aspects—there is a similar fallacy about Wall Street offices. Finally, there are said to be parents and boys who are allured by the glamour of banking.

The glamour of banking!

What work can be more agreeable, in theory, than handling other folks' money? Few persons handle enough of their own to realize that money is a staple commodity. To the average boy there would be little glamour in the prospect of handling other folks' coal or flour. And yet money, as they handle it in a



Others Took Up Liberal Arts Like Plumbing bank, is a heavy staple, like flour or coal. People picture the banker as that aristocratic, side-whiskered magnate who has the beautiful daughter in melodrama. In everyday affairs, though, he is a wholesale merchant, who keeps on hand a fresh and varied stock of the finest domestic and imported money, in lots to suit, at reasonable prices, satisfaction guaranteed

A fine story told recently of Big Tim Sullivan places him in a box at one of his cheap theaters—the Tammany leader owns a chain of them. During the performance a political henchman comes in to whisper that a friend of his has just been arrested. Money is wanted to furnish bail. Big Tim goes out to the box-office, where the night's receipts are being counted, reaches in the little glass window and grasps a big handful of bills

"Hold your hat," says Big Tim to his henchman

"Here, here! Wait a minute, Mr. Sullivan," laughs the treasurer. "Tell me how much you've got there—I don't want to get tangled in my accounts."

"How much? About a pound of it—a pound or two."

In a bank money is handled by the pound and bale, and a mighty foul staple it is. Bacteriologists disagree as to whether currency carries disease. Tests have shown half a million bacteria on a single bill, most of which are held to be harmless. "If money spreads disease," argues one investigator, "there wouldn't be so many of us alive today." Another interesting fact strengthening this view is, that people who have the least money usually have the most diseases

Nobody can dispute that money is dirty, and the youth put into the money-room of a bank will find that it soon loses glamour, and stands to him not even for value, but for just so much grimy rags to be counted, checked and baled.

The Machinery of the Bank

FEW of the heavy staples require so much accounting as money. The woman who shops all afternoon and finally has a five-cent spool of thread sent home is doing business on a wholesale scale compared to some of the bankers' transactions. A depositor sends his office-boy with a packet of checks, drafts, coupons. The bank collects them from any part of the country, or the world, perhaps fifty items to make up a few hundred dollars. The depositor pays the money out again by check, a dollar at a time if he wishes. The bank takes most of the risks of forgery and raised checks. It not only keeps its own books in all this detail, but virtually keeps the depositor's as well, for the latter's canceled checks and his passbook give a clear record of his money receipts and outgoes. And for this no charge is made—on the contrary, the banker pays the depositor interest, under certain conditions

Nine men in every ten who work in a bank are busy with routine that is appalling in its sameness from day to day. Every morning brings a repetition of yesterday—the same hours, the same forms, the same books to be posted and balanced, the same abstracted removal from human affairs that this money and collateral are carrying on, and human beings who own it. Great downtown banks in New York, such as the National Bank of Commerce and City National, employ hundreds of clerks and junior officers, who are cogs in the routine mechanism, handling petty details, operating a computing machine. The growth of routine work in large banks has been such, in recent years, that some of them now maintain special night forces. No banking is done after regular hours, as in the case of an all-night institution; but the night force comes on after the day force, opens the late mails and gets country business ready to be dispatched next morning

In these largest banks there has been a disintegration and specialization exactly like that found in mechanical trades, so that today the boy who goes to work for one of them may not learn even the rudiments of the inner routine of banking, much less financial principles. His pay at the start will be about twenty-five dollars a month. Seventy-five to one hundred dollars is virtually the maximum for an experienced clerk. This work is monotonous and exacting, yet it calls for only average ability. No special accounting skill is required. The employee is constantly under a chief. Little responsibility is attached to such a position, and hardly any temptations.

Between a place with one of the large New York banks and some smaller institution, the latter would seem to be preferable. The metropolis, it must be remembered, is full of financial institutions corresponding to country banks. Not only are branches of the large banks scattered over town, but State banks, National banks and trust companies, have come into existence to transact a purely neighborhood business, or to take care of the needs of some industry.

For example, there was a growth northward of clothing manufacturers ten years ago. Several large "sweaters" grouped around a corner of Broadway. The poor Hebrews who worked for them, taking clothing home, were paid in checks. They did no banking, and were unknown. A saloonkeeper on that corner cashed the checks for the trade there was in it, and, presently, was conducting a banking business of several thousand dollars daily. Other saloon men competed for the privilege, as did hotels and restaurants—the amount of banking business done by the average New York restaurant at all times is rather astonishing to those who have never looked into the matter Big banks downtown did little to take care of this clientele, so, presently, the clothing manufacturers organized a national bank, hired experienced officers and clerks from other institutions, and took care of it themselves

In another instance a new office building is erected in an old residential street. The owners conduct a canvass through the city and bring together in that structure three-fourths of the firms in some one line of business. These firms are severing their old banking connections, so a new bank is formed to take care of their needs, and moves into one of the stores on the ground floor

Salaries in New York and Elsewhere

SUCH a neighborhood bank will be manned by a comparatively small force—from fifteen to fifty tellers, bookkeepers, clerks and runners. It gives employees ample opportunities to learn the whole mechanism of bank routine. There is also a chance to rise to tellers' cages, and, perhaps, become a junior officer. Salaries are, on the whole, about the same that downtown banks pay their rank and file. The teller in such a neighborhood bank may be also a junior officer, and yet earn but three thousand a year. The paying teller in some of the downtown banks receives only five thousand

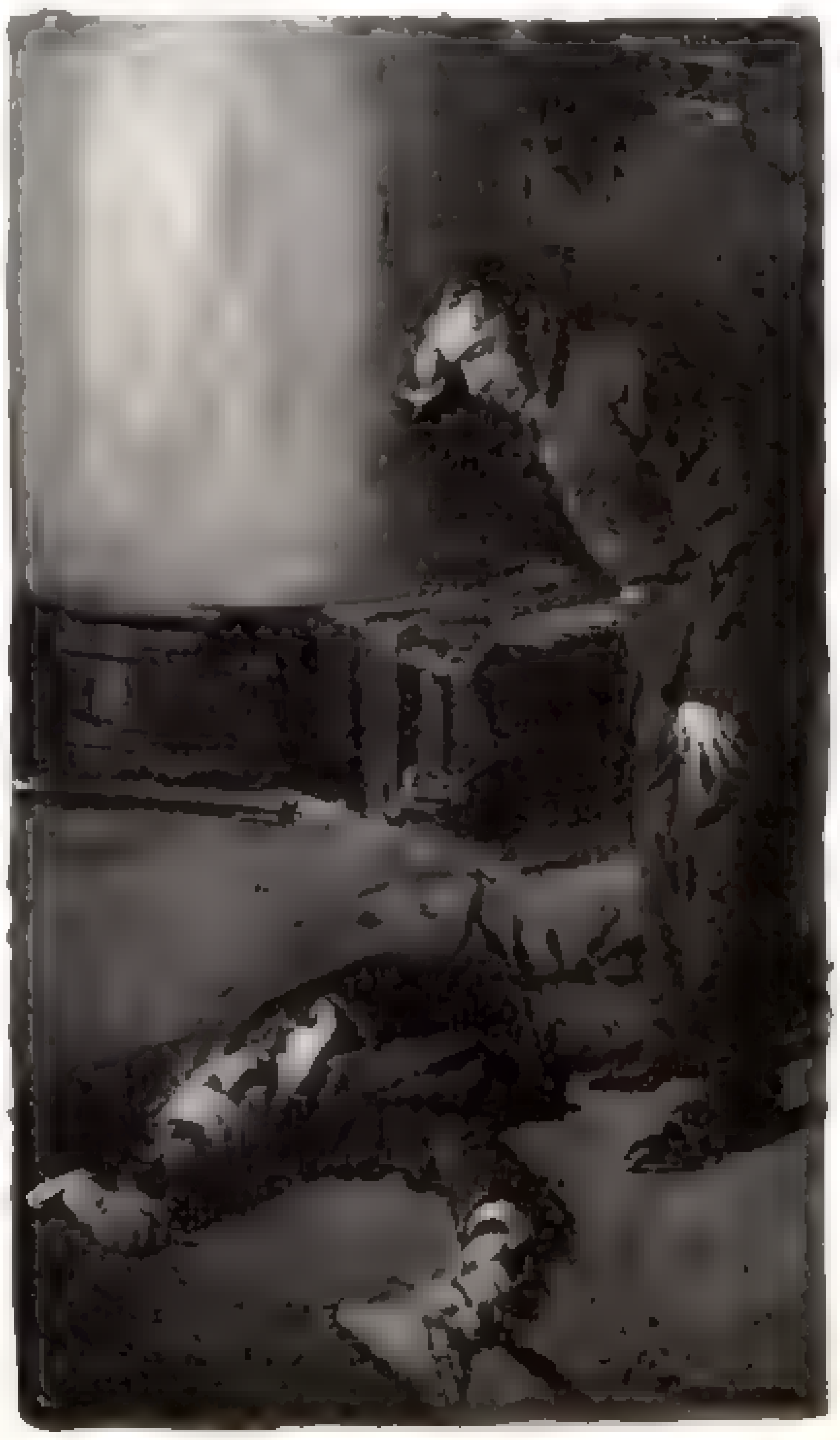
These are the conditions and the salaries. Bank employees in New York are said to receive no more than bank employees in smaller cities. Dollar for dollar, of course, money will not buy in New York what it buys in New Haven, or Pittsburgh, or Kansas City. The New York bank teller's envelope would probably not furnish pin-money for the wife of a star baseball player, or provide the comforts for a successful jockey's poor old mother Yet it holds as much as the pay envelope of the average school-teacher or college professor, and rather more than the average clergyman's or physician's

Of temptations and defalcations among bank employees there are some interesting things to be said

Assuming that several millions have been stolen from banks the past few years, this is far from being proof that bank employees are dishonest. It is not even a heavy loss, compared with theft in other business lines. Much of it, as actual money loss, is covered by employees' bonds

Several days after that teller shot himself there was a large silk robbery in New York. Fine fabrics were selected from a wholesale merchant's stock, by former employees, it was believed, and carted away at night. That robbery got only a short paragraph in the newspapers, where a bank defalcation of half the amount would have been given prominence. The temptations in the case of the silk merchant's employees were greater than those in the average bank. They were handling fabrics of great value, with a less rigid system of inspection than exists in a bank, and were under no bonds. Moreover, the robbery was committed in one bold raid, whereas stealing from a bank is a very different matter indeed

What Their Shy Jimmy Needed was a Big, Brutal Sales-Manager to Chase Him Out Into the Streets



When He Gets Back to the Cellar, There is the Teller Lying by the Furnace

It is popularly supposed that publication of details of a startling bank robbery or defalcation shows other bank employees how to steal, and increases their temptations. But the average bank employee feels for a defaulter, not admiration, but pity. The effect of this suicide on the whole banking community in New York was saddening. Any bank employee knows what a load of anxiety the defaulter carries about with him from the day of his first misstep. For, to take money, an employee *must* juggle figures. To keep his shortage hidden he must juggle more, and be on his guard every moment he is at work, and under strain every moment he is away. While he is on his vacation the truth may come out. A day's sudden sickness, enforcing absence, may bring disaster. Promotion or a change of work is certain to bring it. Weighed beside the price, money is not worth what it costs, and a bullet in the brain seems to him to be a happy release from five years of such anxiety.

Some Faults of the System

THE temptations in a bank are not those arising from constant handling of money, but rather from living on a moderate salary, moving in a social sphere distinctly above that salary, and working under officers who live on a very liberal scale. The teller on three thousand has his home in a respectable suburb, and rides in every morning with neighbors earning twice or three times as much in other fields. He sees his officers buy stocks in Wall Street for their own account or for customers, and notes their selection, follows subsequent happenings, and knows their profits. Some day he is tempted to risk fifty dollars of his own on margins. Win or lose, it is fairly certain that he will become involved sooner or later. Then temptation comes, and perhaps he yields. Or it may easily come under the ordinary chances and pressure of making his salary pay bare living expenses—such pressure is as likely to fall on the well-paid man as the poorly-paid clerk.

This is the starting-point for the defaulter, and while bankers maintain, and with reason, that the amount of a man's salary has nothing whatever to do with his honesty, they are beginning to give it more attention on a purely human basis. If a bank employee pressed for money can go to his officers and tell his troubles and get help and advice, the chances for defalcations—already kept within a thoroughly safe margin—are still further reduced.

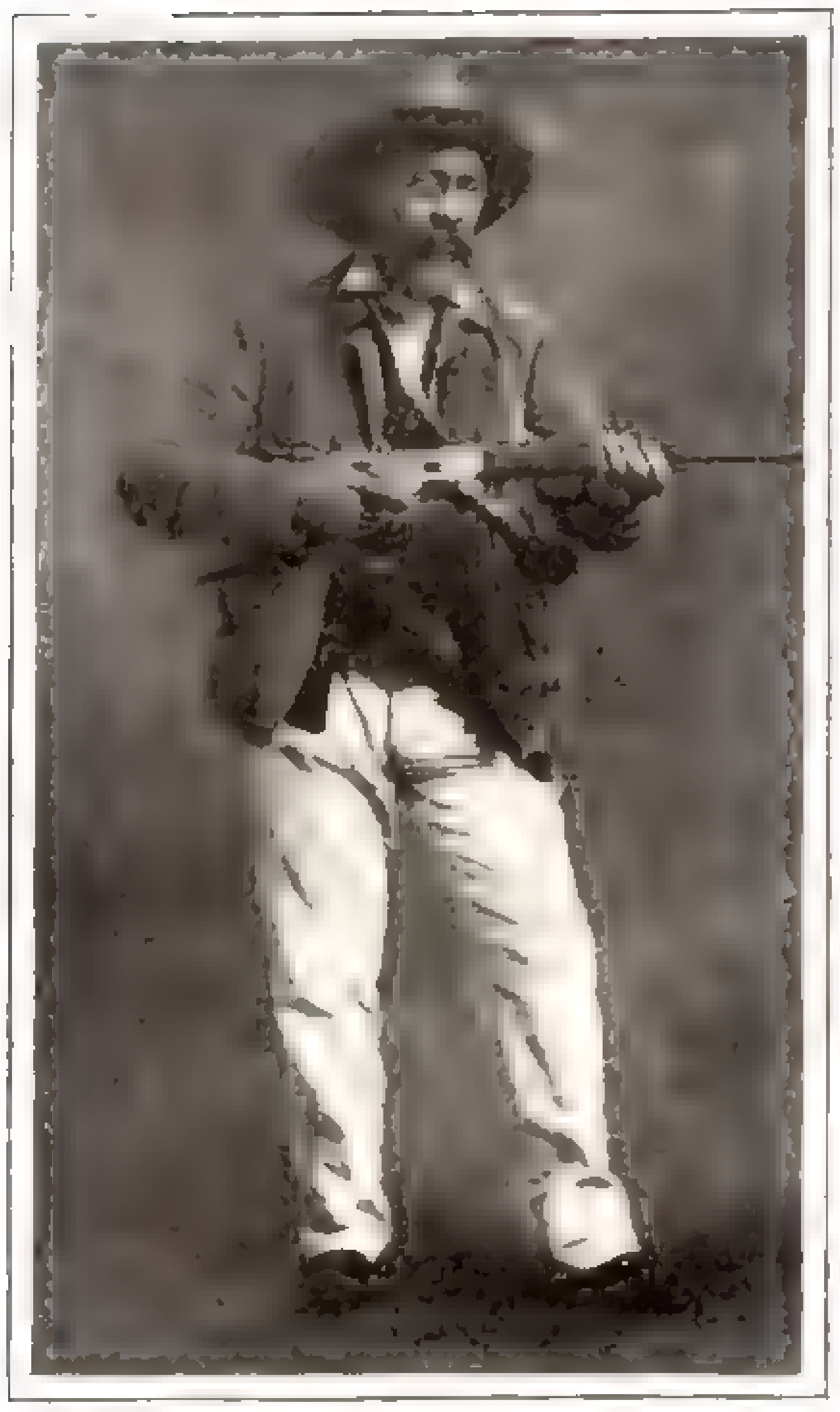
One of the downtown national banks, for example, is notable for the kindly relations that are maintained between officers and subordinates. When bankers speak of the stability of clerical positions they sometimes forget that many employees of banks in New York have, the past five years, been thrown out of places, after years of service, through consolidation of banks. The stock of this particular institution, though, is controlled by its officers. Employment is consequently stable—the oldest clerk being there more than fifty years. A man in trouble would not hesitate to go direct to the president with anything short of actual defalcation, and this human relation makes the latter practically impossible, because unnecessary

Slowness of promotion in the average bank is as discouraging a factor as smallness of salary. The rule of promotions by seniority is pretty rigidly adhered to, so that each upward step is a matter of years of waiting, and a man's life is hardly long enough to take him anywhere worth while, measured by pay and promotion in other fields of business. Salaries, too, are commonly cut to fit the job rather than the man—so many years' service, so much salary. Bankers protest that, while salaries seem small, they are supplemented by Christmas presents amounting to about ten per cent of the year's pay. This Christmas bonus, however, is now being done away with in progressive banks—paid in a lump, it is usually spent in a week; each employee gets his bonus, and there is no way of rewarding marked initiative and ability. It may be said that bank salaries in New York are far too low.

THE BEARSLAYER

Holt Collier's Recollections of Man and Beast

By HARRIS DICKSON



Holt Collier, the Bearslayer

DAR he comes, Cap'n, dar he comes. Holt's a-drivin' 'im dis way."

Long Ike rose from the log where he had been sitting. The crackle of dry cane caught his ear, and he stood listening into the heart of the tangled brake.

For hours these two men—one white and one black—had sat on that log, telling bear stories and gazing upon the sheltered lake. Giant cypress trees stood knee-deep in the water; from their drooping branches festoons of Spanish moss hung motionless. Overhead a patch of sky, intensely blue, duplicated the fathomless spaces of eternity upon a shallow pool. Sportive "top-waters" played upon the surface; a striking trout arose, and they darted to shelter like fowls from the swoop of a hawk. Half across the narrow span of water lay a rotting log crowded with turtles, basking in the sun. On the farther side an alligator took his steaming siesta in the mud; and once a timid fawn crept out of the noonday shadows and drank beside him. The fierce sun beat down, stifling the cane-brake, and sending a shimmer of mist along the water. Wind there was none, for the cane and the forest, the moss and the vines barred it out.

Those patient watchers beside the lake had no thought for the trout; the turtles no longer distrusted them; the alligator slept on; the fawn came and went.

The white man held a shotgun between his knees, while the negro carved his initials on the log with a huge knife. They faced the water, but their ears and thoughts were behind them. For that was the point where the bear-trace emerged from the cane-brake. Here, first or last, the beast of Cypress Brake would come for water.

Waiting for the Quarry

FIGHTING the dogs in a cane-brake is hot work, and the beast must have his drink. This particular bear was a noted quarry. He had so often beaten the pack and eluded the hunter that Captain Blake almost shared the negro superstition—"Dat ain't no bear—dat's de devil." Bear or devil, he was coming their way. They need only wait and be silent.

Captain Blake sprang up—a tall, dark man in corduroys, with black felt hat and leggings—past the first flush of youth, but firm as a seasoned oak.

The muffled cry of a dog came through the cane.

"Dat's ole Rowdy," suggested Ike. The Captain nodded. Then a sharp, quick and excited bark.

"Jacko," said Ike.

Presently, a chorus of indistinguishable yelps and snarls burst out—as if the soft pedal of the swamp had been suddenly released. The music of the pack came gloriously, and the Captain grasped his gun. He knew the monster bear, and he knew his dogs. From their voices he understood that they had been fighting for hours and were famishing with thirst. Bear and dogs alike were making for the water.

A pause—one long, long howl. The Captain smiled. "Old Bet—from a safe distance," he commented. She never left a trail, and never got too close to the bear.

The bear must have made a stand, with a tree at his back, jaws wide open and claws outspread, facing the pack.

He heard a sudden shriek—some venturesome puppy had gone too close. Then a man's voice cheered the dogs.

"Dat's Holt," said Long Ike with evident relief.

The crackling recommenced. The bear was on the run, and a bear in a cane-brake makes more noise than a thrashing machine. He came crashing straight toward them; cane-tops shook violently.

"Watch out, Ike!" The Captain took his stand. With the knife still clutched in his hand Ike slid over a little embankment and crouched behind it. Captain fixed his eyes on the opening in the cane out of which he expected the beast. Seconds dragged like hours. Without the slightest warning a huge brown bear came tumbling backward out of the cane, fighting with the dogs.

Bowled Over by Brown Bruin

HE BUMPED into Captain Blake from behind, knocking him to his knee. The dogs closed in; the bear had never seen the hunter. Captain Blake wheeled; an involuntary movement pushed the bear from him. He fired twice. The bear, taken utterly unawares by this new enemy, sprang over the embankment where Ike lay—then turned and came scrambling up again.

"Stick 'im, Ike," the Captain yelled; "don't let 'im get away. I've shot two holes clean through him!"

The negro had only to strike. Frantically he stabbed half a dozen times. The beast of Cypress Brake rolled down the slope, and lay at the edge of the water, stone dead. Ike tottered to the top of the embankment and sat down. With his chin in his hands he stared at the dead monster, and wondered how he did it.

"Did you git 'im, Cap'n?" asked a yellow man who stepped out of the brake.

"Yes, Holt, there he is—he's a whopper."

"Shot 'im twice, didn't you?"

"Yes—he came on me from behind."

"Where did you shoot 'im?"

"Under here"—indicating the left armpit. "Ike finished him with the knife."

Holt, the Bearslayer, frowned.

"How'd dat skeery nigger ever git close 'nuff to er bear to kill 'im wid er knife?"

Captain Blake laughed.

"He didn't—the bear got close to Ike."

Captain Blake and Bearslayer dropped down on the log and watched their dogs fling themselves into the water, wading about and lapping it up as if they could never get enough. The Captain explained how the bear came out from behind and jostled him so he couldn't get a good aim.

"You oughtn't stan' so close—give yo'sef planty room to shoot. Never kin tell what a bear is gwine to do, nohow."

While they were talking, Ike rose from his seat and came toward them, limp as a dish-rag.

"Cap'n, please sah, gimme a drink."

Bearslayer poured a cup of whisky from his flask. Ike drank at one gulp all that he didn't spill by trembling. Then he walked back and began prodding the bear with his foot.

Captain Blake and Collier the Bearslayer stood a little way off. Bearslayer was talking:

"Hurry up, Cap'n. Less git th'uther one. He's back in yonder."

Captain Blake smiled.

"Holt, don't you *ever* get tired?"

"Don't git tired o' huntin' bears. I'd git mighty tired a-writin' in them little books o' yourn."

The Captain turned toward Long Ike and called:

"Ike! Ike! Bring the horses. We are going after the other one."

Ike did not answer. He was down on his knees examining the beast's hide, inch by inch.

"Ike!"

The negro lifted a face that had turned almost white from terror.

"Ike! Bring the horses!"

"Cap'n"—he spoke as if he had not heard—"Cap'n, wharbouts did you say you shot dis bear?"

"Behind his right shoulder. Don't stop to fool with that—get the horses."

"Cap'n," the negro persisted, "you ain't *never* shot dis bear."

"What!"

Bearslayer and the Captain held a hurried but thorough post-mortem.

"Ike sho's right, Cap'n; here's seben stab-holes; Ike cut 'im pretty nigh all to pieces, but 'tain't no bullet ever teched *dis* bear yet."

Captain Blake looked puzzled.

"Well, Holt, maybe I *did* shoot a little too quick. The joke's on me."

"Don't worry 'bout dat, Cap'n. *I* missed one of 'em once myself."

A bear in the cane-brake is worth ten in the camp.

No true hunter cries over a dead bear while there's a live one ranging the swamp; for the third time Captain Blake called upon Ike to get the horses.

"Yessuh," Ike responded, and moved unsteadily up the path. Presently he reappeared. "Here's *yo* hoss, Cap'n, but me an' my mule we's a-goin' home. I'se too good a field hand to be a projeckin' 'roun' killin' bears wid a pocket knife."

Bearslayer never said a word until Ike had disappeared from the scene. Then he remarked disgustedly: "Now ain't dat jes' like a nigger?"

On the Trail of the Other Bear

IKE passed. Bearslayer and his friend—the Cavalier and the negro—forgot the one who was "jes' like a nigger," and went about their serious business of life—killing bears. Side by side they rode off through the cane.

Both these men were products of a civilization unique in human history. Other civilizations have bred gentlemen, but no other, perhaps, has produced such men as this negro who rode beside him. Bearslayer is a remarkable individual of a vanishing type—altogether an interesting man to know.

A gentleman of the old school says of him: "If I were to get into trouble, or a desperate encounter, and needed a

The Lake in the Swamp

man, I should take Holt as quickly as any one I know He would stick to me until death, and I know he would have the truest courage. Most of us would become excited, but Holt could be trusted to do the proper thing at the proper time."

Holt Collier talks little and never boasts, but in telling of what has happened to him he unconsciously depicts the revolutionary changes that have come upon the South He can neither read nor write, but, from long association with intelligent men, has learned to speak a surprisingly correct English.

"You didn't know ole Gen'l Tom Hinds, did you? Co'se not you'se too young He was a gen'l in the British war; my father waited on him and Gen'l Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans. After that war was over wid, Gen'l Hinds brought my father back to the plantation in Jefferson County, Mississippi, an' made 'im free Leastways that's what everybody said, but it didn't make no difference to him 'bout bein' free. He never left the ole Gen'l, but stayed with 'im 'til he died. Then there was Mr. Howell Hinds—he sho' was one fine young man—my father used to carry 'im 'roun' a-straddle of his neck.

"That's where I was born, down in Jefferson County, a little piece outside of Fayette—'bout four miles. Gen'l Hinds owned my father and my mother both, and of co'se he owned me. Gen'l he had another big plantation up here in Washington County, an' the two young gentlemen Mr. Tom and Mr. Howell—they brought me up here with 'em. They raised me; my mother stayed on the old plantation. Befo' the war we used to travel a whole lot—us three. They certainly was spry young men, fond of ladies and frolickin' and horses; jes' liked to have a whoopin' good time. I warn't nothin' but a little boy, but wherever they went they carried me—all over the United States. They carried me to Niagara Falls when I was a little bit of a chap—New York and Brighton Beach, Saratoga and Long Beach. They wouldn't hardly step foot off the front gallery 'thout I went along. When I got big I wore finer clothes than they did. I had to go amongst white folks and they kept me up in fine style

"About that time the war broke out, and we couldn't hear nothin' but fightin' and soldiers an' gittin' up companies an' drillin'. Cunnel Howell Hinds, of co'se, an' his sons they was amongst the fust to stir around an' git ready to go Everybody sho' was busy, ridin' back an' forth, holdin' meetin's an' gittin' up companies an' makin' clothes I was into it big as anybody, 'cause I thought I was goin' jes' like the others never dreamed o' nothin' else

"One night I hear old Cunnel say, 'No, sirree, Holt can't go. We ain't got no right to git him kilt.' I never let on I heerd 'im, but I kept up a mighty lot o' thinkin'.

"All this time the soldiers was gatherin' down at ole Greenville, four miles below here that's all caved into the river long ago, an' washed away

"It was nearly dark one evening when they all rode away from the plantation, lookin' mighty fine on their high-steppin' horses. I warn't nothin' but a boy, an' I hadn't never parted from them two young men in all my life. They was goin' away, an' I didn't know whether they would live or git killed. I jes' nacherly couldn't stan' it, so I set on the fence an' busted out in a big cry after they rode off through the swamp. It 'peared like my heart would break, but ole marster had tole me, 'No, Holt, you *got* to stay home.'

"I sat there on that fence a-cryin' and wishin' I was with 'em if I couldn't do *them* any good I couldn't do nobody else any good—so I was jes' 'bliged to run away. I waited 'til it got good dark, then I slipped off through the swamp, crossed the cypress brake, and run on a-cryin' every step of the way followin' their horses.

"Down to ole Greenville the boats was all tied up, a-takin' soldiers on board. The young men was laughin' and talkin' like they was goin' to a picnic; and the young ladies was givin' 'em flags and pinnin' flowers on their coats. But the old men looked kinder solemn when they didn't think anybody was watchin' them. I heerd Cunnel Howell Hinds say one night, 'Fightin' in a war with a man's own flesh and blood is a serious thing.' But the ole Cunnel was done into it then, and if you ever knowed '*im* you wouldn't never 'spect 'im to be a-quittin' or a-turnin' back

"I hid in the woods and watched 'em loadin' the boats co'se nobody didn't pay 'tention to a little darky like me. After a while the negroes commenced puttin' the ole Cunnel's horses and Mr. Tom's and Mr. Howell's horses, on board the Vicksburg. I knowed their baggage jes' same as I knowed my every-day breeches. I watched for a chance, and when none of 'em wasn't lookin' I picked up a bundle and sneaked on board the boat. I hid 'way back in a dark corner, right beside a lot of saddles that belonged to Mr. Tom Hinds. There I laid like a rabbit in a brier-patch until we got clean up to Memphis. I didn't raise my head 'til we got to Memphis but I sho' was one hungry boy, 'cause I hadn't had a bite to eat nor a mouthful o' water. After we had done stopped a little while I heerd 'em beginning to unload the boat, an' I sneaked out. I was so weak I couldn't hardly walk, and powerful scared o' what Cunnel Hinds was goin' to do to me.

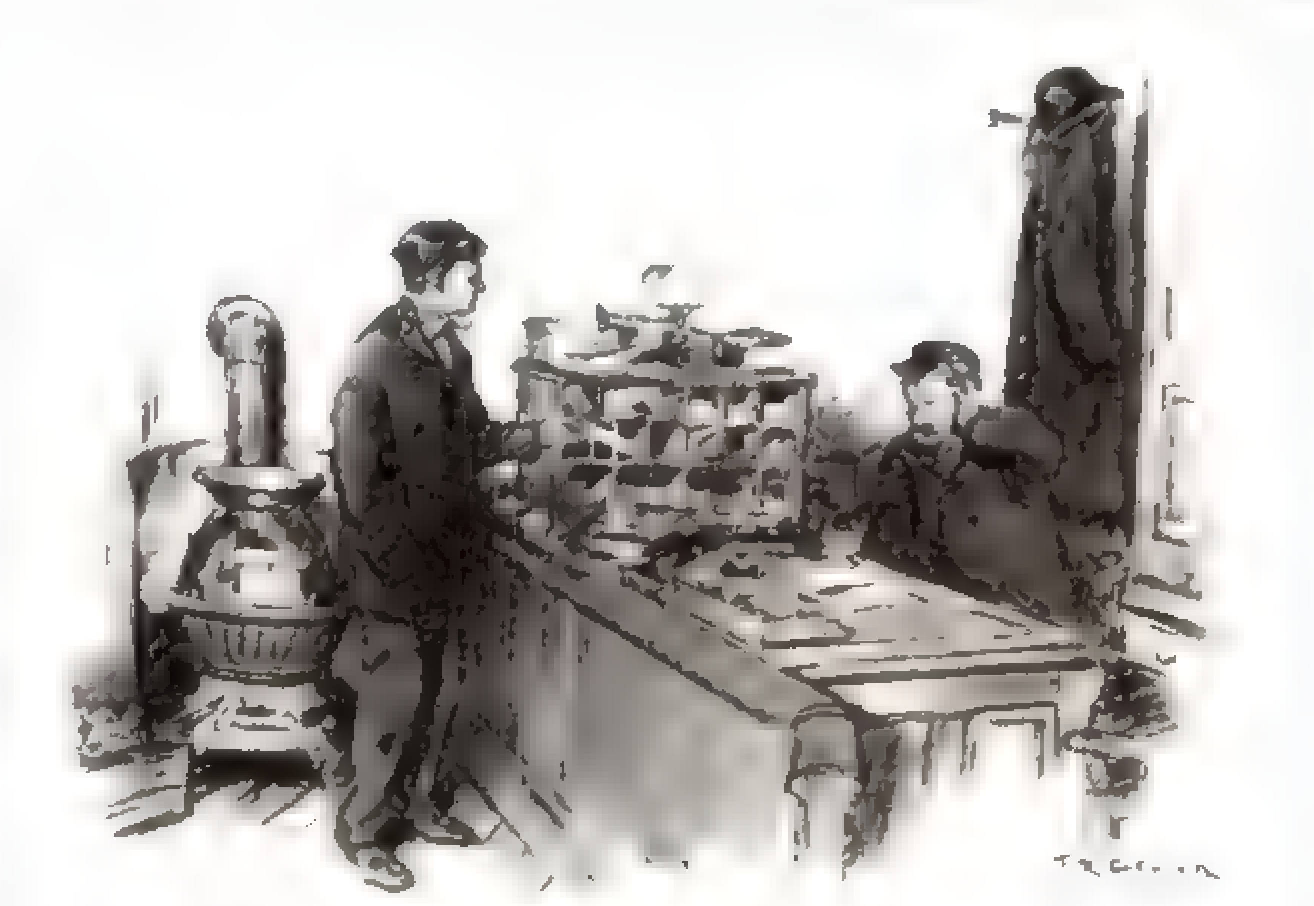
"I hadn't no more'n walked out on the guards befo' I saw Mr. Tom Hinds and his father standin' up on the deck

(*Continued on Page 46*)

ROBBIE'S RAKE-OFF

The Story of a Respectable Gentleman With Side-Whiskers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"Bill," Said He Softly—"Bill, What's the Rake-Off?"

OUT in the busy soft-coal district there is a portly, benevolent gentleman wearing side-whiskers, who is a railroad man. He is a good railroad man besides, because he gives freely to charity and other good works, as you can see clearly every time the names are published. Moreover, the fact that he draws thirty-five hundred dollars a year from his company is further evidence of his goodness. To be sure—because no railroad is likely to pay that much, or even that little, if you choose, to one who is not worthy—not worth it as a good railroad man, you understand. And today, on the simple thirty-five hundred a year, this gentleman has amassed a fortune reputed to be in the neighborhood of three million dollars or so. Which shows us plainly how it pays to be good.

Of course, virtue has its own rewards, though many are virtuous who are not yet millionaires. Or, in reverse English, many are millionaires who still lack that *conscia mens recti* the poets speak about. But the best answer to this is what our friend says in his discourses

"The secret of success is twofold: Be careful and saving together."

Today, this gentleman's unqualified success in the railroad field is a notable example that many are trying to follow. Only when they try to work it out on paper, somehow the figures don't agree. Nor is there much help in the fact that the gentleman has been careful and saving for thirty years—because even thirty times thirty-five hundred doesn't make three millions—nor even half a million—or anything like it. In fact, when new acquaintances of our hero secretly tackle it with pencil and paper, they think something must be the matter with their arithmetic.

But how did he get it, you still ask—get that three million or so? The answer is: He got it by being careful and saving by being careful, above all else. And in the way he did it there is a bright and illumining glare along the railroad pathway that leads to the summit of wealth—a light all along the way, because this gentleman began at the bottom and climbed patiently and persistently to the crest. Just like a patient, untiring cabbage-worm that starts in modestly at the root, and, laboriously and unseen, works on upward until it spreads itself gloriously at the top. So let us follow him in his progress—Upward and Onward, as Oliver Optic used to say—and see how we may do it ourselves. And since names add so much to the interest, let us give him a name. Robinson S. Jones will do, the S standing for Smith; and though this be fictitious by choice, get it out of your head that he is a character in fiction. Instead, he is known both by name and place to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which not only knows that he is portly and benevolent, but that he wears respectable side-whiskers as well.

Robbie—for so let us term him at first—began life in the railroad's scale yard. He was the son of respectable though still by no means wealthy parents, whose only tangible thought was that if one took care of the pennies the dollars would take care of themselves. Robbie, later, altered this to read that if you get your hands on the dollars the other fellow may keep the pennies. But be that as it may, he began in the scale house, where by industry and application he soon learned the ropes. Each day in the year, every other Sunday excepted, Robbie was on the job; so that there was always full time in the envelope his mother took away from him whenever the pay-car came along.

Soft coal made up the bulk of the freight passing over our young man's scales. Solid trains of it were drilled out in the yard above, and then a switching engine kicked them over the hump at the head of the scale-house tracks. Afterward, a gang of yardmen cut the couplings and, mounting to the brake-wheels, rode the cars downward one by one to the weighing platform

There stood Robbie jacking the scale weights to and fro till the beam balanced, after which he gravely penciled on the car card the weight of both car and contents. It was an active and absorbing task, comparing favorably in its mental requirements with such duties as driving spikes, or shoveling slag ballast, or doping the journal-boxes at a junction point. In its daily routine it enabled Robbie to cultivate studious attention and a hump in his back; and there is not the slightest doubt, had he but stuck to it for twenty or thirty years, that he would have risen to the responsible post of scale agent at a salary of $83.33 a month—no excess for overtime.

But one afternoon, while he was absorbedly slamming the beam weights to and fro, a sudden blast from the opened door struck him icily in the neck. "Say, was you brought up in a sawmill?" he inquired cordially of the stranger who had left the door open behind him. "Hey—what?" He was going to say more besides, when the scale agent leaned over far enough to land him a telegraphic kick on the shins. Whereat Robbie wisely canceled the remainder of his remarks.

"Howdy, Bill," said the new arrival, carelessly greeting the scale agent.

"Howdy, Cap'n," responded Bill deferentially, as he rose from his chair.

Robbie, somewhat nervously, perhaps, went and closed the door himself. When he returned, the two had seated themselves in a distant corner and were talking earnestly, and as they occasionally glanced in his direction, it made him still more nervous. Indeed, he had begun to suspect from Bill's deference that this might be some official of the road who could fire him for the break he had made. So there and then Robbie resolved to be in the future as polite as the circumstances warranted, a resolve he never forgot. Today you would think him one of the most winning men you ever met. You nearly take your hand off your pocketbook while you talk to him.

"Say," he whispered to a car rider who had come in to toast his feet at the stove, "who's the cove with Bill?"

That was thirty years ago, you understand. Today Robinson S. would phrase it thus: "Who is the—ah—individual conversing with William?"

The car rider looked around. "Heck! don't ye know? Why, that's old Cap Green, what owns the Green-Gale Coal Company."

Robbie felt relieved to hear it was only a shipper on the road. So he went on jacking the beam weights to and fro, and when he looked again Bill was opening the door for the Captain and deferentially bidding him adieu. Then Bill came over to the scales, and, carefully picking up Robbie's stack of car cards, went back to the corner of the room.

A week later, our lad, while looking through the files, happened to notice something. It seemed to him, as he scanned one car card after another, that his own penciled weights had been altered to add on anywhere from one to three tons a car. About forty cards in all had been tampered with, and when he flapped them over, face upward, he saw it had happened only to cars laden with the Green-Gale Company's coal.

Thereat, Robbie turned white. He had offended the Captain, after all, and this was some sort of a game to cost the lad his place. Or so he thought, his mind unable to go further at first; and as the days went on and the same unseen hand still changed the penciled figures, there came a night when the fighting blood of all the Joneses rose hotly in Robbie's gorge, and he bounced up to Bill, the scale agent.

"Say," he cried truculently, "I want to know who's trying to put up a job on me!"

Bill glanced at the cards Robbie slapped down in front of him, drew a quick breath, and managed to gasp: "What?"

"Yes!" cried Robbie fiercely, "them there weights has been changed. You c'n see it yourself."

Bill, in a slightly asthmatic voice, strove to quiet him. "You see," said Bill thickly, "I done it myself. It's to allow for error in the scales."

"But there ain't no error," growled Robbie, unappeased. "The testing car was here only a week ago. Besides, only the Green-Gale figures is changed."

Bill, however, by this time had managed to get his wits back.

"You go on back to your work," he ordered roughly; "I'm a-running this here scales."

So Robbie went back to work, and as he worked he thought. A great flash of light came to him finally, and he put a beam weight into a handy pocket and walked up to Bill.

"Bill," said he softly — "Bill, what's the rake-off?"

Then, when Bill leaped to his feet, Robbie hauled out the beam weight and begged him to restrain himself.

"I'm going to fire you," said Bill painfully; "you go right up to the office and get your time."

Robbie grinned back at him quite frankly. "Guess again, Bill," he answered amiably. "I got about a hundred of those cards in my pocket, and mebbe the general freight agent might like to see them."

Bill protested eloquently that he didn't care. The weights of the Green-Gale cars had been padded to make up for errors in the past. The general freight agent knew all about it, too.

"Nix," said Robbie in the colloquial; "you got to try it again, Bill."

So Bill tried again. He'd added to the weights to make money for the railroad. "I ain't doing anything wrong," said Bill.

"Nix, Bill," interrupted Robbie gently. "Sure the railroad gets the extra freight, but the fellow what buys the Captain's coal by railroad weights, he gets short-weighted. He pays money to the Captain for what he don't get, and that ain't right. But that ain't anything. It's what you get, Bill, and I got to know."

Thereupon, finding himself cornered, Bill admitted what he got. "It's only a shilling a ton, Robbie—a shilling for each ton I add on—a mean little quarter-dollar's the all. And I'll give you a full third of it."

Our young hero hung his head in thought. Perhaps, in that moment of temptation, he pondered what he had heard in the Sunday-school, of which he had once been a shining light. At all events, he looked up and firmly shook his head. "Nix, Bill," said he for the third time. "Mother don't allow me any pocket-money, but, as much as I need it, I couldn't stand for a thing like that. I'd be ashamed to do it. Nussir!"

Bill looked at him in despair. "Will you take a half of it, then?"

A half of it—twelve and a half cents a ton—easy money! But Robbie again shook his head. "No, Bill. I just can't," answered Robbie. "You got to give me two-thirds, or I'll go up and squeal."

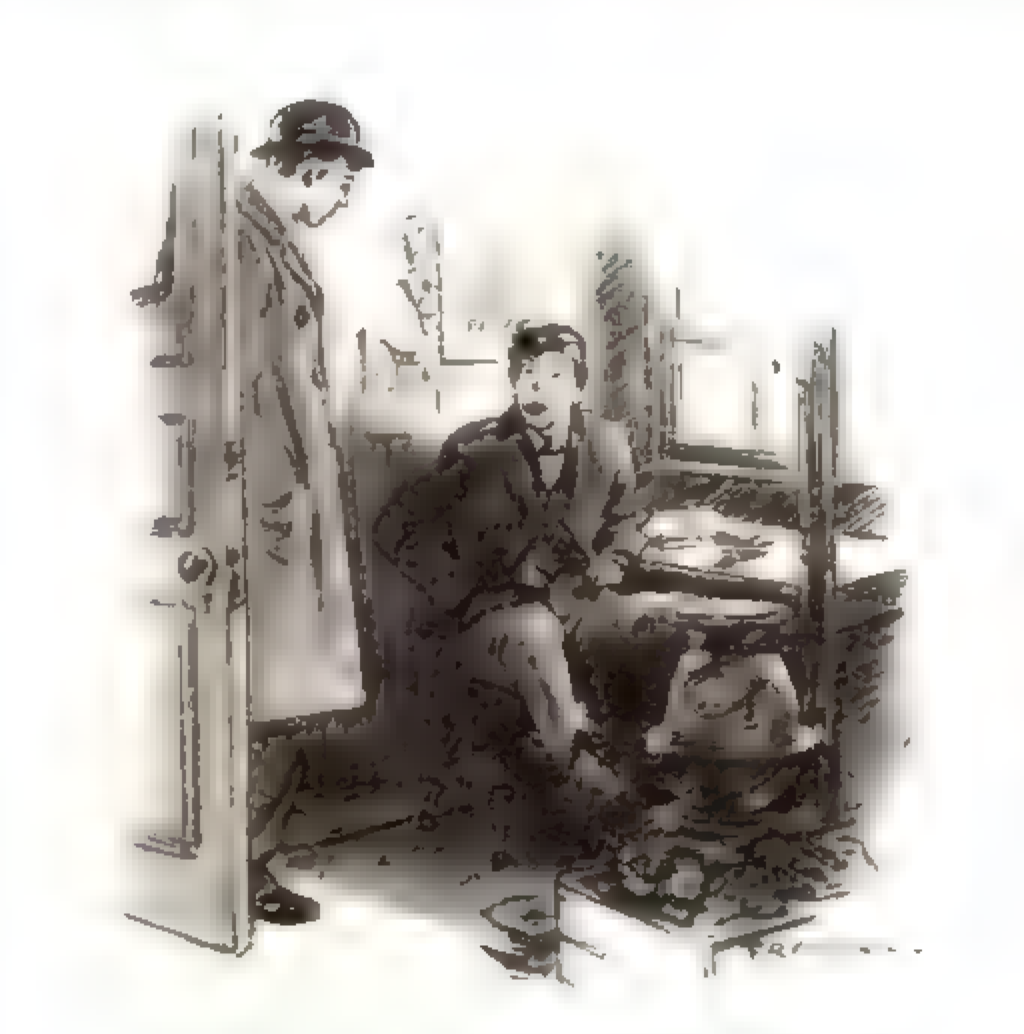
Which shows us clearly how in strength and wisdom the boy is often father of the man.

He got his two-thirds, as he clearly knew he would; but that easy money, so easily gained, filled him with unrest. He had made a killing and the fever was in his blood—a thirst for slaughter that even the lion's share of Bill's rake-off only for a while assuaged. He saw that his talents were wasted—that he was ordained for a higher sphere than the narrow field of the scale yard. Six months later he suddenly joined a night school and took to studying telegraphy.

Now in the busy mining districts the car supply is the key to the entire situation. Especially so to the mine-owners, because if you can get cars enough you may frequently sell your output at a profit. But without cars you are like a fish on dry land, which is a good reason, perhaps, why the gentleman who distributes a road's rolling-stock is so popular that he rarely needs a meal-ticket when he dines away from home.

On Robbie's road the chief trainmaster seemed to fill the position, though there were moments when even he felt a doubt. This was because he had to take orders from the division super, who had been, in turn, advised by the general manager of transportation. One might stop there and say that the general manager really placed the cars, but this would not be quite the truth. As a matter of fact, he had no word in the matter until he had consulted with the vice-president, who had previously conferred with the president.

But beyond the president was no one except the board of directors, Providence and the president's own untiring conscience. Therefore, let us say the cars were really distributed by Providence and the president's conscience, as the facts frequently justified the belief. Knowing nothing of this, however, Robbie fixed his eye on the trainmaster, and as you can't become a trainmaster unless you know telegraphy, Robbie pounded the brass. Then, when he had become star performer in the night school, he went up to division headquarters and boldly asked for a job. He got it, too, because he had learned to rattle off the Morse in a way to beat the cars. Which, after all, is what is required in a train office.



To be Told He was Cheap Shamed Riley to the Soul

Robbie's task was to help the man who helped the car distributor. Seated at the keys, he spent his time in locating all the empties available for the morrow's loading; and when he had them all nicely listed he gave the list to the man above him, who handed it over to the boss. The chief was a very busy man, who worked feverishly to keep the river low-grade in cars.

Perhaps he was nervous because he owned shares in a mine on the low-grade; but during business hours he also smoked Pittsburgh stogies constantly, when he wasn't chewing them.

Many things must be kept in mind in distributing the car supply. First of all, every mine on the road is listed in the order of its rated output, the idea being to give each one a share of empties in proportion to its tonnage. Thus, if the total daily output of all mines on the division amounts to twenty-five thousand tons, and one company loads twenty-five hundred a day, this concern is supposed to get one-tenth of the available cars. By the same general average, a mine putting out a thousand tons would get only one-twenty-fifth of the supply. Fine, isn't it? No one left out, and no one with a cause to complain. Only, as Robbie soon discovered, the president had a mine of his own, and the vice-president another. Then the general manager controlled a third mine, the division super held stock in a fourth, and there was that additional concern on the river low-grade over which the chief trainmaster smoked and chewed so many nervous stogies—particularly when there weren't cars enough to go around. In fact, Robbie and the office-boy were about the only ones in sight who yet had to learn how to railroad. It made him blush when he thought of it.

Every afternoon, when the time came to deal out the morrow's empties, the chief began to eat stogies as if he were a living feed-chopper. If the president's mine wanted a full run of cars and cars were scarce, the chief bit off a mouthful and chewed it reflectively. If the vice-president also required a full day's run, half the stogy disappeared—perhaps even more, if a shortage were imminent. Indeed, he had often begun resentfully on a third stogy by the time the general manager lined up; but if any cars remained after he had attended to him and the division super, he lighted a match and smoked. Peace seemed to settle on his soul after that; and when his own mine had been cared for he'd lean back, breathe freely again, and toss the list of cars to his aide. And as for the other mines on the road:

"Oh, let 'em have what's left. I'm going home."

Generous, of course—but before carrying out the order, generally the aide was always particular to supply the mine of a particular friend of his. Then, if any "gonds" and "hoppers" survived the process of elimination, Robbie was told to place the residue. Not as he willed, however, because Robbie was only about twenty-four at the time and too young to be trusted with responsibility. Moreover, to make sure he had been just before he was generous, Robbie's doings were always inspected by the aide the day following. It would be impossible to tell you how hotly our lad resented this ungenerous suspicion that he was placing cars to his own advantage. They hadn't given him the chance.

But he was learning quickly now, and opportunity was close at hand. One day while on his way to work he happened to see a train of slag-ballast on the siding above the Green-Gale mine. In the course of events these cars would be unloaded, and then it was the duty of the district yardmaster to report them to Robbie as available for the morrow's loading. But no such report was wired in, and when Robbie went that way again at night he let fall an exclamation. Indeed, he was quite astonished, because the yardmaster had reported there were no empties in sight—not a "hake," in fact—and here now were the slag cars, emptied of their slag, and placed for loading under the Green-Gale Company's tipple. "Gee!" said Robbie to himself.

For a week he watched. Each day the construction gangs kept on unloading slag trains, and each day these same cars, when emptied, disappeared from the face of the earth—that is, they did in so far as they were known to the trainmaster, because for quite a while Robbie sawed wood and said nothing. And after disappearing—fading from official view—dissolving, as it were—they remained among the missing until they turned up at the scale yard loaded with the Captain's coal.

If Robbie had reported this to his chief the yardmaster would have lost his job, and Robbie hated to think of that. But duty is duty, and he felt it to be all the more so when he remembered he owed the duty to himself. So one night he got off a train at the yardmaster's hutch, and solemnly walked inside.

"Riley," said he to the yardmaster, "extra engine 282 has been hauling slag cars every day. Hey, what?"

Riley tried wildly to utter explanations.

"What's the rake-off?" inquired Robbie mildly. "Now you be good."

Cars were scarce; it was a boom time in the coal trade, and Riley had drawn a quarter of a dollar a car.

"I'm ashamed of you, Riley," reproved Robbie. "It's so dirt cheap, I've got a mind to report you."

To be told he was cheap shamed Riley to the soul. He turned white, and Robbie, after shaking a finger at him, walked down the line. In the office of the Green-Gale Company he found the Captain complacently aiming at the stove, which hissed each time he made a bull's-eye.

"Cap," said Robbie, going straight to the point, "I'm ashamed to hear you've been paying Riley twenty-five cents a car."

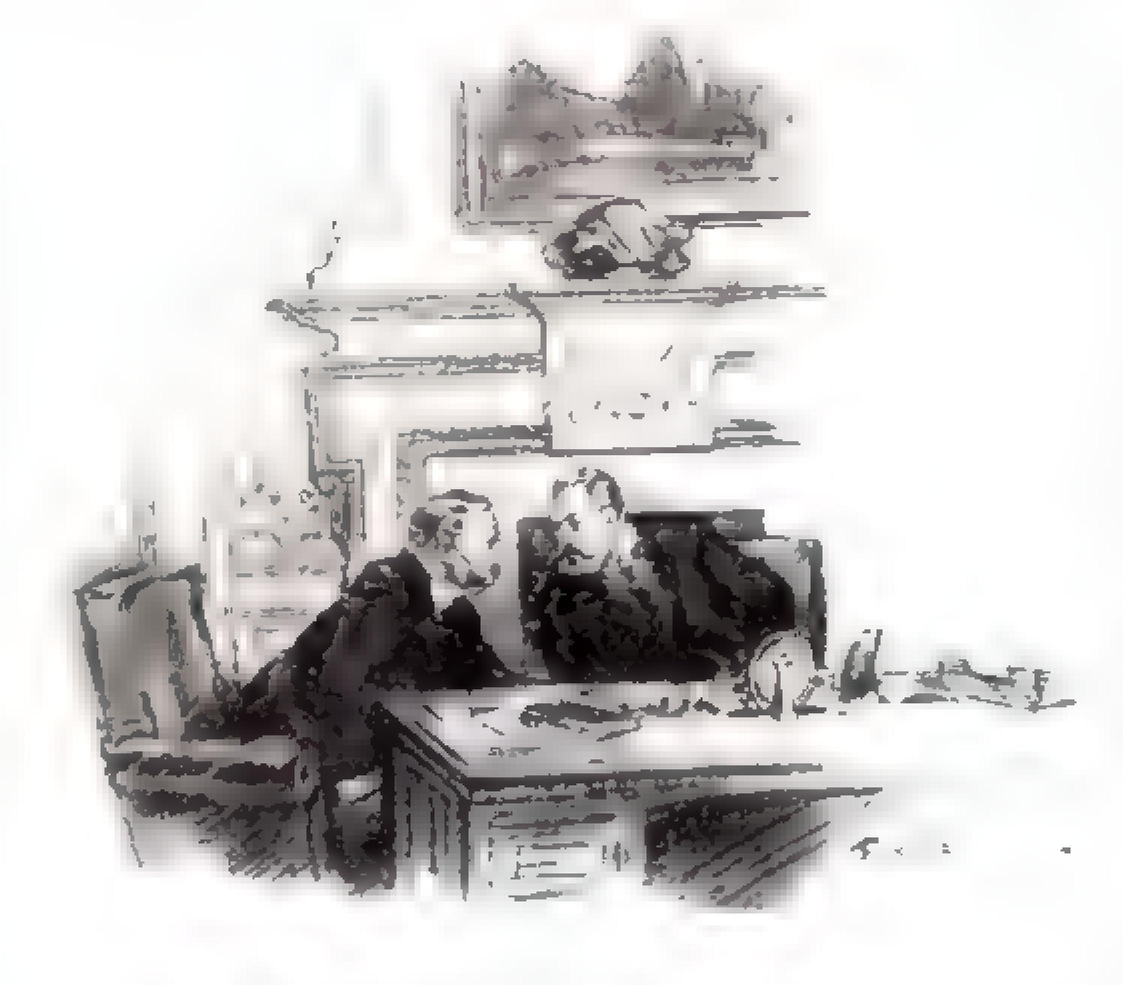
The Captain, who had heard from Bill, the scale agent, all about our hero's wisdom and grasp, knew it was of no use to quibble. He merely sighed regretfully.

"Yes, it was kinder cheap," he admitted. "Could you fix it for half a dollar a car?"

Robbie flushed at the insinuation. "Say, what do you take me for?" he demanded hotly. "Do you think I'm a cheap one like Riley?"

The Captain hastened to apologize. He assured Robbie that he had spoken without due consideration, and, accepting the explanation, our young hero consented to shake him by the hand. The Captain had begun to perspire slightly. "All right," he said awkwardly; "since you ask it, I'll say one dollar the car, for all the extra cars you give me. Have a smoke?"

Robbie waved the cigar aside. "I never smoke before eating. You can send me down a box to the office."



"Mr. President," Said Robinson S., "The Company's Got to Have Cars"

The day after this another solid train of slag empties disappeared from the face of the earth. They, too, remained among the mysteries until they reappeared at the scale yard loaded with the Captain's coal. Twenty-four hours later the phenomenon occurred again; but as no one in the trainmaster's office bothered to read the loading reports, and as Yardmaster Riley knew on which side his bread was buttered, these events escaped attention. Riley wept secretly, no doubt, but dared not speak his sorrow. Had he done so he might have been censured for unmanly emotion, to say nothing of losing his job.

When Robbie was twenty-eight or thereabouts the man above him resigned. Circumstances over which he seemed to have no control led him to take this step, and he left regretfully the day the chief heard he had been feeding out cars to his particular friend when others were suffering from a shortage—particularly, the mine on the river low-grade, to say nothing of the division super's mine and the ones owned by the general manager and the vice-president. In fact, he was caught in the act of embezzling gondolas and hoppers to the exclusion of several persons more justly entitled to them. Only the president escaped the effects of this wrongdoing, because, fortunately, the president's mine was protected by a general order to give it cars under any circumstances.

Robbie was promoted, with an increase in pay amounting to nearly seven dollars a month. But more than the money, it meant to him a wider degree of responsibility, which he at once signaled to the Captain by letting him run out of cars. In fact, for a week there were no empties on the Green-Gale switch, whereupon the Captain came to in a hurry.

"What's up?" he demanded peevishly, "ain't one per car enough?"

Robbie shook his head. "It ain't the money, Cap," he answered. "I been sitting up late and going without meals and worrying hard to keep you in cars, and it's made me feel kinder poorly. But that ain't anything. I'm not in the railroad for my health, so I can't take the money any more."

"Not take my money!" gasped the Captain, staring at him with a wild surmise. "Say, you ain't gone and lost your mind, have you?"

Again Robbie shook his head. "Didn't I tell you I wasn't railroading for my health. You got to give me stock in your mine."

The Captain recoiled as if Robbie had reached for him with a sandbag. "Hey!" he exclaimed.

"It's this-a-way," said Robbie complacently, and went on to explain. He had twenty-five hundred dollars in the bank, and with this he would buy from the Captain fifty shares of stock. But that wasn't enough. He desired a full quarter interest, which—since the mine was worth about fifty thousand dollars—amounted to twelve thousand five hundred dollars. For the balance he would give the Captain a non-interest-bearing note of hand, the paper to be taken up as soon as Robbie had the cash.

The Captain gazed at him open-mouthed. "You look here!" he protested emotionally; "suppose you get fired—get the grand kibosh. Mebbe you'll have sold the stock, and then all I'll have will be that rubbishy note of yours. It won't be worth its weight in paper."

Robbie assured him he saw clearly. "Cap, it's the risk you've got to take," he said affably. "I need that stock for a particular purpose, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll create a sinking fund out of what you're going to keep on paying me for cars, and apply that to taking up the note."

The Captain arose unsteadily. "You mean I got to give you my stock and still keep on paying for empties?"

Robbie complimented him on his clearness of mind. "You sure are," said he.

"How'd you like to go to blazes?" retorted the Captain irascibly. "I'm going to complain to your boss."

"Captain," inquired Robbie softly, "did you ever hear of the Plymouth Rock Coal Company? Did you ever?"

Yes, the Captain had heard, as he showed when he sat down suddenly. The Plymouth Rock people had complained to the railroad about the general manager when he had been only a clerk like Robbie. Afterward, they had gone into the hands of a receiver, owing to their singular inability to get cars. Their mine was now one of the best the general manager was interested in.

"I've got a wife and family," said the Captain thoughtfully, "but I'd like to push you in front of a train. You give me a check for twenty-five hundred dollars and that rubbishy note of yours." A week later Robbie went into business. He pawned the stock at a local bank, and with the proceeds bought a coal brokerage company which was dying of dry rot because it lacked the proper connections. Robbie, being in the railroad, was able to supply them, and filled with goodwill he made the bankrupt former owner his manager. It may be said at this point that the man subsequently learned the coal trade. However, Robbie was in business; and the very next day he announced the fact by walking into the office of the gentleman who had once figured as the particular friend of the assistant trainmaster, who had resigned.

"How's tricks?" asked Robbie cheerfully.

The air of gloom in the office of the Particular Friend Coal Company deepened visibly.

"Say, you got a nerve to ask that, when our mine ain't had a day's run of cars for a week."

Robbie sighed deplorably. "I know. But supposing you got a bunch of empties, could you load half of them to a party? A full day's run, you understand."

The boss of the Particular Friend Coal Company sat up with a jerk. "I could, if I didn't die of the shock," he answered eloquently. "What price can your friend afford to pay?"

Robbie overlooked the fact that the accent was placed on the friend. "Seventy-five cents a ton, f. o. b. mines," said he, and frowned when the other gasped.

"Seventy-five!" echoed the coal man. "Say, there ain't anything wrong with my hearing, is they? That's fifteen cents clear under the market."

Robbie moved toward the door. "I was only trying to help you," he said; and then added sententiously, "Cars is cars, ain't they?"

The head of the Particular Friend Coal Company groaned aloud. "I got a wife and family," he muttered unintelligibly, "but I'd like to—Oh, well; how shall I bill the coal?"

"To the River Edge Coal Company," answered Robbie. "The address is on this card, and please prepay the freight."

Afterward, Robbie sent for the Captain. "Until further orders, Cap," he advised, "ship ten cars a day to the River Edge Coal Company. Price, seventy-five cents, f. o. b. mines. Freight prepaid."

The Captain groaned, but he shipped the coal. With a rare instinct he divined now why Robbie had wanted the stock. It was to buy in the River Edge Company. Through the new concern, Robbie sold the two consignments to a furnace company, which cheerfully paid him ten cents a ton above the market, thereby netting Robbie a clean profit of a quarter of a dollar per ton. A shortage of mill gondolas may have had something to do with the furnace company's cheerfulness, since "cars is cars," as Robbie had said. However, any cause for complaint would amount to little because Robbie had generously taken the chief into partnership with him. Together they helped out many shippers on the division who had coal to sell, and the River Edge Company profited fitly. In train with its prosperity, Robbie took to smoking stogies when he wasn't chewing them, and no longer blushed with the office boy over his ignorance in railroad affairs. In fact, from then on he knew not what it was to blush.

Some years passed away. The road's president died, and on the day of his funeral his mine ran out of cars. Moreover, it continued to do so until the vice-president and general manager gained control of the stock. Afterward, all hands moved up a peg, the vice-president becoming president and the general manager taking his place. In the round of promotions Robbie became chief trainmaster, and, not forgetting old friends in the hour of his triumph, he sent for the aged Captain.

"Cap," said he, when the aged mine owner tottered into his office, "that note of mine must be nearly worn out."

An exclamation escaped the Captain's lips. "What! you're not going to take it up?"

"No—not *take* it up," answered Robbie; "I'm going to *tear* it up. Now listen."

He leaned back and bit a stogy. "First of all," said he, "we're going to reorganize the Green-Gale Company. My stock, for which I paid you fifty dollars a share, is now worth double. Yes, because I have made it so by keeping the company in cars. Therefore, the stock value being double, we will double the capitalization—one hundred thousand dollars, Cap. And my quarter interest being also double what it was worth, I will take double my amount of shares, or fifty thousand dollars' worth. See?"

The Captain saw so clearly that he turned pale.

"Then, Cap," continued Robbie enthusiastically, "we will issue bonds for fifty thousand dollars, and with the proceeds buy the extra thousand acres of coal that adjoin our present holding. See?"

Again the Captain saw, and so clearly, as he thought, that he turned an apoplectic purple. "Yeah!" he shouted exuberantly, "then you'll get hold of the bonds, and wreck the company by letting it run out of cars. Oh, I see—and afterward you'll foreclose, and own the whole shebang."

"Cap," said Robbie sadly, "I didn't think you'd say that. Indeed, I hadn't even thought of it till you said it yourself. Besides, I haven't money enough to do it."

However, he had his way. The company was reorganized, and, with an increased output, began to prosper fatly. Robbie, in fact, made so much money that he had to hunt for a place to reinvest it. First mortgage coal bonds seemed to be a first-class security, but when he entered the market it appeared that the Captain still had a wife and family to support. At all events, there were no Green-Gale Company securities for sale, and though the Captain had paid 80 ex-div. for all he had quietly bought in, he steadfastly refused to sell them to a mysterious buyer who offered par and interest.

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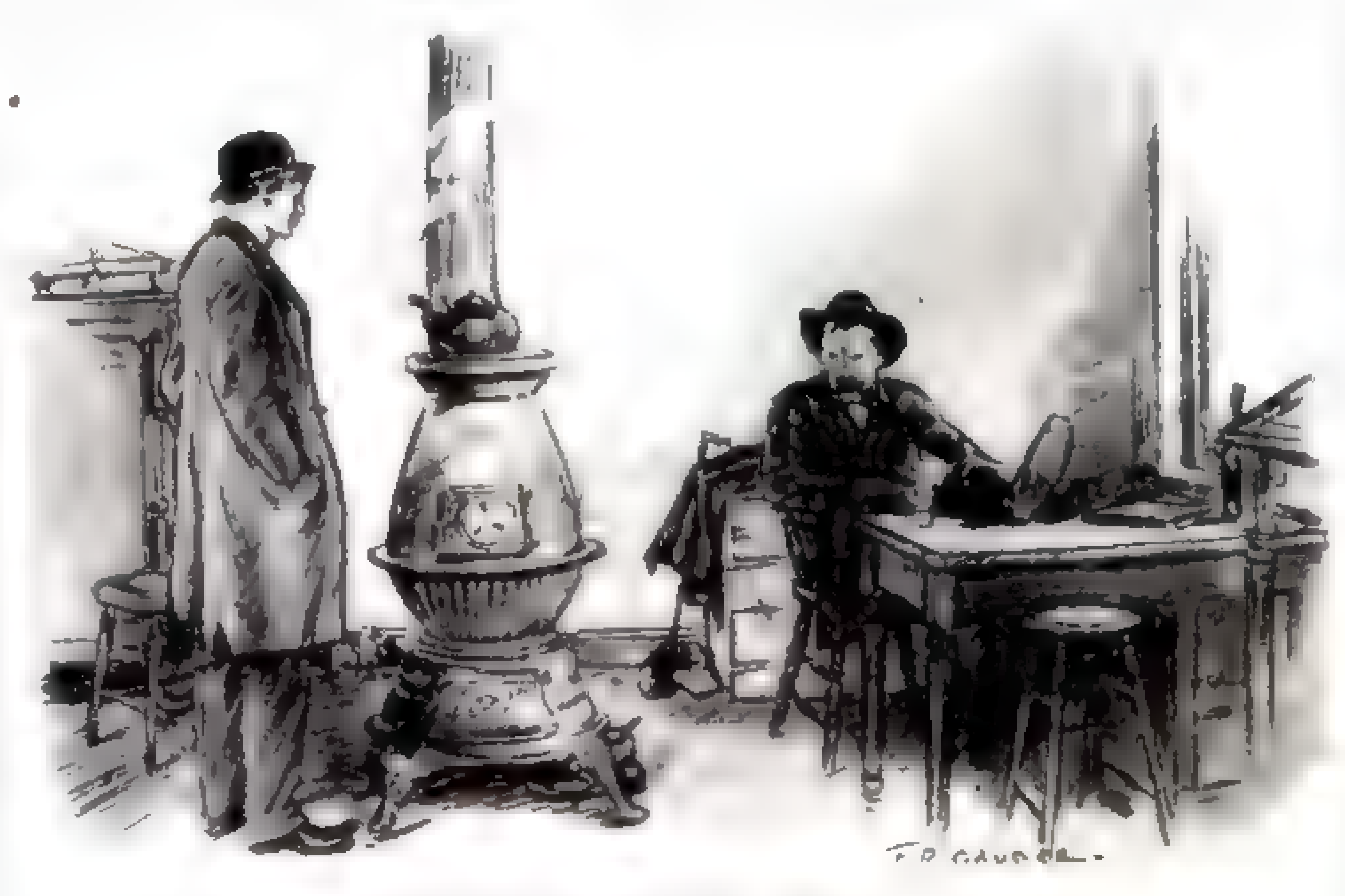


"Could You Fix it for Half a Dollar a Car?"

Sick Trees, and How to Make Them Well—By Walter V. Woehlke

THE walls of the little Quaker church rang with cheers. Never before had such a noisy scene occurred in the quiet meeting-place of the Friends who founded the town of Whittier, in southern California. Three hundred shouting, clapping, stamping growers of citrus fruits were cheering for a man by the name of Smith—Ralph E. Smith, to be exact—who had just been eulogized by the speaker. Smith was not a candidate for office; he had added no bricks to the tariff wall against foreign fruit; he had achieved no triumphs on the diamond or gridiron, neither had he won spectacular victories over the enemies of the Republic at home or abroad; nor wrested lower freight rates from the railroads for the benefit of the growers. Smith had only discovered *Pythiacystis citrophthora*, a lowly micro-organism so common that no one had taken the trouble to describe and name it before him. He had discovered the fungus for the special purpose of finding the best means to kill it; and, because he had succeeded in his object, the three hundred hard-headed, practical men of affairs cheered lustily, for the discovery of the common fungus by the man with the common name had saved the California lemon industry.

Sick Lemons Dropping From a Tree at the Rate of Ninety Boxes Per Acre

The Prescription That Saved the Lemons

THE spontaneous, ringing applause in the Quaker church marked an epoch in the history of American agriculture. The cheers proved beyond a doubt that the most advanced tillers of the soil had, with full confidence, grasped the hand of that newest in the group of exact sciences, Plant Pathology, the science that deals with abnormal, diseased conditions in the life of vegetation, and were following its lead with enlightened faith. Those three hundred growers were cheering Professor Smith, not from altruistic motives, not to show appreciation of his scientific attainments. They cheered because he had put good, hard dollars into their pockets, and in the years to come their cheers will echo in the hearts of many other agriculturists who will have equally great cause to be grateful to the plant doctors.

Trees Attacked by Peach Blight and Cured by Treatment

Though this new science of which Professor Smith is an eminent representative is but a development of yesterday, it has already rendered invaluable services. Among these, the saving of California's lemon industry is one of the most striking, one that conveys a forceful lesson in its working-out. The plant doctor was not called into the case because My Lady, the lemon, suffered from a slight indisposition, a cold or a headache. The California citrus growers, among the most progressive horticulturists in the world, considered themselves fully able to cope with the minor ailments of their trees. But when a mysterious disease attacked their lemons, when the losses by this sickness ate up all their profits and more, when it devoured the laboriously built-up reputation of their fruit, when the most careful, costly handling of the crop failed to stop the progress of the disease, when every remedy had been tried and failed, when many growers budded their lemon trees over into oranges, when the patient, the entire lemon industry, lay gasping—only then the plant physician was called in to diagnosticate the illness and prescribe for the sufferer.

The process of diagnosis lasted for more than a year. The expenses of the doctor and his assistants—not their salaries or fees—were large, but the Lemon Men's Club paid them without a murmur, for it was a case of life or death. Compared with the length of time spent in observing the patient and studying the symptoms, the remedy prescribed was extremely, almost ridiculously, simple, though thoroughly effective. The main ingredients of the remedy consisted of hard muscular work with spade, harrow and mattock, perhaps the standard component part of most prescriptions given by the new science, of a natural cover for the orchard soil in winter, and of a few cents' worth of copper sulphate daily for the lemons, applied externally. That prescription checked the disease and saved the industry

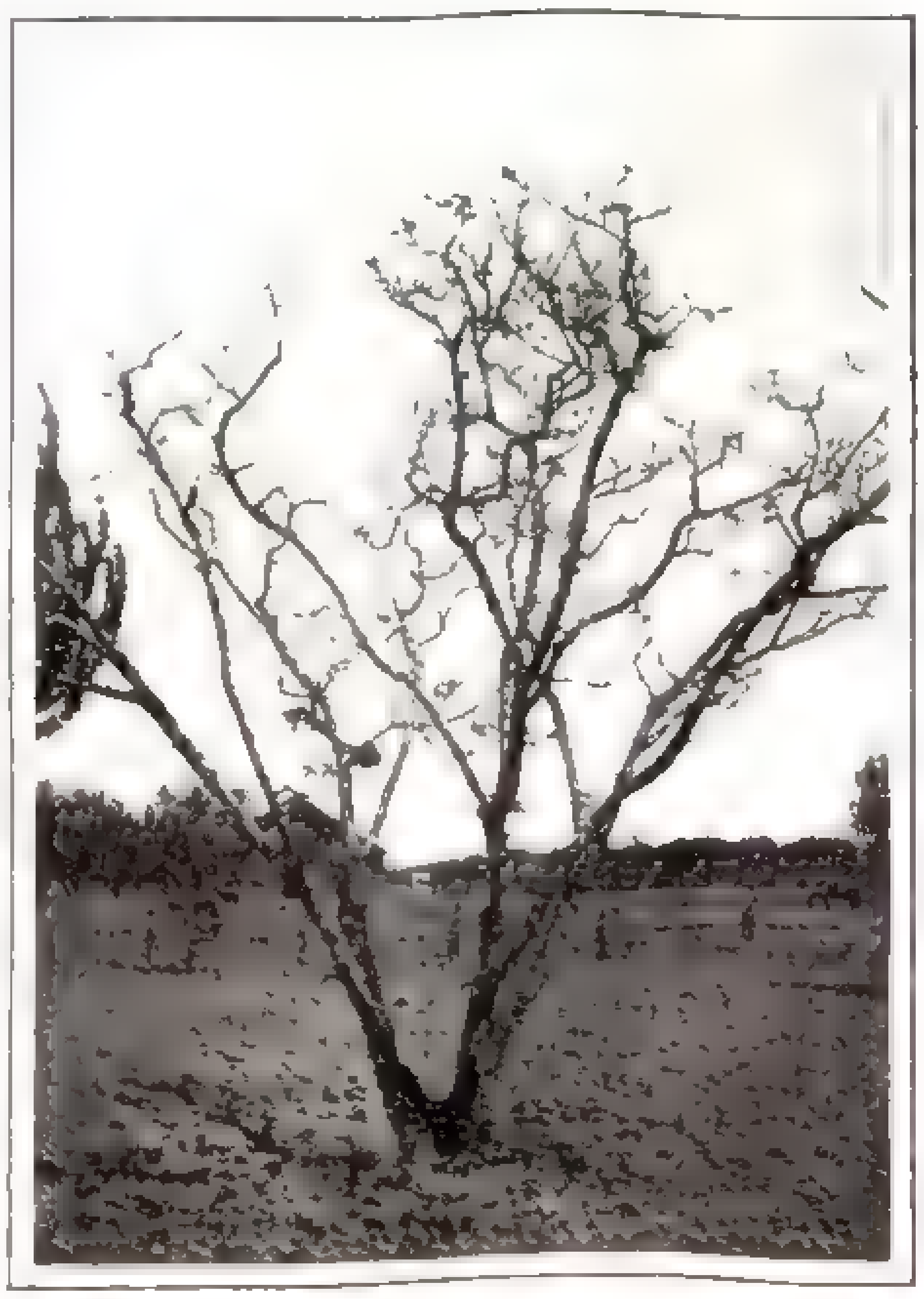
Another Citrus Sickness

THE sickness that baffled lemon growers of thirty years' experience began about 1900. It caused an excessive decay of the lemons on the trees and after picking. The growers were familiar with the most common form of decay, blue-mould that annually exacted heavy tribute. But the blue-mould attacked only injured fruit; sound lemons, with the rind made tough, firm and resistant by proper curing in ventilated tents, were immune from attacks of the blue-mould. Experience had proved that. It had taken the growers many years to learn the right way of curing their lemons to make them keep for months, and the Eastern markets were just responding to the improved condition of the California lemon when the unprecedented, excessive decay began. No, blue-mould was not guilty of causing this fearful deterioration. Instead of in bluish-white spots, the new form of decay appeared in brownish blotches, and, therefore, the growers called it "brown rot." The brown rot did not confine its unwelcome attention to lemons with bruised, pricked or otherwise injured skins. It developed on fruit still hanging on the trees, causing lemons of all sizes to drop and rot on the ground. A box of lemons per tree, or ninety boxes, with a value of more than a hundred dollars, per acre was thus lost in many of the badly-infected groves. That was only the beginning of the loss. After the lemons had been picked and all fruit showing traces of the rot thrown on the dump the apparently sound and healthy balance was washed in large tanks, brushed, graded according to color and quality, and stored away in the curing tents to become yellow and ripe. Despite the most rigorous inspection during the different handlings, the rot developed in the stored fruit, spread by contact from lemon to lemon, changed box after box into a mass of ill-smelling corruption, and, though hawk-eyed watchers went over the curing fruit again and again, removing all sick lemons and those that had touched them, the decay continued, often when the fruit had been sized, packed in fresh boxes and shipped under ice. Besides the loss in the orchard one-fifth to one-third had to be thrown away after picking; in the curing tents another ten per cent decayed, and the grower was lucky if he succeeded in sending half of a normal crop to market

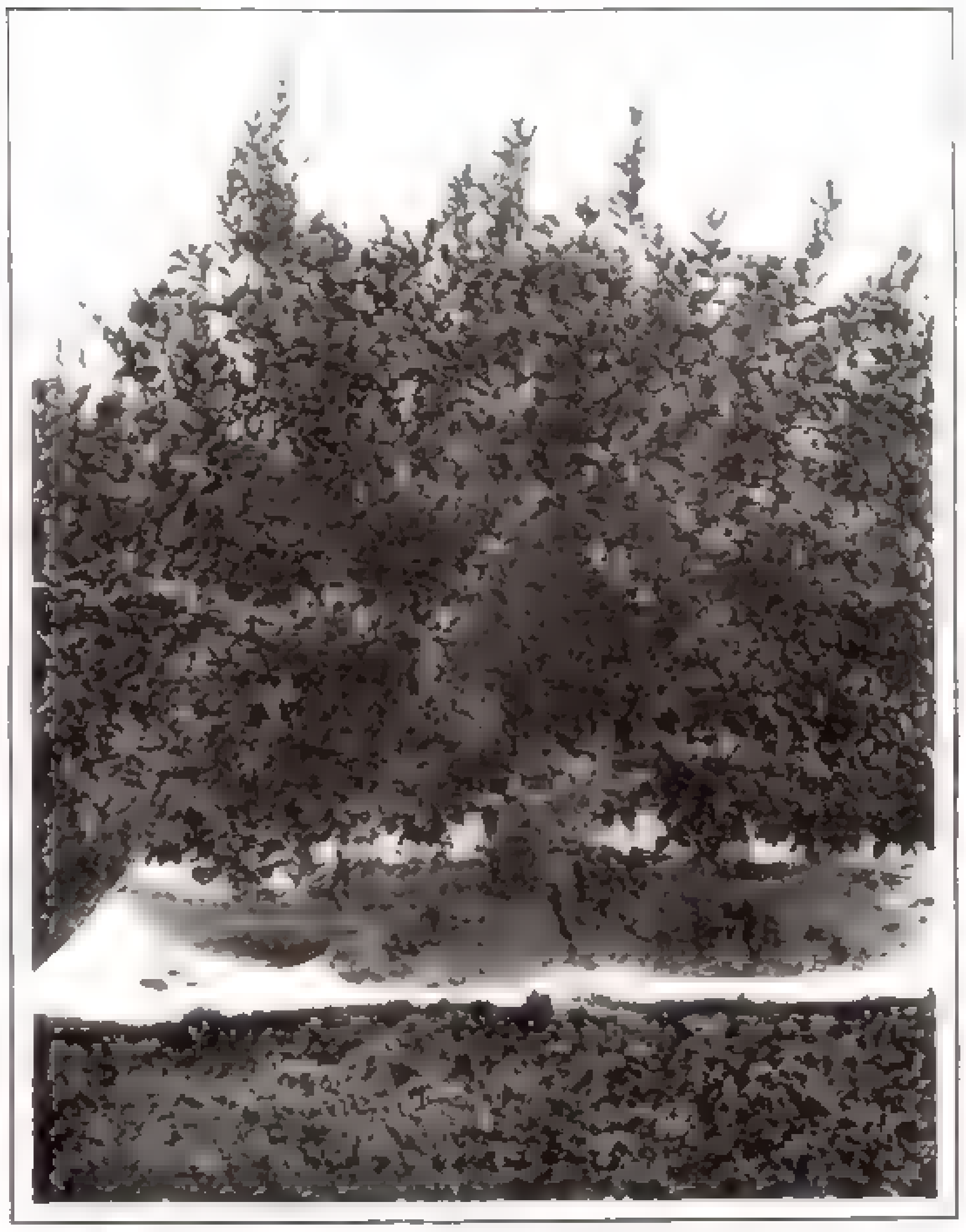
A direct cash loss of ten to thirty thousand dollars a year above the normal shrinkage by blue-mould was sustained by many of the packing-houses, without counting the enormously increased expense of handling the crop and the vanishing markets.

Enter the Lemon Specialist

THAT was the situation when the plant doctor and his assistants began their task of solving the mystery. Their practical knowledge of the lemon business was small compared with the experience of the leaders in the industry, but they possessed what even the most advanced grower lacked—a thorough training in scientific methods of investigating plant diseases. This trained faculty of observation, this habit of getting underneath the symptoms to locate



Result of Peach Blight on Unsprayed Trees the cause, outweighed all the orchard experience of the growers. The first step, of course, was the determination of the cause of the rot. It was comparatively easy to locate the guilty fungus, isolate it from a sick lemon and breed it in captivity, in pure cultures. To demonstrate beyond doubt that this captive was the guilty party sound lemons were inoculated from the pure cultures in various ways, and every one of the scores of experiments produced typical brown rot. The identity of the malefactor clearly established, its life history and habits, good and bad, were probed. Its lair was found to be in the soil—sound lemons laid on the ground in infected orchards soon became sick, provided the ground was moist. Dry lemons and dry soil retained their health, for the fungus needs water to live and propagate. Without moisture it dies. From these facts the plant physician surmised that the fruit on the lowest branches of the bushlike lemon trees was infected during heavy rain when the spores of the fungus were spattered from the ground against fruit, foliage and limbs. Surmises, however, had little value with the plant doctor. He needed positive, absolute proof. He experimented again. In a badly-infected orchard he cleared a number of trees of all sick lemons, both under and on the trees, and spread a cover of burlap, six inches from the ground, under four of the cleaned trees. If his theory was correct the burlap should prevent the spores from reaching the lemons and stop infection. The experiment succeeded. None of the burlap-protected trees developed the rot, with one exception. A lemon hanging on a branch far out, beyond the cover over bare ground, contracted the disease and decayed. All around the protected trees the rot ran riot on those trees not supplied with burlap covers underneath their branches.



Stopping Rot in Lemon Orchard by Burlap Ground Covering

With these facts ascertained—and proved—the writing of the prescription for controlling brown rot in the orchard was simple. To reduce the amount of infection was the main problem. In dry soil the fungus cannot thrive; therefore, the doctor ordered the growers to cultivate deeply, thoroughly and often, especially underneath the low-hanging branches of the trees, in order that the ground beneath them might become well dried out between and after the winter rains. Good drainage and removal of all stagnant surface water were portions of this soil campaign. Manifestly it was impossible to spread burlap underneath every one of the three million trees, but a natural cloth, a thick cover crop of vetch, burr clover or Canada peas would protect the trees almost as well and, after its usefulness as a protector was over, would enrich the soil.

Tracking Down the Elusive Fungus

THE control of the brown rot in the orchard by no means solved the riddle. The problem of the fearful decay of the four-times sorted and inspected fruit in the curing tents, the loss that caused the growers the most anxiety and worry, still persisted. Even in early summer when the drying of the soil prevented orchard infection, even when the lemons handled in the packing-houses came from unaffected groves, the mysterious rotting continued unabated. What was the cause of this decay? The plant doctor had his suspicions, but, again, suspicions would not do. Facts and proofs were wanted.

Once more he applied his faculty of observation, developed by years of laboratory and field work. With the keenest watchfulness he followed every step of the progress made by the fruit from the tree to the curing tent. He saw the pickers measure the lemons, cut them from the twigs, place them in bags suspended from the neck, and empty the filled bags into boxes standing on the ground. A wagon came along and took the filled boxes to the packing-house. The plant physician followed in haste, for the scent became hot. With his eyes glued to the bottom of the boxes he watched the further proceedings. He saw men take the boxes from the wagon and submerge them completely in the washer that the lemons might float out gently. The empty, wet boxes traveled back to the orchard, once more to be placed on the ground and refilled. The scent became so hot that the doctor could almost smell the source of infection. He had seen lumps of earth and dust stick to the wet boxes, had seen twigs, leaves and blossoms travel into the washing tank with the lemons. He knew that the orchard soil had been infected with the fungus and that the fungus needed water to develop and send out spores. He ordered the water drained out of the washer, and the sight he beheld confirmed his suspicions. A sediment of orchard soil, carried in by the field boxes, covered the washer's bottom, and this sediment was alive with the fungus. As it was in its element, the fungus continually sent millions of spores into the wash water, spores which settled on the sound lemons passing through the tank, infected them and carried the disease into the curing tents.

The suspicions were proved easily. Healthy lemons soaked for two hours in a pail of water taken from the washer contracted the brown rot, though not even the sharpest eye could detect the infection shortly after the lemons left the bath. Bluestone to the value of fifteen cents added daily to the water disinfected the washer without injuring the fruit and prevented further infection, ridding the industry of the incubus that had been sucking its life-blood. No wonder the growers, in convention assembled to celebrate the opening of the first laboratory devoted exclusively to the study of plant diseases, cheered vociferously when the name of the plant doctor was mentioned, though Professor Smith modestly transferred the credit for the achievement to his able assistants and to those growers whose money had made possible the investigation.

An even more striking demonstration of the value of the plant pathologists' advice in modern horticulture was given when an Eastern peach disease, caused by the so-called shot-hole fungus, the peach blight, made its appearance in California. The brown-rot fungus confined its work to the fruit of the lemon trees; the shot-hole fungus threatened the life of the tree itself. The California peach growers—they annually ship two thousand carloads of fresh peaches and furnish an equally large quantity to the canneries to be put up—were taken completely by surprise when the disease appeared in their orchards five years ago, with a virulence never shown in the East. Assisted by an unusually wet fall, the blight spread furiously, killing the one-year-old wood, the tree's most valuable part that bears next year's crop, blighting the buds, causing the young leaves to fall and, in most cases, denuding the tree almost wholly of its foliage. The crop on thousands of acres was ruined, and the trees, depending for their growth on a few living twigs high up in the crown, were in a distressing condition. Unless some remedy could be applied at once California's peach area of more than fifty thousand acres was doomed.

Fortunately a remedy was at hand. The Eastern plant physicians had discovered that the disease could be rendered harmless by a mixture of bluestone, lime and water, in proportions of about thirty pounds of copper sulphate to thirty-five pounds of lime dissolved in two hundred gallons of water, the fluid to be spread evenly over all parts of the trees in the form of a fine mist, by means of a spray operated by hand or power pumps. To the California plant doctors fell the task of familiarizing the growers with the remedy and advising the proper time of its application—in November and December. Early in the winter of 1904 a few scattered growers followed the directions of the scientists and sprayed their trees before the blight had a chance to develop. Full crops and high prices were the rewards of these men, high prices on account of the scarcity of peaches, the blight having left but little fruit in the orchards not treated. To any one except the average farmer the proof of the remedy's effectiveness would have seemed overwhelming. Like green islands the trees sprayed at the right time stood healthy and in full leaf in the gray sea of bare, half-dead groves. But a demonstration even more convincing was furnished by the plant doctors. They sprayed half of one peach tree with the mixture early in December, allowing the other half to rely upon its unaided powers of resistance. The sprayed half enveloped itself in masses of bright-green foliage and produced a normal crop; the neglected portion of the same tree lost its leaves, its young wood, and bore no fruit. But the conservatism of the class that forms the nation's bulwark, the abhorrence of new methods, the clinging to old, inherited traditions and the lack of adaptability, so pronounced in those who gain their sustenance from the earth, were too deep-rooted to be overcome in one season, even by the strongest proof. The sluggish body of the growers refused to move.

The Immunity Bath Goes Begging

THE disease was new, the remedy was new to most of them, the copious rains of the preceding fall had helped to spread the blight and the fall of 1905 promised to be dry. Therefore, they put their hands in their pockets, their trust in Providence, and let their orchards go unsprayed. As a result, the situation became so critical in the spring and summer of 1906 that the scientists of the University of California resolved forcibly to prod the growers into action, aided by the State and County horticultural commissions. An aggressive campaign of education was laid out. Up and down the great interior valleys of the State the plant doctors traveled, lecturing, preaching, advising, giving practical demonstrations and pleading personally with obstinate or indifferent growers. The results were all that could be hoped for. In one small town of the San Joaquin Valley four hundred hand pumps for spraying purposes were sold after the visit of the plant doctors, and the supply of bluestone in the State became exhausted in consequence of the demand created by the purchases of the awakened peach growers. The campaign cost the State but fifteen hundred dollars, and a moderate estimate places the value of the crop saved by this expenditure at half a million.

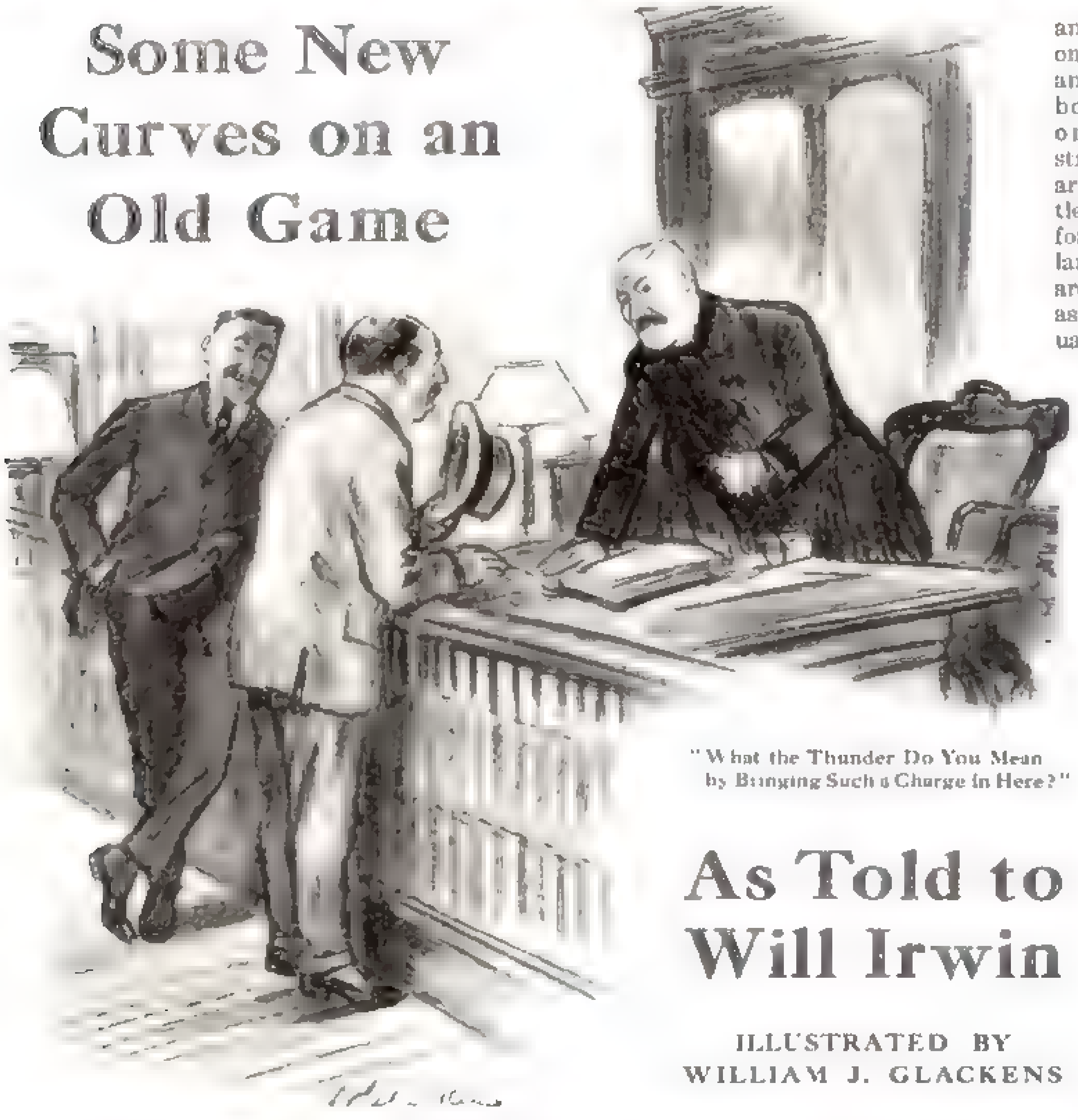
Bordeaux mixture, the solution of bluestone and lime in water, is named after the place of its discovery

(Continued on Page 36)

Insuring Against Winter Blight of Tomatoes. Spraying the Vines With Bordeaux Mixture

The Confessions of a Con Man

Some New Curves on an Old Game



"What the Thunder Do You Mean by Bringing Such a Charge in Here?"

As Told to Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM J. GLACKENS

A MAN sometimes spends half of his life locating his place in the world. I had grafted for nearly twenty years before I found that my game, the job for which Nature had fitted me, was "the broads," which is the grafter's name for three-card monte. In the last ten years of my old life I did very little else. Mine wasn't the old game which they used to play at country fairs, where a dealer with glass jewelry and a fierce black mustache skinned the rubes. That racket got too well known; the rubes would run if a man laid down three cards on a table before them. We took advantage of that very disrepute; we put a new twist on it, and the mob for which I spieled made it a steady, productive business.

I really don't deserve all the credit for starting it. Old Marsh, who is dead now, and Louis, my partner in all my later years on the road, had it going already when I came into the partnership; but I improved on their methods until our whole play was a work of art.

We tried it out in the remote West, operating for a while in Dakota, at the time they opened up their Indian lands there, and at last we settled down in a small city not so very far from Chicago. With that as a center we worked the river boats and the trains on all the trunk lines. In the last three years of our combination we traveled like trainmen—so much mileage every week.

How I Worked the Day Coaches

THIS city—I won't name it, but perhaps you can guess—was very favorably located for our work. From the North the river brought down logs and lumbermen—the logs to the mills and the lumbermen to us. From the South, in harvest season, came rich tobacco planters. A half-dozen railroads ran through its union station. And if ever a city government was tied up and delivered, it was that one in those days. My old pal Jakey, the man who helped me steal the elephant, was a big grafter by this time—he had cut out gambling and gone into the city-contracting business. He had preceded us there, and gradually he had got the city administration to stand for anything short of burglary and murder. When my monte mob got itself established we held a council of war every Monday morning. It was our custom to set aside the week's nut at those meetings, and the part which went to the city gang was about four hundred dollars. We bribed sometimes one and sometimes another, according to who was making us the most trouble at the time. We always had the chief of police on our list, and usually two of his captains. The newspapers were about as troublesome as anything. The editor of one was a good fellow, and we didn't have to bother him. Another one took its money straight. The third we got around by inserting a little, blind advertisement, for which we paid fifty dollars a week. Those times are past now in that city, as such times are gradually passing in all cities.

I suppose there are those who do not know what three-card monte is, and for their benefit I will explain. The operator has three cards of different numbers and suits. He shows you their faces, lays them down, backs up, shuffles them about a little, and bets you that you cannot pick out any given card—the ace say. You've been watching that ace, and you think you can. But when you turn it over—it isn't. Only a matter of manipulation and the distraction of the victim's attention for a second. Now, look how we improved upon it. Louis was steerer for the game. Take him by and large there was never his superior in that department of grafting. He had easy, pleasant manners, and a simple, innocent way; on sight you had confidence in him. And he wasn't one of those "twenty-minute men" who can't hold a sucker after the touch. No, Louis' very best work came in tying up his man, in getting him to go away without making any trouble. I was the "broad spieler," which means that I did the actual work of manipulation. Marsh stayed back in another coach to cash checks and drafts.

On the trains we played mostly at night, because then the chance of interference was slightest. Of course we worked mainly in day coaches, because the Pullman passengers were undressed and in their bunks. You'd be surprised to know how many men of means sleep sitting up in the day coach. As soon as we boarded we went to work systematically to find our man. We knew the conductor's system of check marks, so we could tell how far each passenger was traveling. It was long-distance travelers we were looking for; they usually have a hundred dollars or more either in cash or drafts. With our thorough system of information we often had our victim marked before we boarded the train. In such case we didn't have to take all that trouble.

At about two o'clock in the morning our man would be sound asleep. Louis would step up to him, take the train check from his hat and drop it on the floor. Then Louis would shake him and say: "Is that your check down there?" By the time the sucker had picked up the check and thanked Louis, he'd be wide awake. Louis would be so pleasant about it, would have such good stories to tell about people who lost their tickets, that the sucker would stay awake to talk. In half an hour or so they'd be established on a cordial basis. Then Louis would give me the office to come along. Our signal for that was raising the hat and scratching the head.

I was made up for the part of an innocent Texas cattleman—black sombrero, jeans, a red handkerchief around my neck. I'm a natural mimic, I suppose. In my circus trips to Texas I'd picked up that back-country Texan dialect, which is a mixture of Southern and Western with a tang of its own. I'd got information about the country and the cattle business, too; no Texan could ever pick a flaw in my story. I rehearsed my spiel until I knew it like a part in a play, and I suppose it had better go down here in dialogue just as I used to talk it off.

I Play the Part of a Texas Cattleman

WE'LL say that the sucker is about an average-minded man—what they're calling a "bromide" nowadays. From experience Louis and I know about what he'll do under given circumstances that are likely to arise. Louis gives me the office, as I come down the aisle, to show that he has three hundred in cash. And here begins my spiel:

I: Say, can any of you chaps give me a chaw of tobacco?

LOUIS (*somewhat irritated*): No, I don't use it.

I (*to the sucker*): Say, can you give me a chaw?

MR. SUCKER: No.

I: That's mighty funny. I've asked pretty nigh every feller on this train fo' a chaw, an' I ain't got none. Down wheah I live pretty nigh everybody chaws tobacco—all the men, and pretty nigh all the women.

LOUIS (*getting interested in me*): Women chew tobacco? For goodness' sake, where's that?

I: Down in Las Llagas.

LOUIS: Where's that?

I: Fo' goodness' sake, mistah, don't you know wheah that is? Down on the Rio Grande, about a hundred an' fifty miles from San Anton.

LOUIS: Well, I'd like to know what sort of people they are—women chew tobacco!

I: Oh, there ain't many of the white women chaw. Mostly greasers.

LOUIS: Greasers? What do you mean by greasers?

I: Fo' goodness' sake, mistah, don't you know what greasers are? Mexicans.

LOUIS: Oh, I understand. (*He looks over at the sucker and winks at him. His manner says, "There's fun in this guy."*) Well, what are you doing here?

I: Jes' brought up some cattle fo' to sell in Chicago—fo' hundred head of steers. I sold 'em all, an' now I'm goin' down by Indianapolis to buy a passel of bulls.

LOUIS: Why, haven't you any bulls?

I: Yessuh. But I ain't got no grade bulls. I'm buyin' a lot of whitefaced Herefords. They're the rustlers!

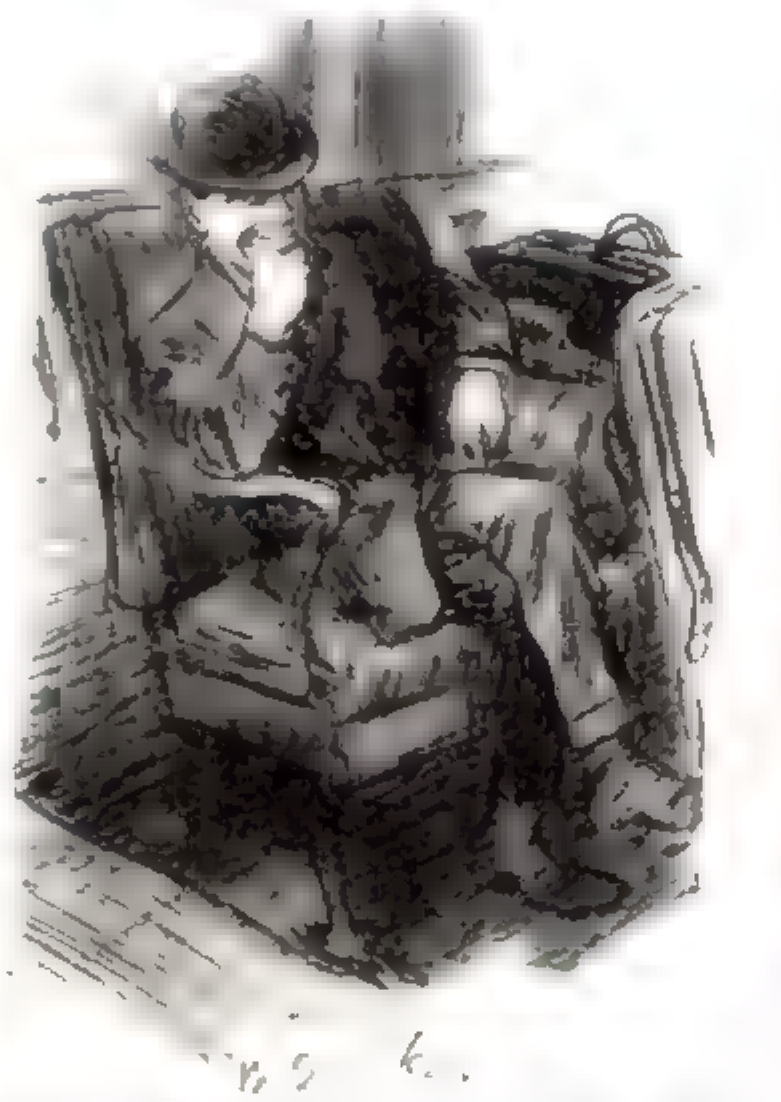
LOUIS: How many cattle have you got?

I: I reckon I don't know, mistah. A noathah got away with a lot of 'em last wintah. I reckon about thirty-five hundred. I'm going to get about twenty bulls.

LOUIS: And how much land?

I: Oh, I reckon about twenty-five thousand acres.

Here Louis and I talk for some time about the cattle business and my ranch. This, like everything else in this spiel—every sentence of it is aimed toward the sucker. In the first place, I show him what an amusing and innocent and confiding person I am; in the second place, I show him that I am rich. And, after a time:



A Little, Quiet Man, Who Sat With His Hat Pulled Down Over His Eyes Watching the Game

LOUIS: Were you born and raised in Texas?

I: Yessuh. This is the first time evah I was up in this heah Yankee kentry, an' I'll be doggoned if I evah come up heah any moah.

LOUIS: Why, don't you like it?

I: It's all right to be up heah a week or so. But it weahs you out. That theah Chicago is the doggondest town! I was theah fo' days an' had a heap o' fun, but, law me, it cost me pretty nigh fo' hundred dollahs.

LOUIS: How on earth did you spend that much in four days?

I: Oh, I didn't spend it all. I lost two hundred of it.

LOUIS: Lost it? How? Out of your pockets?

I: No, I lost it bettin' with a feller.

LOUIS (*he winks at the sucker again, as much as to say, "Here we are going to get an interesting story"*): How's that?

I: Well, mistah, I'm going to tell you-all about it. Exactly all about it. I got in with a young chap wheah I was boa'din' down by the stockyahds an' he took me round. Seein' the sights, he called it. That chap knew jess wheah to go. I reckon we must 'a' been in twenty-five

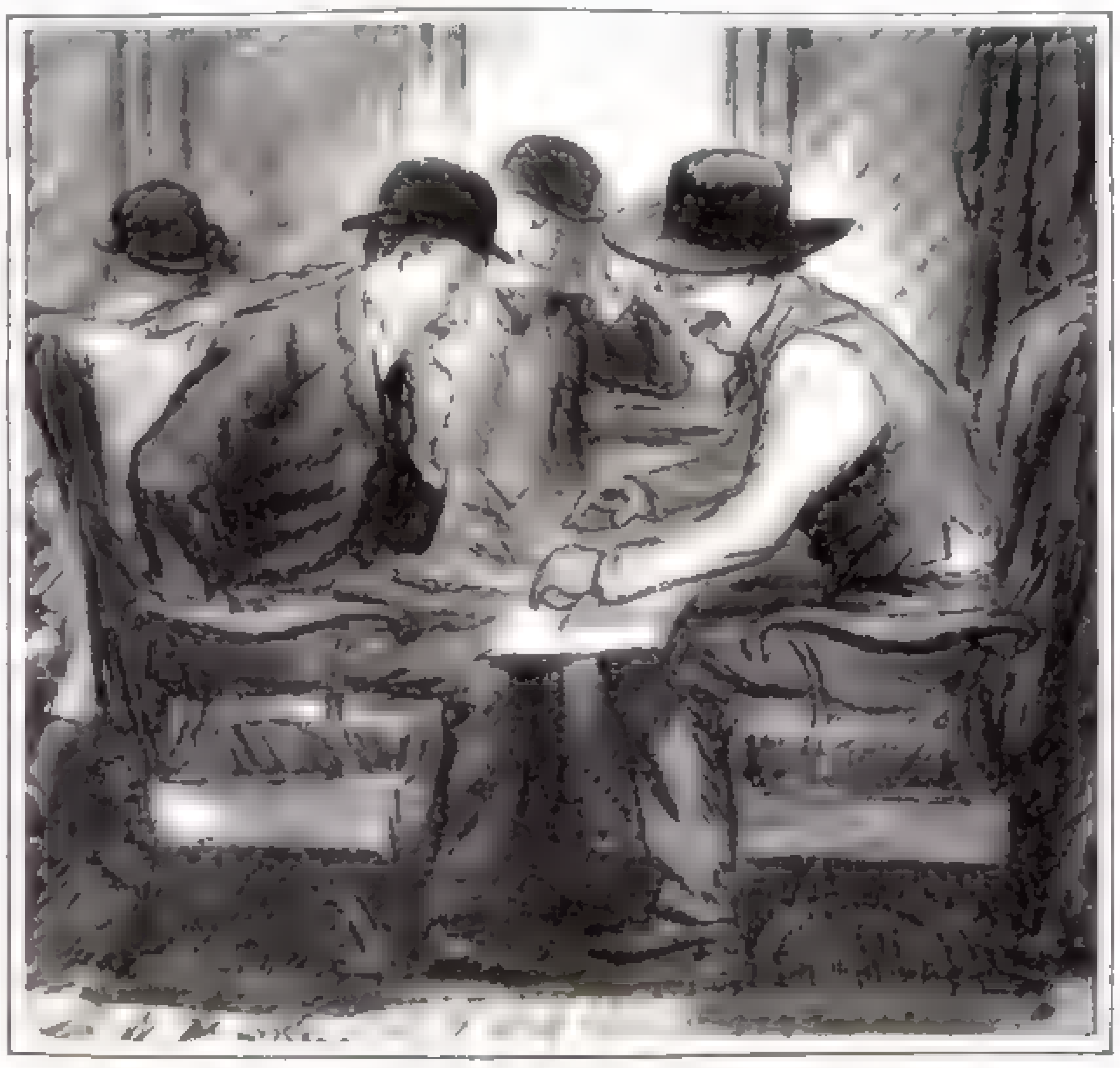
places. Sich kickin' an' carryin' on you nevah saw. Law me! That's wheah I spent pretty nigh all my money!
Louis: Did you spend all you had?
I: Law me, you fellers think I'm busted because I spent fo' hundred dollahs! This don't look like I'm busted does it?

Here I reach down into my inside pocket and pull out a roll of bills as large as a town pump.

Louis: How much have you got there?
I: About two thousan', I reckon. I ain't counted fo' fouahteen days.
Louis: Well, let's hear the rest. How did you lose your two hundred?
I: Bettin'.
Louis: What kind of a game?
I: Well, this heah feller he got to go back to the ho-tel at twelve o'clock. So I make up with a Yankee feller. I told him I was awful dry an' I wanted to get a drink of liquor. He said he knowed the place wheah they had good whisky. So I went along into a saloon wheah they had a show goin' on. We-all took two or three drinks an' peeped into a little side room what they had. A big Yankee chap in theah was runnin' a game. He called it California euchre. A lot of fellers was bettin' five and ten dollars on it. They was bettin' they could tell which ceahd was the ace. I stood theah lookin' at 'em, an' I could see the prize ceahd every time. I spoke up an' told the feller I could pick it out. He say, "How much you want to bet you kin pick it out?" I say, "I bet you two dollahs." He say, "Two dollahs? If that's all you got you better save it an' buy crackers an' cheese fo' breakfast." That sort o' made me mad, so I jest put my hand in my pocket an' pull out two hundred dollahs, an' say, "Theah, Yank, kiver that!" He kivered her, but, doggone my buttons, if I didn't lose her! Then he say do I want to bet again, an' I say I got the rest o' my money down in the ho-tel. I say, "Wait a few minutes an' I'll be back an' play again." I went on back to the ho-tel an' asked the feller what was working behind the counter to give me my money what was in the big iron box. He had to get the boss up. The boss he ax me if I was goin' away. I tole him, no, suh, I ain't goin' away until tomorrow, but I'm bettin' with a feller, an' I want to go on bettin' with him some moah. He say, "You don't want to bet with no Chicago fellers. They're sharpers. They'll skin you." I say, "Never mind, my money is mine." Then he said I couldn't, an' I raised so much hell that a big po-liceman tole me he lock me up if I don't go to bed.
Nex' mawnin' I went up to that theah place wheah I lost the money, and the feller with that ah California euchre game was at home. I got to talking with him, an' I tried to git him to come down to Las Llagas with me. I tole him if he would fetch that theah game along he would jess win moah money than a man can carry. He said he had a gal what was sick and he couldn't leave. But he tole me he would do the nex' bes' thing by me — fo' a hundred he would give me some of the games an' show me how to play 'em. I done took the games, an' I been practicin' with 'em ever since. When I git back home, doggone me, if I don't win the two hundred back an' ten times moah alongside of it. Down theah we races horses an' fights chickens all day Saturday an' Sunday. Fust time I go to one of those chicken fights I'll take this game with me. Ain't any tellin' *how* much I'll win.
Louis: So you're going into the business when you get down home, are you?
I: Course I am.
Louis (*winking at the sucker*): You say this fellow gave some of the cards to you — have you them with you?
I: Yessuh. I got 'em right here.
Louis: Let's look at them. I'd like to see what they are like.

I pull out from my inside pocket three greasy, old cards, wrapped up in a handkerchief. Louis unwraps them and looks them over.

Louis: Is this all there is to it?
I: Yessuh. That's all they is to it.
Louis: How is it done? I don't see anything to it.

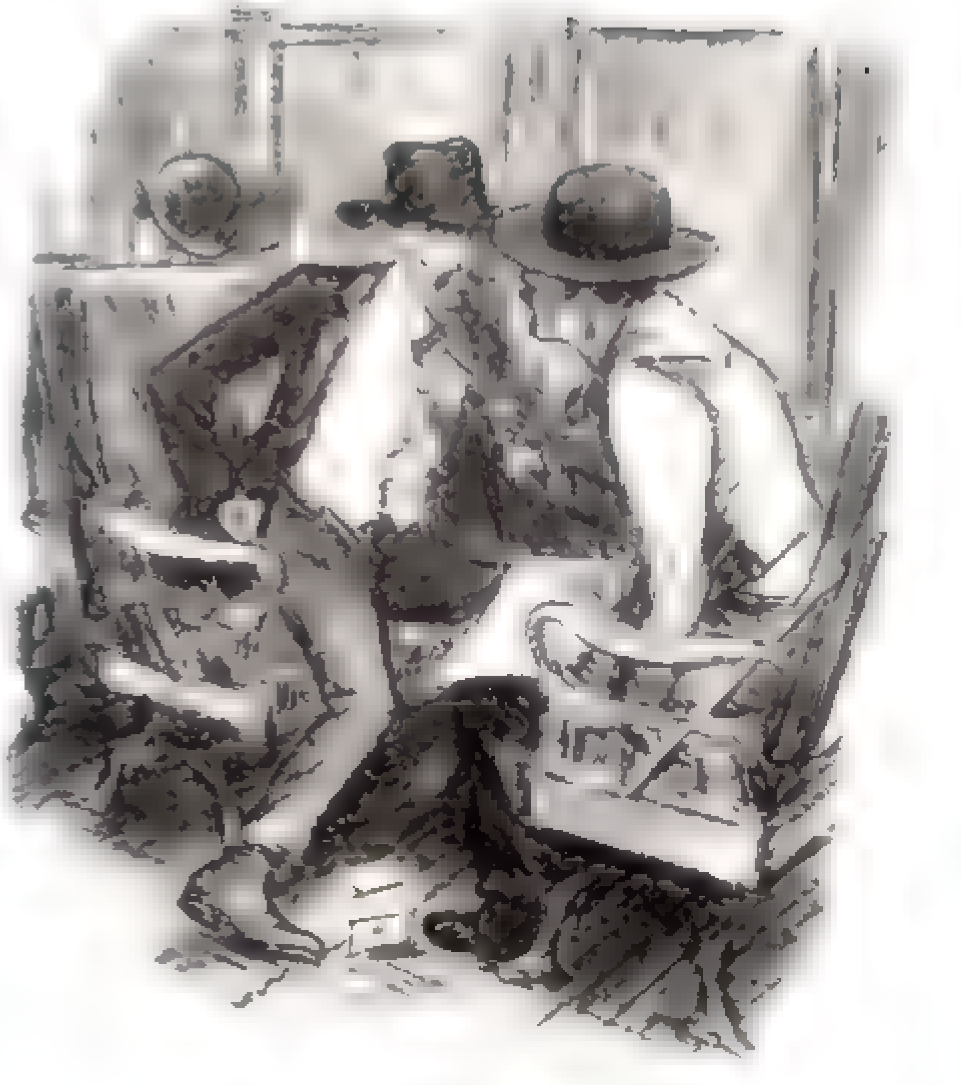

And Show Them, Very Awkwardly, How a Dealer Manipulates Three-Card Monte

And so, talking and amusing them all the time, I take those three cards, lay them down on the car seat or a convenient book, and show them, very awkwardly, how a dealer manipulates three-card monte. Louis is getting more and more interested by my antics, and the sucker is falling in. After I have explained how you must pick the ace to win:

Louis: You say you have to pick the ace to win? Why, I think that I can pick the ace every time.
I: Go on, le's see you do it. Come on, mistah, you an' me will play a little game fo' fun!

We play, and Louis picks up the wrong card. I laugh immoderately; I turn away toward the aisle in order to vent my whoops.

And at this point comes the first important operation of the game. Louis attracts the attention of the sucker; shows by the expression of his face that he has some scheme afoot. Then he reaches over and turns up a corner of the ace — "puts an ear on it," as we say in the profession. Get that in your mind; the ace is now marked so that you can tell its back as well as its face. The sucker sees it; Louis sees it; I am the only person in the transaction who is supposed not to see it.


Before He Could Draw I Had That Old, Rusty Unloaded Gun, Which I Couldn't Cock, Against His Breastbone

I: Let's play again, mistah. I was jest prac-ticing. I'd like to see a man pick that ace!
Louis: I bet I can.
I: I bet you a ten-dollar bill you can't.
Louis: Well, when I said bet I was joking. I don't want to bet. I never indulge.
I: Theah she is, mistah, theah she is! I bet you a ten-dollah bill you cain't git that prize ceahd!
Louis: Now look here, Texas, you don't really want to bet ten dollars that I can't find that card?
I: Yessuh; that theah is ezactly what I mean.
Louis: Well, though it is against my principles, I'll bet you!

We play, and Louis, picking with deadly accuracy the card whose corner he has turned up, shows the ace and wins the ten dollars. I mutter something about a mistake, and as I am about to pay an idea seems to come into my mind:

I: Look heah, mistah, you show me you got ten dollahs you could 'a' paid me if I'd 'a' won. I ain't goin' round heah givin' tens to everybody.
Louis: If I show ten dollars that stake will belong to me?
I: That's 'zactly what I mean.

Louis pulls ten dollars from his pocket and shows it to me. I am satisfied, and I pay. I skin my roll and bet Louis a twenty he can't do it again. We appoint the sucker stakeholder and deposit the money in his hands. Louis picks the card with the little ear turned up on it. It is the ace, of course, he wins again. Then, warming up, he tries to bet me a forty. But I suddenly grow cagey.

I: No, suh, I ain't goin' to bet you again. Not a cent. That theah feller what teach me this game he tell me that if a man beat me two times runnin' I wasn't to play him no moah. I ain't goin' to play no moah fo' money, but jes' fo' fun.

Then there is a little business between Louis and me — two or three plays in which he carefully avoids the card with the ear on it and lets me win. At last I approach the "joint," which is our term for the actual operation of separating the good-thing from his money. I address the sucker and ask him to play just for fun. Louis, at a moment when I have turned away to laugh or spit or something, whispers to him, "Take the wrong card!" He does it, and I win. We play again for fun. Again he picks the wrong card.

I: Mistah, now let's you an' me play fo' a bill!

I pull out my wad and skin off a bill without looking at it. Down it goes on the table. We play, and the sucker turns over the ace, and wins. Louis has been holding the bill. He starts to pay it over, but I put away his hand.

I (*to the sucker*): Look heah, mistah. Could you 'a' paid me if I had won?
Mr. Sucker: Of course I could have paid you.
Louis: Hold on, Texas; do you realize the amount of the bill you've put down here? It's a hundred dollars.
I: A hundred dollahs? All right. A hundred or a thousand, if it's down it's down. Look heah, mistah, is you got a hundred dollahs?
Mr. Sucker: Yes, and three hundred. (*This is no news to us.*)

Now comes the psychological moment. Watch it. The sucker, by all the rules of the game, has won my hundred dollars. Yet he never gets it. He is induced to put that hundred straight back into the game, and two hundred more. I've explained the mental principle of this already in describing "big joint." The proceeding looks like a cinch to him. He has his eye on the "ear" which marks the ace. He can't lose. What difference does it make if he throws his hundred back into the game? He won't quibble over such a little thing.

I: All right. I bet you a hundred. Now show up!
Mr. Sucker: What do you mean?
I: I mean put up jes' the same as I have put up. Jes' put your money up heah alongside of mine.
Louis: But I thought you said you'd pay him as soon as he showed up a hundred-dollar bill?
I: I meant when he showed up jes' the same as I'm showing mine up. Show up means puttin' up.

The sucker lays down his hundred.

I: Now I'll show you what kind o' spohts we got down in Texas. How much more you got theah?
Louis: This gentleman has two hundred more.
I: Well, put it up — I bet you anothah two hundred. That's the kind we got in Texas.

If he is a tough sucker and hesitates, Louis whispers to him: "Go on; it's a cinch. You might as well get his money as the next man." When we get the money down, his three hundred against mine, when we have given it to Louis, as stakeholder:

I: Now, mistah, heah we go. Le's shake hands on it, mistah. If you git that theah prize ceahd the money all belongs to you. If you don't it all belongs to me.

While we are shaking hands happens the second important piece of manipulation. Louis, with one swift motion, straightens out that ace, and puts the little ear on another card, the nine-spot, let us say. See that? It is the climax of the joint. Shaking hands on it serves another purpose than distracting the victim's attention — it prevents him from saying afterward that we played before he was ready.

He turns over the card that is marked with an ear, and instead of the ace he has the nine!

Immediately a lot of things happen. Louis, as stakeholder, has the money in his hand. I reach over and grab it. He holds on to it; we wrestle for five or six seconds while I tear it away. The attention of the sucker is all on his money. He does not see Louis' free hand, which has taken the little ear off of the nine and put it back on the ace again.

So I've got his money, and when he looks over those cards the ear is on that ace. His false turn couldn't possibly have been anything but a terrible mistake.

The third stage of the broads is known in the profession as the "round-up." It consists in getting rid of the sucker in such a manner as to cause the least possible trouble.

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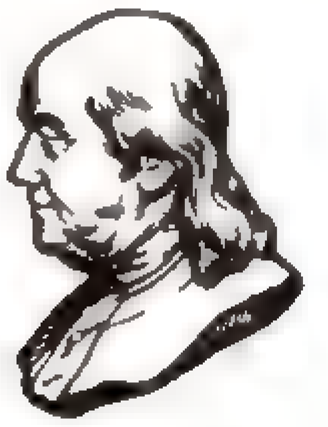
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 13, 1909

Lawyers in the Cabinet

ALLOWING ten persons to an Administration—which is far easier than to count them up—two hundred and seventy men have sat in the American Cabinet. One was, by early profession, a surveyor, one a soldier and one a cowboy. The others were mostly lawyers. In Mr. Taft's Cabinet, including the gentleman at the head of the table, and, probably, the Attorney-General, there will be the usual representation of eminent members of the legal profession.

This circumstance provokes renewed discussion of the surprising extent to which lawyers have run the Government, and some animadversions which seem to us unfair. Mr. Taft and his predecessors have not called so many lawyers about them because they needed legal advice. No Administration has seriously contemplated a career of crime, and for such crimes as might be committed inadvertently or incidentally, sufficient counsel could be called in at a moment's notice. Not knowledge of the law, it seems, but the forensic art, is the quality needed.

The great part played by members of the legal profession in conducting the Government is probably due to their talent for pleading a cause. Our system of party government, as every one knows, had its beginnings in the lamentable row between Washington's Secretary of State and his Secretary of the Treasury, and, for a good while, the issue seemed to depend upon whether Jefferson or Hamilton could, so to speak, get to the jury first. Since then no party has felt comfortable without having at its head a goodly number of gentlemen especially trained to plead a cause—to deny that the goods came into its possession otherwise than by due operation of law, or to prove an alibi, as circumstances might require.

Our system of government, like our judicial procedure, is contentious. Who so well able to operate it as persons professionally educated to contend? Some object that the Cabinet members are "corporation" lawyers. But that means simply that they are successful lawyers.

Literature and Hard Times

WE ARE pleased, naturally, to have a cherished theory concerning art confirmed by evidence of a documentary and statistical nature.

The records of the publishers show, we are informed, that in 1908 the output of American fiction exceeded that of any other year by more than three hundred volumes. We are unable to give the ratio of gain, but assume that it must have been about twenty per cent, or substantially equivalent to the decline in trade and industry generally, as shown by bank clearings, railroad earnings, foreign commerce and the like recognized indices of business. In a word, people resort to literature exactly in proportion as they are unable to make a living any other way.

We have long believed, from personal experience and observation, that such a law obtained, and this partial confirmation emboldens us to suggest that the Stock Exchange should take cognizance of it. Publishers' reports should be posted along with the weekly bank statement, an important increase in the number of manuscripts received—indicating that many people are broke—justifying a fall in stocks, and *vice versa*.

When, it is often asked, will the United States take a leading place in art, rivaling Russia in fiction, Germany in music and Italy in painting? We regard this as wholly an economic problem. The United States has done relatively little in art so far because steady jobs have been relatively plentiful. We scarcely need refer to the biographies of great authors to prove that men usually take to writing because they need the money. Literature as a symptom of financial despair has received far too little consideration at the hands of economists. We hope to see it included among the indicative statistics of business.

The German at Home and Here

MANY features of German government command admiration. In compensating victims of industrial accidents, in providing cheap and safe life insurance for working-men, in factory and tenement laws, in statutory regard for the well-being of the working class generally, the Fatherland puts us to the blush. In securing these laws the Socialists have played an important part, for which Teutonic humanity owes them a debt.

But it is well not to forget the other side of the account—as panegyrists of what is admirable in Germany sometimes unfortunately do. No American workmen are migrating thither to better their condition—because, in fact, a better condition is not to be found there. Industrially and financially the German situation is far from Elysian. New imperial taxes, which every working-man will feel, were recently levied in the hope of overcoming a prospective deficit of about a hundred million dollars a year, while the Prussian and other State Governments also have imposing deficits to be overcome. Labor, of course, will finally be called upon to do the overcoming. The same Government which beneficially regulates damages, lays burdens upon labor relatively much heavier than ours. German unemployment, always present, has reached conditions which are described as "terrible."

German emigration to the United States has practically ceased. It was attracted mostly by free, fat land. Its high-water mark was from 1880 to 1890, when seventy-three million acres—nearly half being in Nebraska, Kansas and the Dakotas—were brought into cultivation. Social reforms in Germany, especially touching the industrial class, have simply brought conditions there, in the general equation, nearer to a parity with the United States.

See the Wheels Go Round

FIFTY or more bills to regulate railroads are pending in the Kansas Legislature alone, we read, and doubtless several hundred in all legislatures.

In response to a resolution of the House of Representatives the Interstate Commerce Commission reports that nearly six hundred thousand rates, classifications and supplements thereto, varying in size from one page to seven hundred feet, were filed with it between July, 1906, and January, 1909, and that it will be necessary to compare many million separate items before the Commission can inform the House what increases of railroad rates have taken effect since the passage of the Hepburn act. After deliberating about two months, the New York Public Service Commission has decided that the Erie Railroad may issue bonds for the purpose of paying interest on bonds already outstanding. The Commission was blamed for taking so long a time to think it over; but the principle involved—whether a quasi-public corporation's gallant effort to borrow itself out of debt ought to be approved or not—was a very thorny one; all the more so as the decision would be regarded as a precedent, and might imply that the road, later, could issue some more bonds for the purpose of paying the interest on those now authorized.

We mention these things—all fairly within the scope of a single day's news—because so many people still fail to understand what fearful and wonderful things are embraced in the science of railroading. The amazing convolutions of rate-making are fairly matched at times by the convolutions of financiering; and both together make a squirrel in a wire cage look like a comparatively stationary object. Some of Kansas' fifty bills, presumably, are very foolish; but we believe that unwise railroad legislation is often merely a result of extreme dizziness.

The Profits of the Farmer

SUPPOSE the farmer calculated his profits in the same way that a manufacturer does. If you allow six per cent interest on the capital invested in land, implements and horses, an annual depreciation of one-tenth on the implements and one-fourteenth on the animals, seventy-five dollars a month for the farmer's own labor and thirty-five dollars for his wife's, then the actual cost to the farmer of producing wheat in the Red River Valley—the average yield being twelve and a half bushels to the acre—is practically one dollar a bushel. To make the twenty per cent net profit which many manufacturers demand, the farmer must get $1.19½ a bushel for his wheat.

Such are the figures, no doubt substantially correct, which a farmers' organization has presented to Congress. Of course, the farmer doesn't often figure that way. Probably, taking it by and large, he gets merely fair wages for his own labor and a moderate interest on his capital—which would, by no means, content a manufacturer. [illegible], we suspect, he is much more a working-man than a capitalist. He buys a farm, not because he expects to [illegible] a manufacturer's profit on the capital, but because it gives him an opportunity to apply his own labor. Generally speaking, to buy a farm is merely to buy a job.

But permanent jobs and farms are in very great demand, and the Western farmer has made a profit through the rise in value of farm lands. From 1880 to 1900, total wealth of the country rose from forty-three to eighty-eight billions, and all farm property from twelve to twenty billions. The farmer pretty nearly kept up with the procession—owing mostly to enhanced value of the land. The enhancement, of course, was most striking in the great agricultural States beyond the Mississippi. Farm lands in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and the Dakotas were valued at 1124 millions in 1880, at 2341 millions in 1890, and at 3807 millions in 1900. While value increased, roughly, two hundred and forty per cent, acreage increased a hundred and thirty per cent.

The increment cannot go on indefinitely unless the profits of farming progressively rise. Indeed, in the twenty years mentioned above, the value of farm lands in New England, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio decreased. Even in Michigan there was no increase per acre. The farm investment in 1900 somewhat exceeded twenty billions—sixteen and a half billions in land, three-quarters of a billion in implements and three billions in animals. That the plant yielded much net profit, as a manufacturer would figure profit, after paying for the labor of the ten million persons, is not probable.

Why the Peg Slipped Out

DULLNESS in the iron market has been much complained of lately. Shipments of iron ore on the Great Lakes fell from forty-one million tons in 1907 to twenty-five million in 1908. The output of steel rails decreased forty-seven per cent, and of pig iron thirty-eight per cent, being the smallest since 1901.

Such figures, and the slowness of the market since the end of the year, naturally provoked livelier criticism than ever of "pegged" prices, with the result, it seems, that the pegs have been pulled out. Previously they had slipped a bit; but for more than a year, while the supply far exceeded the demand, prices were held pretty near where they had been when the demand far exceeded the supply.

For this flying in the face of the grand old law of supply and demand the Steel Corporation was mainly responsible. The small output and dull state of the trade, and, finally, the decision in favor of an "open market," are held up as proof that the Corporation's policy was wrong, and as reëstablishing the supply and demand theory.

But the proof is far from conclusive. Supply and demand, as a law of prices, means mostly the supply of money. If you are out of money you have to sell for whatever you can get. Otherwise, relatively speaking, prices can as well be held at one price as at another. The Steel Corporation, with plenty of money, was in a position to wait. Owning mills, furnaces and mines, there was nobody back of it to whom it could hand a cut in prices.

We still suspect that the "pegged" price was the proper policy—for a rich monopoly. In short, the Corporation's intentions were probably sound, but its power over the "independents" was limited.

Death and Dollars in Russia

NO ADDITIONAL regret over this country's refusal to extradite a Russian refugee will be caused by the statement, lately come to hand, that Russian tribunals in 1908 condemned nearly two thousand persons to death—some singly and some in convenient batches; some on charges comparatively fresh and others for offenses alleged to have been committed when the revolutionary movement was at its height. Lapse of time seems not to lessen the executioner's activity nor to abate the Government's calm determination to take a full glut of vengeance for the troubles it suffered from aspiring subjects.

Otherwise Russian news consists largely of rumors that the Government, encouraged by its very tardy success in floating a big loan for warships, refunding and like objects of state, may now try to borrow some money for purposes of an industrial character. The big loan suggests that the Government has, at length, reached so assured a position that it is about three-fifths as good as the Government of the United States, from a monetary point of view—that is, its two hundred and eighty million dollars of 4½ per cent bonds were sold at 89¼.

No doubt we could issue a like amount of 3 per cents, shorn of special note-issuing privileges, at par. But as Russia has five times our debt and far smaller resources, the fact that she has to pay less than twice as much for money is rather flattering. Perhaps an industrial loan would not go so well. The Government's notable successes run upon mortuary rather than industrial lines.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Doctor of the Senate

THEY have just sent Dr. Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, back to the Senate for another term—which act will appear in the next edition of the Congressional Directory modestly described (in parentheses) as the first time they ever did such a thing in New Hampshire. Anyhow, that's what the Doctor said it was when they elected him the third time, and it must be the same with the fourth—they have just sent the Doctor back, and our bosoms swell with pride.

You see, the Doctor is one of the very few Senators who are of Dutch ancestry. At least, he is one of the very few who mention it; for during the past seven years any person of Dutch ancestry has not been popular with the Senate, especially one person of Dutch ancestry, named Roosevelt. About the only thing Dutch about the Senate, except the Doctor, was its continuous condition of being "in Dutch" with T. R., which is a cant phrase, but the Senate knows what it means.

Not so with the Doctor. He is of Dutch descent, says so himself in his autobiography, carefully prepared by himself, and longer than that of any other Senator except the thrilling recitals of the lives and past performances of Henry Algernon du Pont and Chauncey Mitchell Depew. Of course, the Doctor's autobiography is only two lines longer than that of Henry Cabot Lodge, which Mr. Lodge may be relied upon to correct as soon as he notices it, for he can sling several paragraphs more about himself, if he likes; but, as it stands, the Doctor thinks better of himself than any of the rest, except Du Pont and Depew, at least so far as putting it down in print goes.

His paternal great-grandfather emigrated from Holland previous to the Revolution and settled in New York, where his grandfather was born. The grandfather moved to Canada, and it was in Canada, on a farm near Cornwall, Ontario, where our hero was born, a circumstance greatly to be regretted, because it prohibits mentioning the Doctor for President, which all would dearly love to do, after reading his distinguished services as recited by himself. After working as a printer for a time, he studied medicine "in the city of his present residence"—isn't that a flossy way of saying Concord? He was graduated with honors in 1858 and practiced until he entered Congress, having, as he so perfectly puts it, "a practice that extended beyond the limits of his State," a sort of a long-distance practice, so to speak. He also made frequent contributions to medical literature, and is always called in whenever anybody faints away or falls downstairs in the Senate end of the Capitol; getting a few pleasant lines of justly-accorded recognition in the local press of Washington, thus: "The unfortunate was attended by Senator Gallinger, who is a physician."

A Polished Cupola in a Flood of Glory

BUT it is not as a physician that Doctor Gallinger shines most. Ah, no! He shines most when the golden rays of the setting sun percolate through the stained-glass ceiling of the Senate Chamber, the golden rays of the setting sun, sinking to rest, embosomed behind the hazy hills, and falling, falling, in a flood of glistening glory on the Doctor's head. Then it is he shines most, shines like the dome on the Congressional Library, for the Doctor, among his other admirable qualities, has the baldest head in Congress; balder, even, than that of Nick Longworth, who is the non-hirsute synonym for Ohio and the Middle West. It is a beautiful sight to see the Doctor sitting there in the front row, watching with eagle eye the progress of legislation, and glowing on top like a conical prairie fire.

We in the galleries have sat enthralled and watched the sunbeams coquet with that polished cupola, watched the illumination that shed a soft, rosy glow over all the Republican side, protesting volubly when the Doctor, ever and anon, stood up to tell the Senate what it was doing and how to do it, and spoiled the picture. And even on shady days, when skies are lowering, that noble, hairless expanse shows pinkly through the murk, a beacon of hope to all those who desire instruction, or a beacon of warning to all those who do not desire instruction, but will get it, anyhow.

It would take more space than can be spared, even for so distinguished a personage to enumerate the Doctor's many activities since he entered politics in the Granite State; but, casually referring to the list, it may be said that he has been member of both houses of the New Hampshire Legislature, surgeon-general of the State, chairman of the State Committee, at the head of various delegations to National Conventions, and that he made a speech seconding the nomination of Benjamin Harrison in 1888, which was the time Mr. Harrison came across, there being no mention of any speech the Doctor may have made seconding the nomination of Mr. Harrison in 1892, thus showing that there are episodes we are prone to forget.

The Little Father of the Washingtonian

He began coming to the Senate in 1891 and he has been coming ever since, progressing from the rear row to a seat in the middle of the front row on the Republican side, and to membership of the Committee on Appropriations and Naval Affairs and the chairmanship of the Committee on the District of Columbia. It is in this place that the Doctor endears himself to all those who live in Washington at such times as Congress is not in session. He is the Little Father of the Washingtonian, for the Congressional committees are the boards of aldermen and councilmen for Washington.

All Washington dotes on the Doctor—dotes on him and would dent him, if all Washington could. His fostering care is so evident, his conception of what Washington needs so perfect, that everybody loves him, loves him dearly. It is this way with the Doctor. Having in mind ever the requirements of his home city of Concord, he fixes it up for Washington on the same broad basis. What is good enough for Concord is good enough for Washington. Whereupon the Doctor exhibits much conservatism and that loyalty to home that is so greatly admired; but Washington doesn't get off anywhere in particular.

Radiating under the setting sun for so many years—1891 to 1909—the Doctor has studied assiduously the proper procedure of the Senate and acknowledges himself to be an authority thereupon. Thus we have the verb, "To gallinger," in current use in the Capitol, which means to instruct, to lay down the law, to chide, to correct, to censor, censure and direct.

The Ready Regulator of the Upper House

ANY time any erring Senator gets away from precedent, which, to the Doctor, is the first cousin to high crime and misdemeanor, the Doctor rises majestically, in his seat and tells the erring Senator how about it. He reads almost a daily lecture on the proprieties and improprieties of debate. He is always there with his ringing protest against a deviation from the regular order. He is the man who can point out the lapses and who can deplore them in strictly parliamentary language, but with a meaning between the lines that makes the abashed Senator who is the subject of his discourse wish he had not been so gay. To gallinger—it is a mighty good, expressive verb.

This is his self-imposed task. He is not going to sit idly by and watch the Senate do anything it should not do; nor is he intending to let the scoundrelly Democrats put through any of their menacing schemes without his strident asseveration that such must not be. He reads severe little lectures to the opposition and to all such Republicans as may be classed as insurgents, for the Doctor belongs to the regular organization. You bet! He is for regularity and organization first, last and all the time.

So he gallingers them, gallingers them until they slink back into their seats, awed and ashamed. 'Tis not too much to say that one caustically censorious speech from the Doctor makes the Senators to whom it is addressed do as they like. Still, it is a great thing to be a Ready Regulator for the Senate. Although he wasn't born there, he has lived long enough in New England to have one of those stern, New England consciences. That must be it.

Too Much Influence

SENATOR SIMMONS, of North Carolina, served one term in the House of Representatives, 'way back in 1886, and was defeated for reelection. This is why:

Simmons had secured a post-office for James City, a solid black town, got an appropriation for a public building at Newbern, across the river, and an appropriation for a road to the national cemetery near by. A negro was nominated against Simmons, but early in the campaign Simmons went to James City and had a big meeting. All the colored brethren were for him.

Simmons' opponent said nothing during the campaign. He didn't make a peep until the night before election. Then he held a meeting, and this is what he said: "Mr. Simmons is all right. He has sure 'nuff influence at Washington. One mawnin' he went up to the White House and he says: 'Mawnin', Mistuh Cleveland.'

"'Mawnin', Mistuh Simmons.'

"'Mistuh Cleveland, I want seventy-five thousand dollars for a post-office over at James City.'

"'Go right over to the Treasury and git it, Mistuh Simmons.'

"Pretty soon he goes up and says: 'Mistuh Cleveland, I want twenty thousand dollars for the road to the national cemetery in my town.'

"'Go right over to the Treasury and git it, Mistuh Simmons.'

"He's got plenty of influence, plenty, but lemme tell you niggers they's such a thing as too much influence. Some day Mistuh Simmons will go up to the White House and say: 'Mawnin', Boss Cleveland.'

"'Mawnin', Mistuh Simmons.'

"'Mistuh Cleveland, I want all them niggers down in my district put back in slavery,' and he'll do it, and then where'll you niggers be, I ask you?"

That settled it.

Had it in for Ham

EDGAR SMITH, who is one of the big lawyers of Muskogee now, but who used to practice in Arkansas, had a case once where there was great difficulty in getting a jury. Nearly all the talesmen had excuses.

Finally, one man was called. "What is your excuse?" asked the judge.

"Hain't got none."

"What?" asked the judge, much astonished; "you have no excuse? Are you sure your father isn't sick?"

"Bin dead twenty years."

"Doesn't your cotton need tending?"

"Don't raise none."

"Isn't the barn in need of repairs?"

"Ain't got no barn."

"And you can spare the time to sit on this jury for a month or so."

"You bet! Glad of the chance."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the judge; "you are the only man on the panel who has time to serve the State. How does that come?"

"Wal," said the juryman, "I heern tell you was goin' to try that ornery Ham Mitchell this yere term. He poisoned a cow of mine oncet."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Root, of New York, is the only statesman in Washington who wears his front hair in a bang.

¶ John Barrett, chief of the Bureau of American Republics, speaks Spanish like a native—of Vermont, which he is.

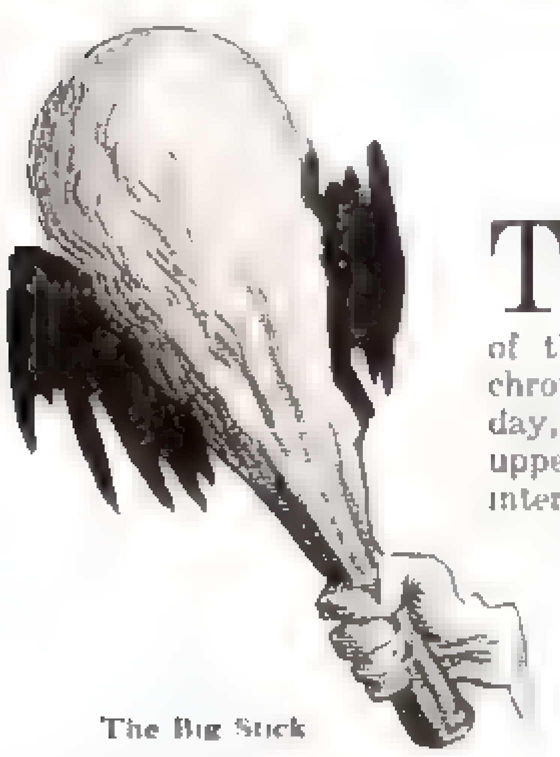
¶ Former Vice-President Morton owns the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. He stopped there one night and stopped the orchestra, too, because the noise kept him awake.

¶ John Callan O'Loughlin, Assistant Secretary of State for a few minutes, has so many decorations from foreign princes, potentates and so forth that he looks like a jewelry-store window when he gets them all on.

Roosevelt as Cartoon Material

By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



The Big Stick

THE duty of a newspaper cartoonist requires him to make a hasty review of the world's doings, as chronicled in the press each day, decide which topic is uppermost in importance or interest, and then construct a cartoon about that subject. Thus, in a measure, the cartoons of a period will constitute a fairly complete record of the chief events of that period, and any one who cares to scan the files of a paper is enabled to grasp the general trend of the big news by merely looking consecutively at this series of cartoons.

Assuming this to be true—and I believe that it is—the historian of the future who delves through the newspaper files of the years 1900 to 1909, inclusive, will come to one inevitable conclusion.

He will conclude that the most important news of that period was Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, President, politician, statesman, sociologist, reformer, defender of the faithful, exposer of shams, protagonist, antagonist, hunter, diplomat, apostle of Peace, wielder of the Big Stick, and founder, but not a charter member, of the rapidly-growing Ananias Club. He may also conclude that Mr. Roosevelt was both an Imperialist and a Socialist, and, perhaps, a Democrat and a Republican. The things that Mr. Roosevelt has said and the things that he has done, and, particularly, the way he has said and done them, have made him an inexhaustible Golconda of inspiration for the cartoonist. When all other sources of inspiration have failed him the cartoonist has turned with confidence to the President, knowing that the quest would not be in vain. As a timely topic he has been equaled only by the "weather." When news was dull the President has had the instinct to create live topics and the energy to want to do so. He has been a stimulant to the makers of newspapers and a cocktail to the readers.

His variety of mental and physical activities, aided by features that lend themselves gladly to caricature, have made him a tempting target for cartoon exploitation.

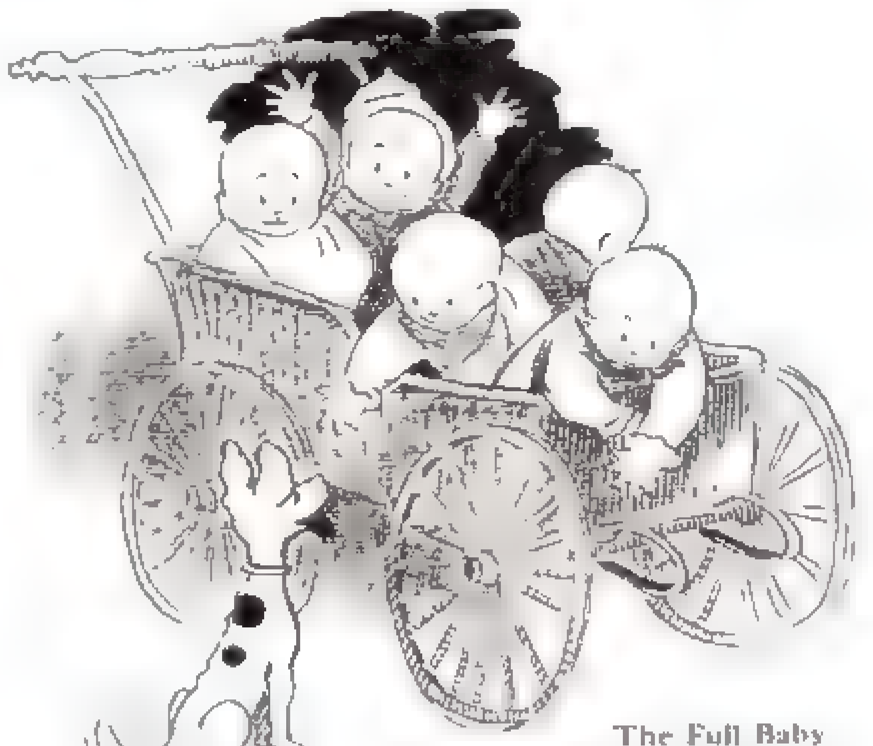
The Rough Riders as Publicity Material

IT MAY not be too much to say that much of Mr. Roosevelt's celebrity has been due to this fondness of cartoonists in picturing him. His teeth and eyeglasses became famous almost before he himself did. When he smiled it suggested a man in ambush behind a stone wall. His personal appearance was "catchy" as well as absolutely unique, and when, in addition, the great public heard that his name was "Teddy," the combination was one that tickled the popular fancy through and through.

I don't happen to know when Mr. Roosevelt first became a topic for national discussion. To New York State he was undoubtedly well known long before the country at large became interested in him. As a legislator, police commissioner, and whatever else he may have been in New York, he was probably known to many people as an aggressive "comer" of the live-wire kind. As civil service commissioner he began to extend his fame beyond the borders of his own section, and, one might say, "carried a spear" in the national drama. Possibly he had reached the stature of a cartoon possibility by that time, but certainly not a full-fledged one outside of New York

Even as late as his association with the events preceding the Spanish War he had hardly emerged from the vague mass we call the official class of Washington, or the impersonal "bureaucracy."

Then, all of a sudden, like the bursting of a rocket that showers red, white and blue stars in the sky, the nation, as one man, was talking about Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. If he had devoted a lifetime of earnest thought to the best method of capturing the fancy of this country he could not have selected one better suited to accomplish his end. The novelty of the Rough Rider idea struck the humorous, valorous and picturesque sense of the nation in one overwhelming, staggering blow. Rough Riders! It smacked of daring and dash and chivalry, like the Black Horse Brigade, the Louisiana Tigers and Morgan's Raiders, and the moment the words "Rough Riders" appeared in the press for the first time, their fame and his was assured. In proportion to the total war news printed at that time, probably over half was about Roosevelt's Rough Riders, the regiment made up of cowboys, collegians, gun-fighters, cotillon-leaders, millionaires and plainsmen.

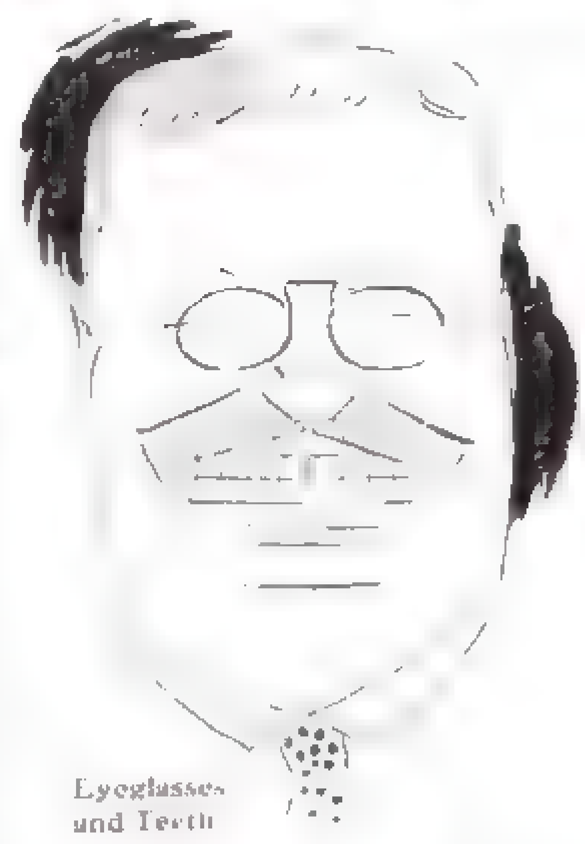


The Full Baby Carriage

From that time Mr Roosevelt became a valued asset of the cartoonist and, through the zeal of the latter, became crystallized in the popular imagination as a dashing figure in slouch hat and khaki, mounted on a rampant charger. To the people he was "Teddy," and, because of the democratic friendliness of this title, he won a peculiarly intimate place in the minds and the hearts of the whole nation. His conquest of the country was complete.

Since then he has been our man of destiny, more talked about, more hated, more beloved, more everything else, than anything in recent history. It has become a habit to think about him, either kindly or otherwise, but certainly to think of him. If for any reason our attention is momentarily deflected elsewhere, we find that the limelight soon returns, as if by habit, to its customary focal point, Mr. Roosevelt

Many Presidents of the past have allowed their mental processes to operate in a limited orbit, touching only the weighty problems of statecraft and diplomacy. Not so Mr. Roosevelt! No class of people, no subject, has been too humble for his absorbed attention. He leaped blithely from a discussion of foreign policy to the more homely but far more interesting discussion of race suicide. When we wearied of tariff talk he gave us a diverting thrill in the form of an Ananias crusade. "How to make farm life more attractive to boys" came in for the same eager consideration as the most direct method of insuring the construction of a many-million-dollar canal.

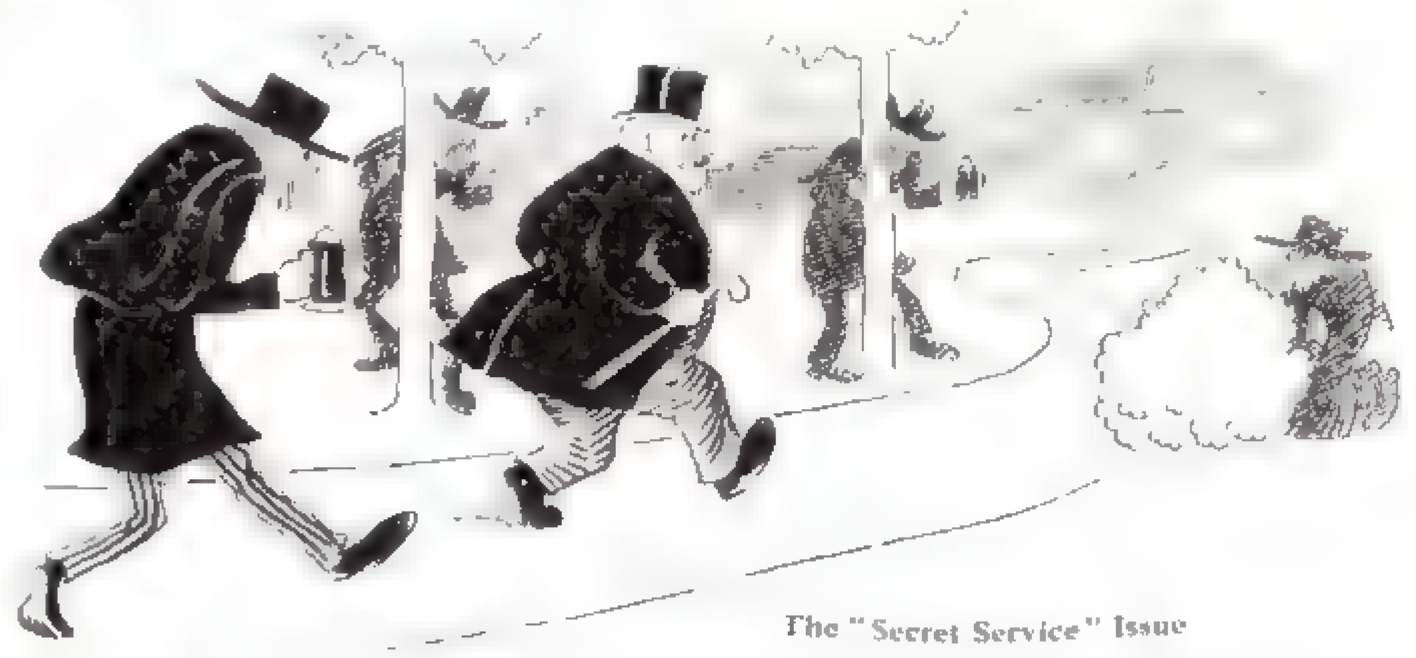


Eyeglasses and Teeth

He recognized that the things in which people were interested were not huge and somber problems of government. He alternated his state documents with little human documents on the habits of the bob-cat, or the right way to play football. He created his topic, then talked about it in such clarion notes that in a day or two the whole country was grappling with the subject and wondering why it had never thought of it before. When some rival claimant for the public ear gave vent to a mighty speech, Mr. Roosevelt blanketed him with a reply so much more mighty that the rival was left groping in penumbra.

A Master Phrase-Maker

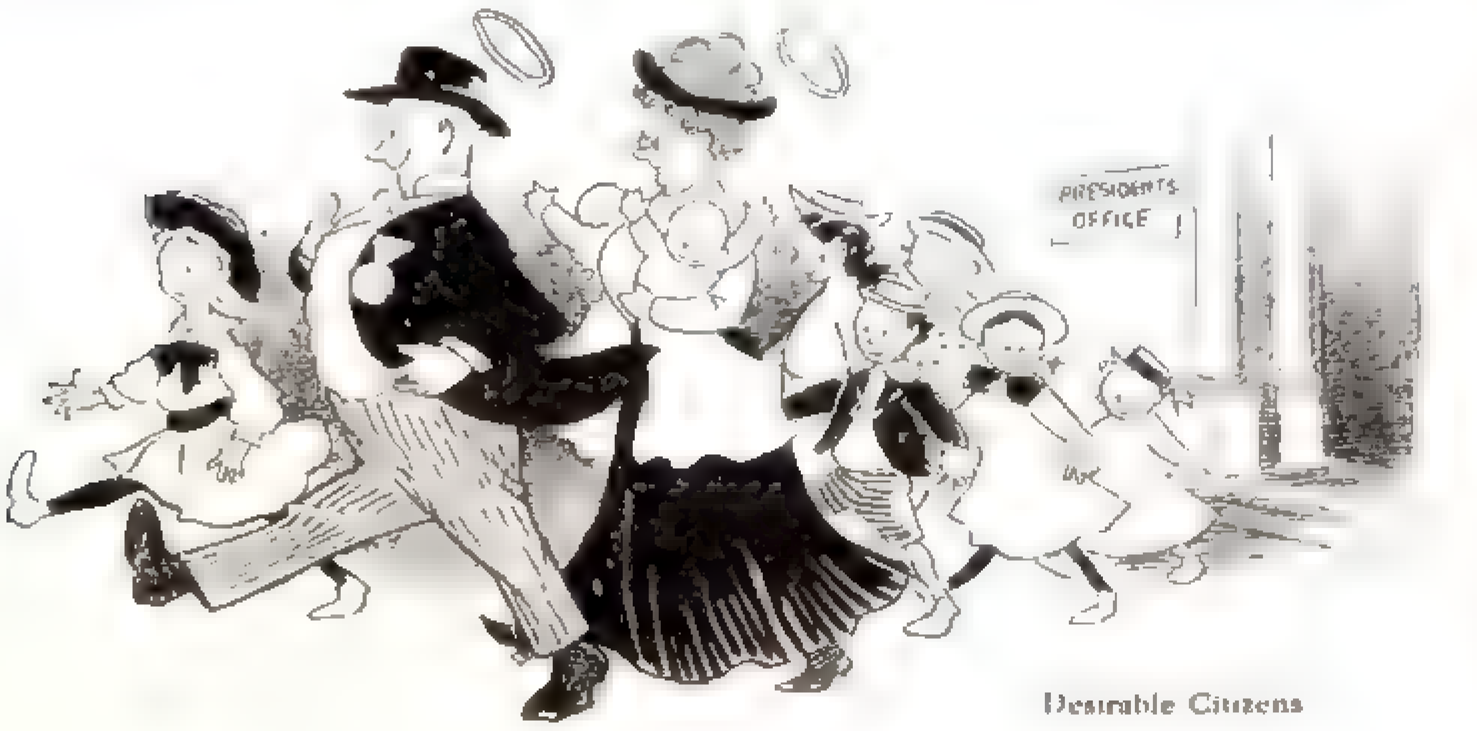
WHEN Mr. Bryan returned home from his world tour and made his great Madison Square *faux pas*, Mr. Roosevelt sprung his simplified-spelling bomb, which, in point of universal interest, took the edge off of Mr. Bryan's speech. When the nation was waiting intently to read what Governor Hughes was going to say in a recent New York speech, it awoke in the morning to find that the President had sprung a sizzling pronunciamento of such fiery importance that the Governor's speech was lucky to get on the eighth page. And, in addition to his inspired instinct for knowing what will interest the people, he has the invaluable asset of good horse-sense, which he is genius enough to clothe in picturesque language. As a coiner of words and a doctor of phraseology he is supreme The word "strenuous" has become a household word, practically coexistent with Mr. Roosevelt's régime, although the word has slumbered in the lexicons for ages. "Mollycoddle" tickled the ear and would not be forgotten. "Swollen fortunes," "malefactors of great wealth," "the predatory rich," "muckrakers," "a soft word and a big stick," "tainted money," "de-lighted," "the crop of children is the best crop of a nation," and hundreds of other expressions that have leaped into public favor like the words of a popular jingle, owe their vogue to his instinct as a promoter and advertiser.



The "Secret Service" Issue

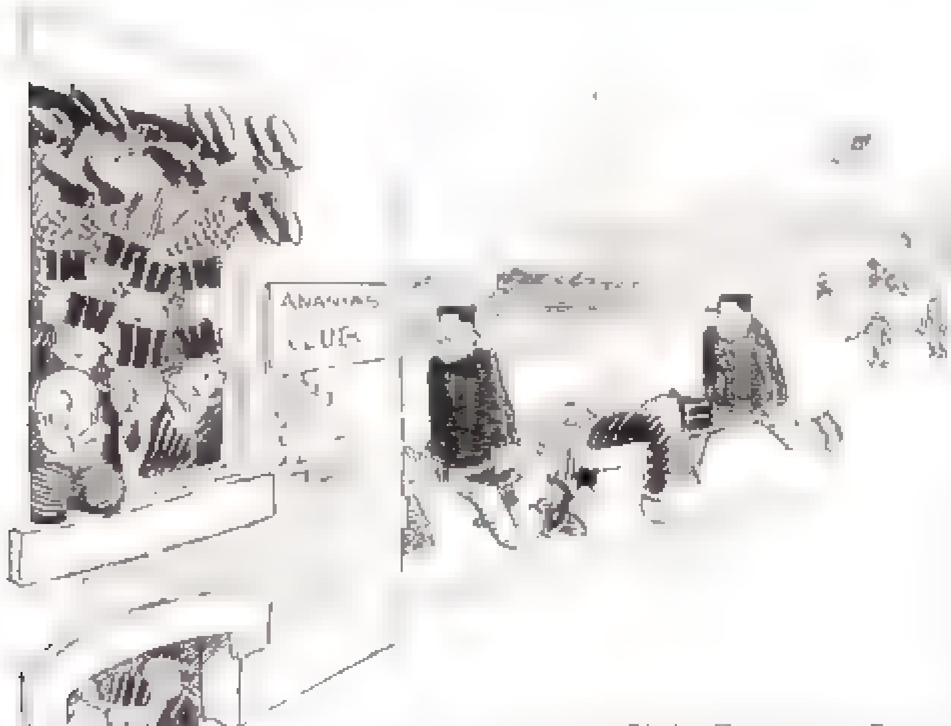
No wonder that the cartoonist finds him such a wealth of suggestion!

Even in his messages to Congress he contrived to introduce little touches of human interest as well as a range of subjects that furnished material sufficient for cartoonists to work on for years. Take, for example, the synopsis of one of his annual messages—that of 1906 which, if supported by a Congress as energetic as he, would have disposed of all the evils that threaten our Government



Desirable Citizens

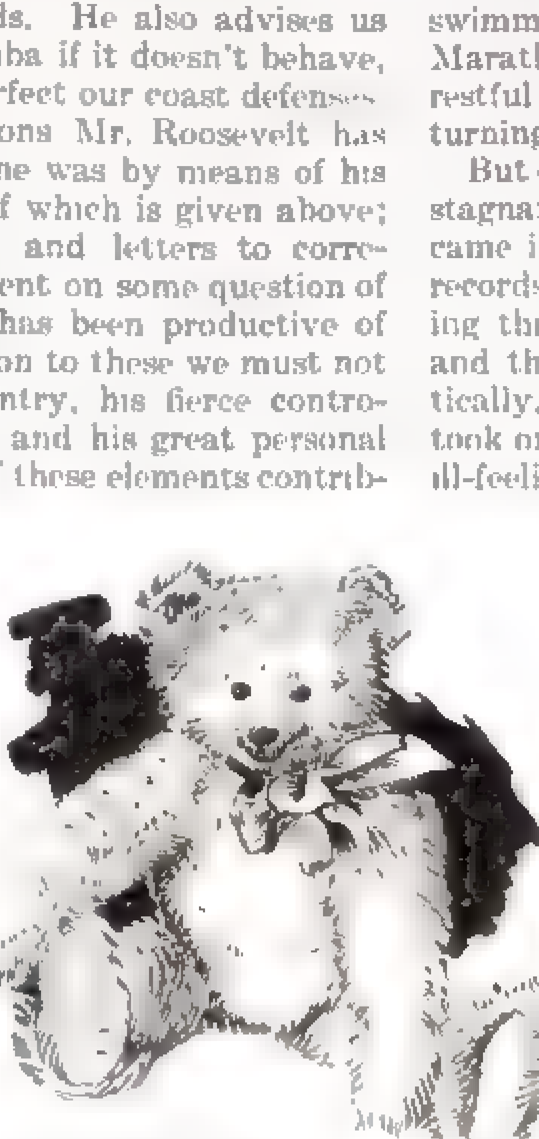
"Make race war impossible by abolishing lynching," he said. "Abolish lynching by inflicting a summary death penalty on those guilty of assaulting women." "Pass a law making 'immunity baths' impossible; another law demanding publicity in corporations; a law protecting all corporations from contributing to campaign funds, and a law demanding the supervision of trusts." He also said that injunctions are all right and should be upheld; that we should save the coal lands; that race suicide is criminal, that swollen fortunes should be remedied by a graduated inheritance tax; that strikes should be made impossible by means of a board of arbitration; that public ownership is not desirable; that ship subsidies are desirable; that we need currency reform, a reduction of the Philippine tariff, and scientific agricultural methods. He also advises us to respect the Japanese, annex Cuba if it doesn't behave, keep up an efficient navy, and perfect our coast defenses.



The Ananias Club—Recruited From the White House

In creating his topics for cartoons Mr. Roosevelt has pursued a number of courses. One was by means of his messages to Congress, a sample of which is given above; another was by public speeches and letters to correspondents who wished enlightenment on some question of interest. Each of these courses has been productive of scores of cartoon ideas. In addition to these we must not forget his trips through the country, his fierce controversies with powerful opponents, and his great personal popularity with the people. All of these elements contributed to his value as a cartoon subject.

My own experience as a cartoon chronicler of Mr. Roosevelt extends back only to 1900, at which time I resumed cartoon work after an extended absence in the Far East. He had just been nominated for Vice-President, having been "kicked upstairs" by his political enemies, who sought to get rid of him by making him the vermiform appendix of our Government. In most of the cartoons of this period the Rough Rider type of military hero is used to symbolize the man, but a change came along in the following year. McKinley was assassinated and there was a violent outcry against some of the cartoons that had savagely attacked him. Many people believed that to these cartoons was due the impulse that prompted his death, and, in consequence, the cartoonist community of the country was suddenly subjected to a severe moral restraint. A strong reaction was compelled by popular sentiment, and when the new President took his seat he was treated with unusual respect and deference in the cartoons.



The Teddy Bear

Bernard Partridge, in Punch, drew a spirited but very dignified cartoon which pictured the new Executive as a fearless man on horseback, slouch-hatted, flannel-shirted, and khaki-clad, but withal a distinctly complimentary representation. It satisfied the President as well as the people. It seemed impossible to express otherwise the popular conception of Mr. Roosevelt at that time, so, by degrees, the American cartoonist edged back to the slouch hat and khaki uniform with which the popular imagination endowed him. And so, in consequence, most of the earlier cartoons of the Roosevelt reign are found to represent him in this manner.

In 1901, acting more as an executor of Mr. McKinley's policies than as a proponent of new ones of his own, we find that he inspired comparatively few cartoon ideas. His volcanic energy was in leash. But in January, 1902, his initiative began to assert itself once more, and in consequence of it he soon became embroiled with Congress, with the result that the latter dumped the Panama Canal problem on his hands and told him to settle it the best way he could. His method was direct, unparliamentary and decidedly effective. Soon afterward the newspapers were filled with cartoons of the famous Roosevelt-Miles controversy, the first of the long series that has made his Administration both belligerent and memorable.

In June of 1902, Judge Taft first appeared with Mr. Roosevelt in the cartoons. The President, attired in the newly-won robes of an LL. D., was represented in the act of conferring degrees upon his most faithful lieutenants, Judge Taft receiving the degree of Doctor of Benevolent Assimilation in recognition of his splendid work in the Philippines, Secretary Root the degree of Doctor of War, and General Wood the degree of Doctor of Diplomacy.

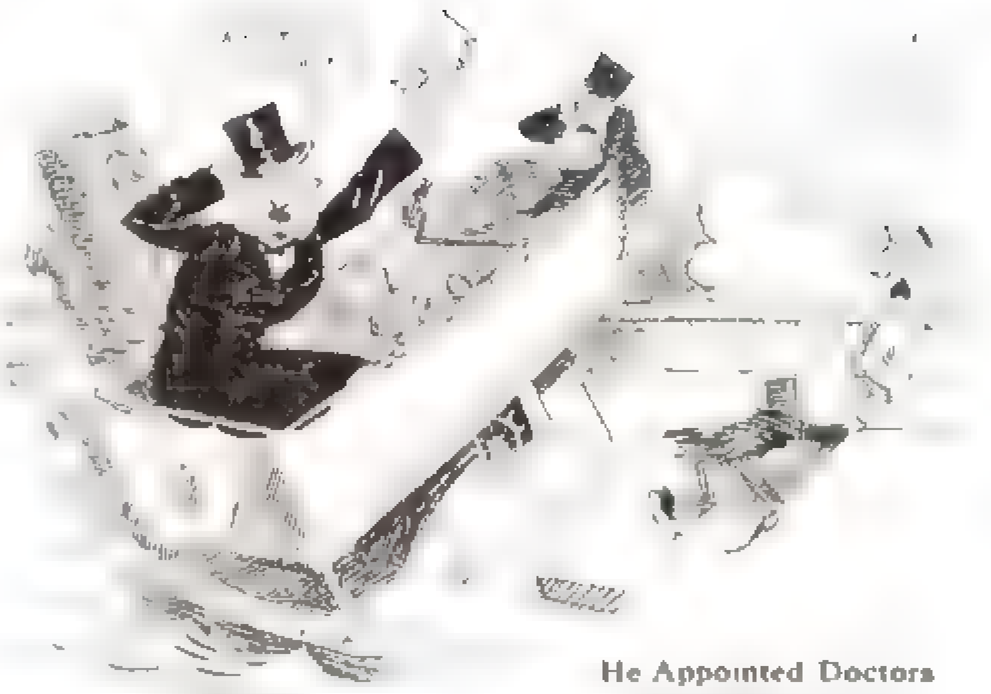
The year 1902 was also memorable in the cartoon world because it was then that Oyster Bay was added to the assets of the cartoonist. Hitherto it had won no particular identity as a geographical center, but when the new President made it his summer capital it burst into a sudden, garrulous importance that made its humble name a misnomer. Here the President went for rest and quiet, but, if he got relief, it was not from the cartoonists. Every detail of his daily life was duly cartooned, largely from imagination, and spread to the winds. Even the visitors that swarmed to Oyster Bay drove the humorists of the pencil to extremes of activity. There was an amazing variety of visitors, you may be sure, and they ranged throughout the entire gamut of humanity. For instance, on Monday, the President entertained the champion tennis player; on Tuesday, some old Rough Rider friends; on Wednesday, some fellow LL. D.'s; on Thursday, a couple of old-time hunter friends; on Friday, a few politicians; on Saturday, some brother historians and authors. Between times he would seek relaxation by chopping down a few trees, swimming across Long Island Sound, taking ten-mile Marathons, and doing other things of a similar restful sort. No President ever worked so hard turning out material for cartoons.

But even rest and quiet must have an end. The stagnant monotony of life in Oyster Bay soon became irksome, if we may judge from our cartoon records, for we find him, early in September, dashing through Dixie, with people cheering and the Stars and Stripes waving frantically. "Marching Through Georgia" took on a new significance, and sectional ill-feeling came to a sudden and timely end. All of this was ammunition for the grateful cartoonist. Each day he set it down in black and white and then waited breathlessly for what the morrow was certain to bring forth. There was no predicting what form the news would take. For example, one morning we woke up to be confronted by a dispatch saying that he had been made an honorary colonel in a British regiment. Imagine the cartoon possibilities of that dispatch! We hastened to use it before anybody could deny it.

In November of 1902, wearying of the monotony of Washington, the President went bear hunting down in Mississippi, pursued by hundreds of alert correspondents who gave us bulletins fresh every hour, and incidentally scared away all the bears. It must not be considered for an instant, however, that this period of activity was wasted. In "the last analysis," as Uncle Joe says in all his speeches, this bear-hunting propensity of Mr. Roosevelt produced the crowning triumph of his personal popularity. From it evolved the "Teddy Bear," a household idol that threatened the very existence of the doll-baby and became a necessity in every house that had an active cradle.

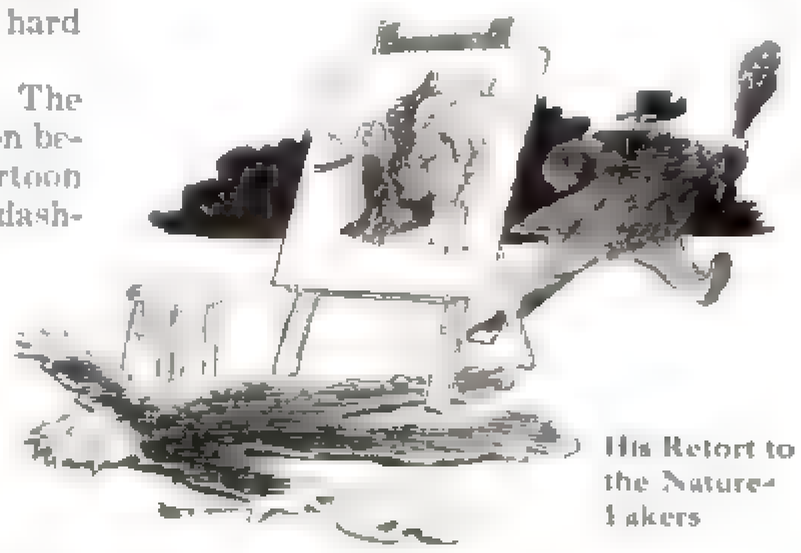
Race suicide then became a national issue, not as a plank in a party platform, and not to promote the sale of Teddy Bears, but as a by-product of one of the President's leisure moments. The full baby carriage rivaled the full dinner-pail in favor, and, as the latter is essential to the former, very fortunately the two have been coexistent during the greater part of his Administration. "An unmarried man is a criminal" was a bomb that cured reluctant bachelors of aphasia at the crucial moment.

By this time, in 1903, the President had become the great Mecca for sightseers in Washington. He had received such generous press notices that no tour of the Capital was complete without him. Congressmen were kept busy piloting curious constituents to the White House, and excursionists arriving in the Capital put off Mount Vernon and the Monument and Senator Hanna until the next day. Admiring fellow-countrymen brought all sorts of presents in token of their esteem: alligators from the South, hunting dogs from the plains, turkeys from New England, and bear cubs from the West. The state dining-room of the White House partook of the character of a zoo. Parents with record-breaking quantities of children brought them down to receive the Presidential benediction and congratulations. All of which appeared in the cartoons, of course.



He Appointed Doctors in Command of the Hospital Ship of the Navy

On his many flying trips throughout the land he was hailed as the Advance Agent of Posterity, a delicate compliment paid him by the Society for the Prevention of Race Suicide. In grateful appreciation he showed his gratitude by presenting a one-hundred-dollar check to a child that was named after him, and the next day hundreds of parents of all colors and races renamed their youngest children and sent special delivery letters to the eminent patronymic. Little human touches of this sort have contributed immensely to Mr. Roosevelt's value as a provoker of cartoons.

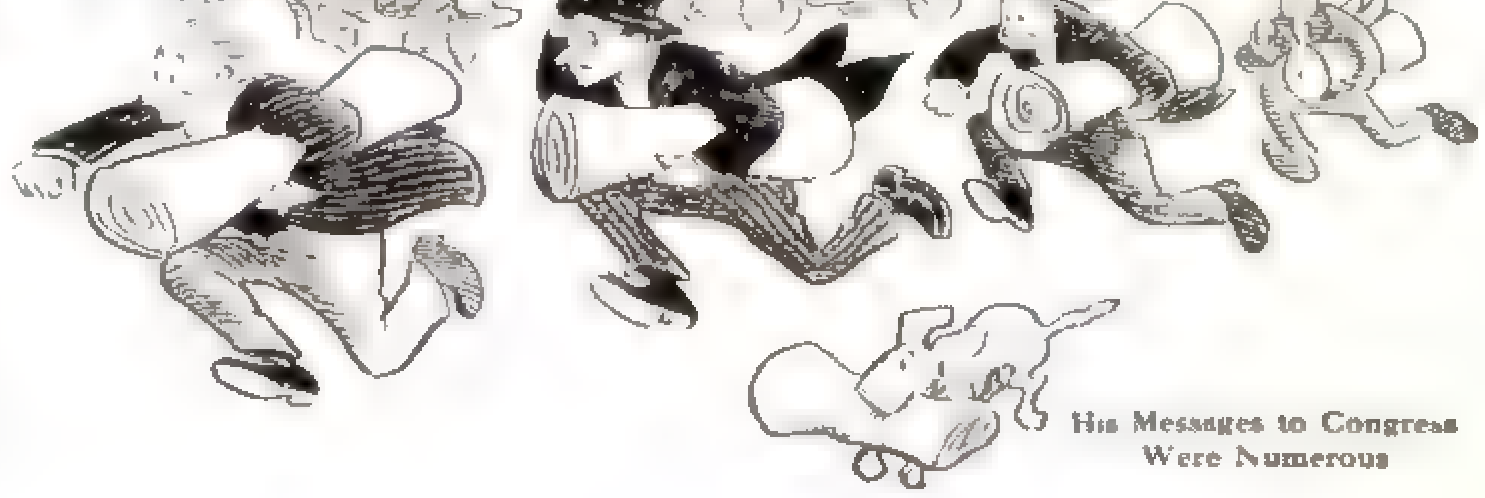


His Retort to the Nature-Fakers

His value in this respect is also greatly due to his courage in disregarding antiquated precedents. The fact that no other President had ever done a certain thing in no way restrained him. He revised all precedents to suit his own convenience. Time-honored traditions, unless strongly backed up by good reasons of a modern nature, were swept aside without a moment's hesitation. His trip to Panama, his illustrated message to Congress, his luncheon with Booker Washington, his one-hundred-mile horseback ride in seventeen hours, his trip in a submarine, his Brownsville fight, his boxing lessons, his jiu-jitsu instructions, his around-the-world battleship cruise, many of his messages directed at individuals—all are evidences of his supreme disregard of the old-fashioned notions of Presidential dignity.

No President has ever been in personal touch with as many sections of the country or as many classes of people as Mr. Roosevelt. His luncheons at the White House were attended by representatives of all kinds of men—those prominent in the labor world, the religious world, the financial, social, political, diplomatic and sporting worlds,

(Concluded on Page 45)



His Messages to Congress Were Numerous

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A WAITING PATRIOT

Washington Impressions of a Willing Worker Who is Expecting a Job

I HAVE learned a good many things since I have been in Washington, but the main one is that in politics it isn't what people say to you or what people promise to you that counts. What counts is what you get. If any one had told me considering my letter from Mr. Taft, that a week after inauguration I would be sitting in the Willard Hotel with no more job than a rabbit and very humiliating prospects for getting back home, I would have told him he was crazy and did not understand how the Republican party was run Now I am beginning to think it is I who am crazy

A few days before the inauguration I was talking with my friend Slathers, and he turned to me suddenly and said: "What's your graft?"

"I don't understand what you mean " I replied in a way that gave him to understand I thought he had no business to ask such a question of me

"Oh, well," he said, "it's all right. Don't tip your hand if you don't want to. Only I have taken a kind of a fancy to you and I thought I might help you. Of course, I know that what you say about getting a place in the next Administration is a blind. You have some other scheme under cover."

"Look here, Slathers," I protested. "I haven't any other scheme. I worked hard to help elect Taft, and I wrote and told him so after election. Then I got a letter from him that gave me encouragement to come down here and look around for something good I wanted. So I came. That's all there is to it."

"Let me see the letter," he said, holding out his hand.

He read it through twice.

Then he looked up at the ceiling, whistled a little, and read the letter again. Finally he handed it back to me.

"Young fellow," he said, "either you are the biggest innocent that ever trailed in here out of the West, or you are clever enough to hold this thing up for a cover for some job you are working. Do you mean to tell me that you came here on the strength of that letter?"

"Certainly," I asserted very stiffly, for he was beginning to get on my nerves.

The Revelations of Slathers

He whistled some more. Then he took a lot of letters out of his pocket and handed me one. "Read that," he said.

It was a letter exactly like mine, dated from Hot Springs, Virginia. It gave me a cold chill when I read it

"George," Slathers shouted to a man who was walking by, "have you got that letter from Taft with you that you got in reply to your telegram of congratulations."

He had He dug it up out of his pocket and handed it to Slathers "Look at that " said Slathers I read George's letter. It was almost the same as mine, but it was signed by Mr. Taft himself instead of by his secretary

"My boy," said Slathers kindly, "I'll bet a thousand dollars there are not five men in all this crowd here in this lobby who have not in their pockets or at home a letter similar to that one of yours, only some of them will be signed by the secretary and some by Mr. Taft himself. You see, those things are graded. A most important man gets a real letter. An important man gets a form letter signed by Taft. The rest of the crowd get letters signed by the secretary. Did you think you were the only man who congratulated Mr. Taft on his election? That is the first thing every man in the United States who has any political ideas or ambitions, or who wants anything, or has a friend who wants anything, does when a new President or a new Governor is elected. Pretty nearly nine million men voted for Taft, and I'd hate to guess at the proportion of this nine million that wired or wrote him, offering their congratulations and stating how much work they did. Come on, now, and tell me what is your real game and maybe I can help you."

Well, I broke down. I told him I was here to get a political job and that all I had was that letter. I wasn't feeling any too well, for my money was getting low and I knew I would have to get something pretty quick or go hungry. Besides, my father-in-law was raising hob back home about me being here doing nothing, while he had to support my wife and the children, and I was feeling pretty blue, anyhow.

Cold Comfort From Congressmen

Slathers is a good sort. He cheered me up and asked me if I knew my Congressman. I told him I had a sort of an acquaintance with him, but that I had felt so sure of getting a good place that I had rather ignored him and I didn't think I was very strong with him

"How about your Senators?" he asked

"Same with them," I told him. "I went up to see them one day and they were both busy, and I haven't been back since."

Slathers thought it over for quite a spell. Then he said: "Young man, if you take the advice of a man who has been playing this Washington game for twenty-five years you will hike back home, go to work and forget politics. In the first place, if you will pardon my saying it, you are entirely too simple to do anything in politics, and, in the second place, you haven't got a chance of landing anywhere unless they put you on a temporary roll somewhere, out of charity. Go on home and go to work."

I sat up most of that night thinking over what Slathers said, but, somehow, I couldn't bring myself to believe it was true. Of course, he had a letter like mine, and so did his friend George, but he must have been exaggerating when he said nearly everybody in that hotel lobby had similar letters

Things didn't look very promising, but I bucked up as well as I could, and a day or two later went up to see our Congressman. He came out when I sent in my card, and the first thing he asked, "Are you here yet? What are you doing? I thought you had gone back long ago."

I told him I was preparing to take a place under the next Administration, and he said, "Good! I'm glad there is one man in our district who can get a job without laying down on me. I congratulate you, and, of course, as you do not need my influence you will not object if I exert a little of it for Jim McSoud, who is coming here in a few days and who also wants a place. You will have to excuse me now, for there is an important debate on in the House."

He was laughing fit to kill when he went through the doors. It gave me a shock to think Jim McSoud was an applicant for a position, and I spent the rest of the afternoon in Statuary Hall wondering if it wouldn't have been better for me if I had taken the Congressman into my confidence

On the afternoon of March third, when I was standing on the curb at Fourteenth Street and the Avenue watching the visiting delegations march in, with the bands playing and the banners flying, I saw a company of men wearing frock coats and high hats coming up the street, headed by a band. Some of them seemed very familiar and when I took a closer look I discovered it was the Taft and Sherman Marching Club from home, and the two men leading it were Judge Bolus and Jim McSoud.

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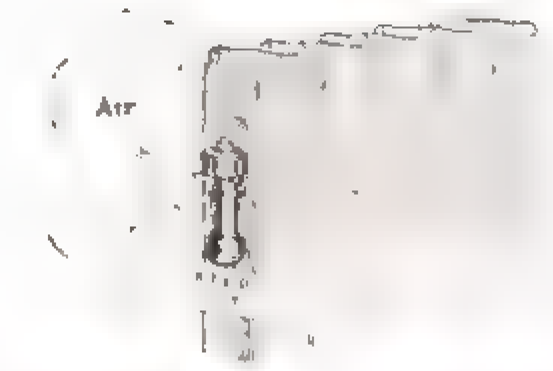

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They marched and counter-marched and after a while disbanded and went to their hotel.

That night I went around to see them I found about forty of the boys there Judge Bolus and Jim McSoud were sort of offish, but I didn't mind that, for I was on the ground and had them beat that far, at any rate. Still, Judge Bolus did ask me if I wouldn't like to march with the club, and I said I would. He said to get me a frock coat and plug hat and come along I borrowed a coat from Slathers and bought a pretty fair hat at a second-hand store, and next day I marched with the club.

I didn't see much of the inauguration We stood for hours on a side street before it was time for us to get into line, and then when we came up the Avenue it was so hard keeping step that I didn't get more than a blur of the stands and the crowds and all that. When we turned at the Treasury Building and went down past the President's reviewing stand I saw Taft for the first time in my life, although I was a correspondent of his. He was standing up there, bowing and smiling, and he looked so good-natured that I couldn't help thinking it would be all right when I called on him at the White House.

That night Jim McSoud told me he had the promise of a good job and that our Congressman was legging for him. "I suppose you are fixed," said McSoud to me. "Sure," I replied. "Well," he said, "I am glad of that, but Judge Bolus and I don't see how you did it. You must have an almighty strong pull."

Inquisition at the White House

I sat around and talked with the boys. They left next morning at ten o'clock and I was homesick to go along, but I thought I might as well play out the string. After the boys had left I put on my best suit and went up to the White House. The place was jammed. I stood around and saw Senators and Representatives and all sorts of prominent men going in to see the President, and after a while, when the crowd had thinned out, I told the doorkeeper I wanted to see Mr. Taft myself

"Have you an appointment with him?" the doorkeeper asked

"No," I said, "but I have a letter from him."

He didn't say anything, but just held out his hand I gave him my letter. He read it and said: "You will have to make an appointment, sir, or be introduced by your member of Congress"

"How can I make an appointment?" I asked

"See the Secretary."

I went over to the door of the Secretary's room and told the doorkeeper I wanted to see the Secretary.

"What is your name and your business?" he asked me.

I told him I wanted to make an appointment with the President.

"For what purpose?" he asked coldly.

"For the purpose of getting a position," I replied.

"Oh," he said, "you must write to the Secretary, inclosing your indorsements, and he will communicate with you."

I protested that I must see the Secretary, and showed him my letter

"That does not entitle you to see the Secretary," said the doorkeeper.

Then I was desperate. All the weeks I had spent here, and all the money, came to my mind, and I pleaded with that doorkeeper. "Please take it in," I said, "and ask the Secretary if he will not see the man to whom he wrote that letter."

The doorkeeper thawed out a bit and went in. In a few minutes he came out, handed me back the letter and said: "Mr Carpenter is very sorry, but he cannot see you now. At some future time he will be glad to talk with you."

I went back to my room, and next day I tried again. I tried for five days in succession, until the doorkeepers got to know me and shook their heads when I went in the door. Finally, the young fellow at Mr. Carpenter's door took pity on me and signaled me to wait. He went into the room and presently came out and beckoned me to follow him.

I went in, my heart beating very fast.

"What is it you want?" asked the Secretary.

"Why," I replied, "I wrote Mr. Taft immediately after he was elected, telling him of the service I had performed for the ticket and suggesting that I should be given a good place under his Administration. You must remember the letter."

He shook his head. "I regret to say that I do not," he replied, "for there were so many letters of that kind."

"But," I persisted, "mine was an exceptional case. I gave you the figures. I wish you would call the attention of the President to what I said, for I am anxious to go to work at once"

"My dear sir," he said, "you have absolutely no claim on the time of Mr. Taft A hundred thousand men in this country did as much or more than you did. This letter is but a kindly reply to congratulations and carries no other meaning. It is one of thousands sent out. If you are an applicant for a position you must select the position you desire and file your application, together with such indorsements as you may be able to procure. Good-morning."

I went out in a daze. It was all true what Slathers had said, and I was a fool I wandered around on the Mall for several hours trying to think out a way to get back home, but I couldn't

That afternoon I went up to see our Congressman. He was in his room in the House Office Building, and he wasn't any too glad to see me.

"Well?" he said shortly, as I came in.

I put on as brave a face as I could and sat down. "It seems," I said, "that in order to make it regular I must have the indorsement of you and our Senators before Mr. Taft can give me the place he has in mind for me."

"It seems, does it?" he snapped. "Well, of course, it seems that way. It has seemed that way to me all along, but you have been swelling around here for five or six weeks, blowing about what you were going to get and all that. Now you come whining up here to ask me to indorse you. Just think it over, my friend, and tell me if there is any reason on God's green earth why I should indorse you for anything, or ask the Senators to?"

I couldn't think of any reason, and I told him so. Then I broke down and told him how I had been fooled and that I must have a job or starve, for I had but very little money left and there was no way that I could see for getting any more

He softened up a bit after that. "I can't do anything for you," he said, "for I have indorsed Jim McSoud for a place, and that is all your county is entitled to have. However, I'll speak to Jim and Judge Bolus and see what we can do. And now you take some advice from me. You go back home and go to work, for you are a child at this game. You get out of politics. It doesn't amount to anything, anyhow, and in five years from now, if you work the way you ought to, you will wonder what kind of a wild ass of the desert you were to come projecting around here thinking you could get a Government job, and what you wanted it for, anyhow."

That was a bitter dose, that Jim McSoud information, and I guess I cried a little when I walked down the hill and past the Garfield statue.

McSoud, the Good Samaritan

There wasn't any place for me to go particularly, so I went to the hotel and sat down in one of the big chairs. It was mighty tough to give up this way, but I knew I had to, for I couldn't stay around any longer without some revenue.

I was trying to figure out how I would get back home, and had promised myself, if I ever did, I would go to work and get out of politics. It wasn't a very promising prospect, but I was doing the best I could at it when Judge Bolus and Jim McSoud came along.

"Hello!" I said, "I thought you went home with the boys."

"No," answered the Judge; "we are staying here a few days fixing up that appointment for Jim. How are you coming on?"

"Not very well," I said.

Jim McSoud looked at me sharply. He hasn't been much of a friend of mine, but I could have hugged him for what he did then.

"Say," he said, "I am not going back for a week. I've got the return-half of an excursion ticket that will run out in a couple of days. How would you like to use it? I hate to have it wasted."

He handed me his railroad ticket. I choked and stammered, but I took it. And I used it.

No more politics for me.

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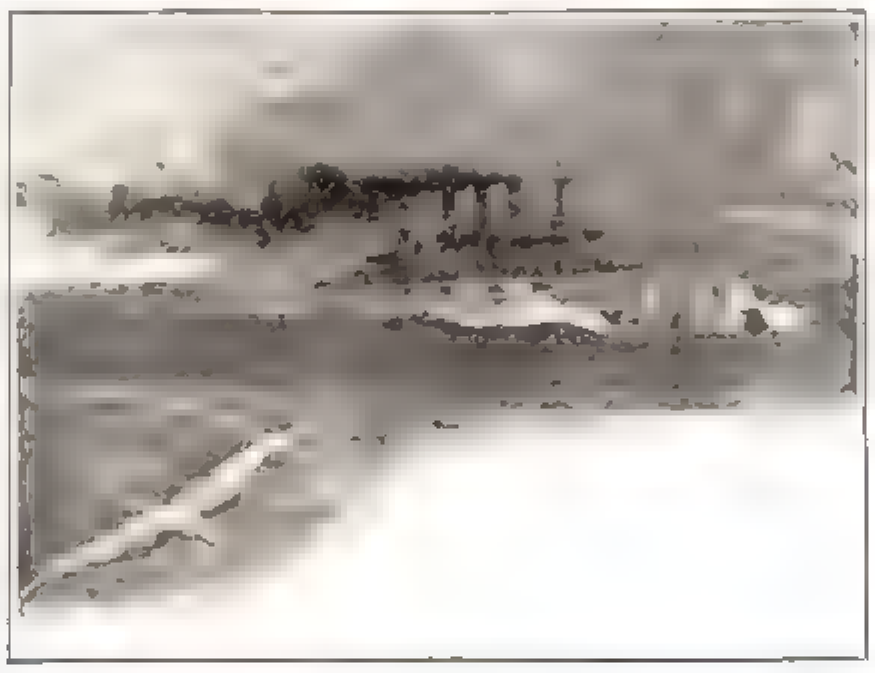

On and Off Duty With the Men Behind the Guns

By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

ONE bell, half-past twelve o'clock, in the afternoon watch of a bright summer day, with the ship jogging along at an easy, ten-knot gait over an indigo-blue sea, glass-smooth save where, here and there, a zephyr stirring in the air spreads a million evanescent, meshlike lines as of filmy nets cast upon the waters.

There is no lingering at table over after-dinner coffee for Jack. But the master-at-arms has seen to it that the smoking lantern is lighted, and the main deck forward is taking on life again. By twos and threes at first, then in constantly increasing numbers—some through the doors of the superstructure, others up from below out of the hatches—the men crowd on to the forecastle, strolling about in pairs, chatting together, or sitting and lying on the deck reading well-thumbed papers and magazines. Brawny fellows, with the strip of red tape at the shoulders on the sleeves of their shirts, the watchmark of the engineer's division, are lying prone among the huge anchor chains, glad of a whiff of air of the open after the heat and labor of the engine-room. A big-framed man spreads a piece of canvas on the deck, sits down and pulls off one big shoe, then, stretching himself on his back, makes a pillow of his shoe, tilts his white canvas hat over his eyes, and, with his great, muscular hands clasped on his breast, settles himself on the hard planking for a nap. A group of trim marines, a bandsman or two, not so trim, lounge against the barbette of the big turret, and watch a pair of athletic young seamen—of the ship's baseball nine probably—as they toss a ball swiftly from one to the other.

Away forward in the bows, where the headrail runs back on either side of the deck, rows of men, most of them with the dark-blue watchmark of the seaman on the sleeves of their white jumpers, stand shoulder to shoulder, leaning their elbows on the rail's flat, steel top, and look with curious eyes out over the sea, or gaze down into the limpid water beneath them, where, gleaming pink below the surface, the blunt end of the ship's massive bow, the culminating point of the tremendous power back of it, forces way through the depths. Quite young, hardly more than lads most of them, are these members of the warship's crew who lean over the rail. All bear the signs of splendid physical health in their sturdy frames, and there is not a dull face among them. Yet about them is an almost awkward air of unfamiliarity with their environment, a lack of some certain quality in their makeup difficult to define, bringing out in strong contrast with them the seamanlike figures of two men, standing somewhat aloof by the jack-staff in the very eyes of the ship.

Boatswain and Turret Captain

Two finer types of the American man-of-war's-man of the highest class than presented by these men it would be difficult to find. The elder is the boatswain of the ship, firm and strong of face, compact and sturdy of form, bearing his half-century lightly on his broad shoulders. In his long service of more than a score and a half of years he has seen the transmutation of the warship from the wide-sparred, wooden frigate of his youth to the great, steel, fighting steamships of the day; and he has met the radical and rapid change in construction, equipment and motive power with keen intelligence and ready adaptability, so that he feels himself as much at home in his present environment, conducting his complex duties with equal skill and understanding, as when, in the days of tack and sheet, he faced the vicissitudes and dangers of a sea-life with the simpler means then given into his hands.

The younger man, turret captain to a pair of the twelve-inch guns Maxine Elliott and Carrie Nation he has named them, because "one's a *winner* and t'other's a *smasher*," he says—owns to a three-fourths score of years less than his senior, yet he has seen service, too, as the red enlistment stripes under the chevrons of chief petty officer on the sleeve of his coat indicate. There is a bold alertness in his thin, clean-shaven face; a look of intellectual strength shows in the clear eyes under the straight-browed, high forehead from which his cap is carelessly pushed back. A product of modern conditions, his first schooling in the Navy has been that of the seaman, and he and his mates of the turrets constitute part of what is known as the seaman branch of the service. Yet his special work has but little in common with the generally accepted significance of the term. As the boatswain is to the first lieutenant of the ship, so is the turret captain to the officer in command of his particular turret; he must at all times be competent "to perform the vitally essential duties" connected therewith, and is one of the trusted foremen among the hands of that "factory for producing hits per gun per minute," the battleship, the acme of the fighting power of which is reached by the turret guns.

No Tar for Him

There is the gleam of a smile in the boatswain's eye.

"Yes," he speaks up in his booming voice, musingly as if to himself, "they are a likely lot of boys. Not the kind we used to make sailors of; but then sailor-ways ain't—in a manner of speakin'—what sailor-ways were when I was a boy. How could you expect it with the apologies for rigging you have aboard ship nowadays? Why, I told one of 'em the other day to tar down the mainstay. I had a nice piece of an old woolen sock, soft and spongy, just the sort of piece of stuff to give a fine, smooth polish to the work, and I gave it to the boy, showing him how to use it. Pearls before—well, I won't use the word; the boy was willin' enough, only he didn't know better. But what does he do but come to me a little while afterward and beg for a paint brush, sayin' he couldn't use the rag without *gettin' his hands all tar.* Now, what do you say to that? Oh, no, I didn't cuss him out—what was the use?—I let him have the brush. No, these boys don't get much chance to learn sailor-ways these days when everything runs to gunnery drill, and target firing, and battle practice."

"Sailor-ways are all very well, sir," the turret captain responds, "and, of course, they help make the men smart and ready. But the main thing, accordin' to my notion as to what they're here for, is to learn 'em to shoot, and to shoot straight. Even if some of 'em are afraid of gettin' their hands tarred, you won't find 'em afraid of hurtin' 'em when it comes to shootin'. What's this ship made for first, anyway? Sailin' or fightin'?"

"Pshaw! you're talkin' through your hat," the boatswain exclaims with some heat. "Will you tell me how you are going to fight your ship if you don't know how to sail her? Who's on the bridge but seamen? Who navigates her, and steers her, and brings her to anchor or gets her under way? Who's got to be able to manage her in currents and tides and fogs and gales of wind?"

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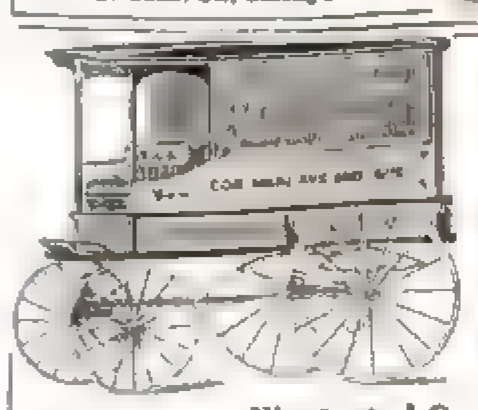

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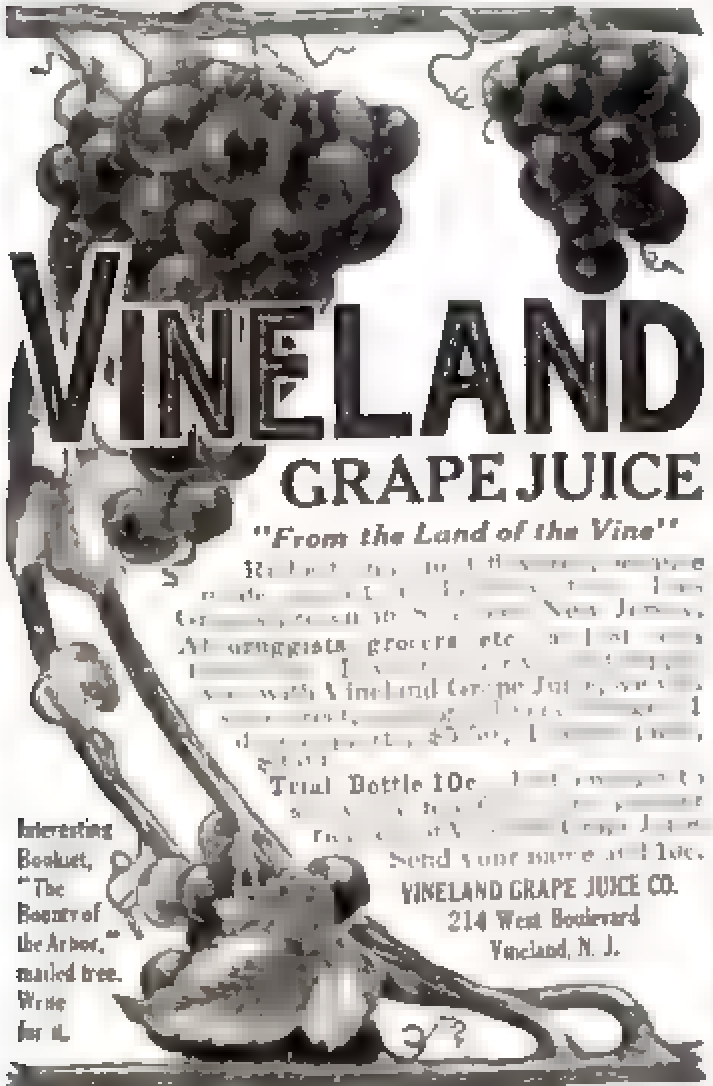

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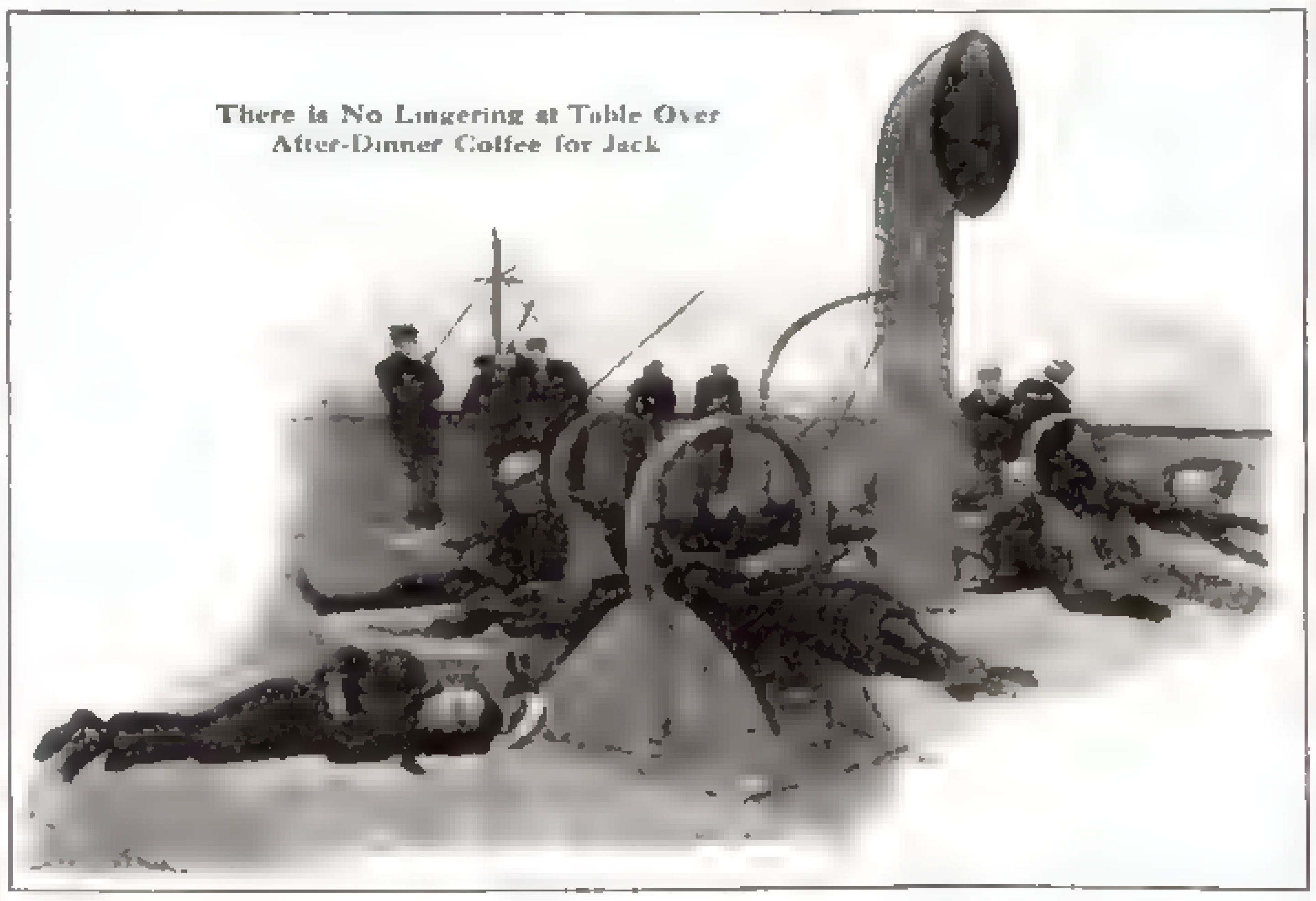
"Well, of course I been goin' to sea too long not to know all that, sir; that's a *syney quay non* with any ship. But this vessel ain't no Atlantic liner, nor no cargo-tramp, neither; she's built for *fightin'* and what I mean to say is, that all the seamanship in the world won't help much, when it comes to a scrap, if the men aboard her can't handle her guns."

A trumpet sounds somewhere on the lower forward-bridge. The turret captain takes a hurried puff at his cigarette, and throws the end overboard as he hurries aft. There is a stir among the people on the forecastle as, obedient to the summons of the bugle, the men move off, all except the recumbent forms with the stripes of red tape at the shoulders. The call to turn to does not concern them, and they have a good two hours yet to lie about and doze and yarn until the time comes to take up shovel and sleebar and oilcan again at the fires and engines below. The boatswain taps his pipe on the outer face of the headrail, dropping the dottle over the side. The drill-call that follows after an interval does not concern him either, but there is work of some kind always there for the boatswain, and not many are his moments of leisure during the day. There is something or other to be overhauled now—perhaps there is some small leak from the deck into the chain-locker—so he, too, moves away.

Bending low under the overhangs some men lift themselves up and into the turrets through the small, square hatches that pierce their floors; two or three figures of others appear on their roofs; there is a sheen of gold lace on the sleeves of one or two among them. The thick-armored steel towers are moving, smoothly turning, and the great guns protruding from them are slowly swinging up and down, following the elevation and depression of the Morris-tube targets, a device for practice in sighting the guns, fixed to the light framework which extends out from on top the turrets. All along the length of the ship—from forward and after turrets, from inside the superstructure and on the lower bridges, where the marine detachment is working at the torpedo-defense battery—tiny puffs of vapor rise and short, snappy detonations patter, with a noise as of a dozen shooting-galleries at some summer pleasure-place. "Ping-pong," as the bluejacket says—the almost daily recurring exercise and drill of the gun pointers, preparatory to the serious work of actual target practice—is in full swing.



There is No Lingering at Table Over After-Dinner Coffee for Jack

Drills of various sorts take up a good part of the day on a man-of-war. At sea instruction in the use of the guns receives, perhaps, the greatest share of attention. The work at the batteries includes not only the labor of the actual gun-crews—such as loading, training and sighting and the target drill just mentioned—but also the handling and providing of the ammunition, exercise in the use of the fire-control system—the means by which the fire of the guns of the various batteries is guided and regulated from directing centers. The bluejacket is at his best in the way of drills when at the great guns. Emulation with the crew of the neighboring gun, rivalry of his battery with that on the opposite side of the deck, or in the other turrets, are to him incentives to effort. But more than that, the work interests him. He looks to tangible results of his labor at the next target practice, and though the American man-of-war's-man—possibly because he is American—is very apt to be careless or indifferent in the performances of duties he sees no reason for, in that which arouses his interest he does his work ably and with the intelligence which no person who knows him well will deny him.

Though, as the turret captain says, the ship would not be of much use in a "scrap" if the crew was not skillful in the use of her weapons, there are other exercises and drills of the greatest importance in the development of the general efficiency of her crew and for the safety of the vessel, in or out of a fight. Every day the scream of the siren-whistle signals the alarm of collision, and all through the ship below the water-line the water-tight doors are closed. At any time the rapid strokes on the ship's bell and the harsh blare of the trumpets may summon all hands—seamen, marines, idlers, the entire crew—to fire quarters. A well-drilled crew will take station with astonishing rapidity, equaled only by the speed with which the trained firemen of one of our large cities will "go into action" as it were. Each man of every division or section becomes so familiar with his place and duties that, once a fire is discovered, the danger of its spread is reduced to a minimum.

An instance of the remarkable order and discipline of the crew of a vessel, long in commission, and where the men had become thoroughly trained and efficient man-of-war's-men, came under my observation once while on board one of the ships of a squadron of evolution at sea. A fire was discovered among the coal, but no call of the crew, as a whole, to fire quarters was made. No doubt there was uneasiness among the people—to use a naval designation indicating the members of the crew in general—but to all outward appearances the work of the ship went on as usual. Forward on the bridge, the gaudy signal-flags rose to the yard and fluttered down, as the commands from the flagship were acknowledged, the ship never pausing or halting in the performance of whatever manœuver was going on, while on the decks below, where the bunker with the burning coal was situated, the men of the division of that particular part of the vessel fought and overcame the threatening danger.

"General quarters," when officers and men are rushed to the battle-stations, and the batteries are manned and magazines opened, present one of the most stirring scenes of man-of-war life, and the call to them may be sounded at any time of the day or night. Once a very high personage dined on board of an American man-of-war which was lying at anchor in one of the harbors of his dominions. The dinner was good, the company better, and the very high personage and the captain got along famously together. They sat long over the after-dinner coffee and cigars, and it was very late in the evening, long after

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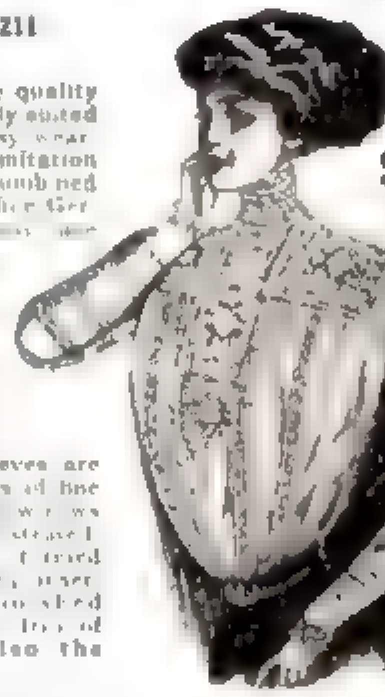

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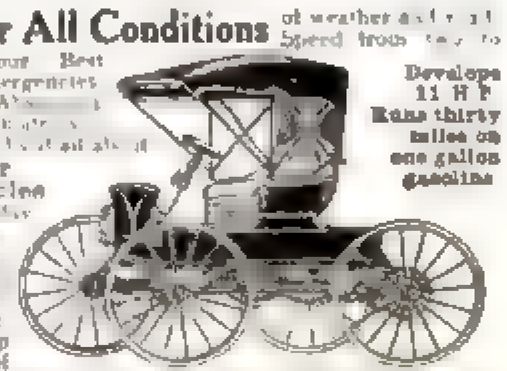

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tattoo, and the crew was sound asleep, when at his own request the high guest was conducted forward to examine some mechanisms that had formed the subject of part of the conversation. Bending low under the hammocks of the sleeping men, where they swung in clusters from the beams, the party from the cabin made its way along the deck to the forward bridge. The very high personage was much interested and in answer to his inquiry as to the use of one of the various electrical appliances there, was informed that it was for the purpose of giving the alarm for "general quarters."

"I would like to see that," he said.

Of course there was nothing for the captain to do but to accede to such a wish at once. He turned to the officer of the deck who was standing somewhat apart.

"Mr Blank, beat to quarters!" he ordered.

"Aye, aye, sir!" the officer replied and—"pushed the button."

There is nothing more quiet and still than a man-of-war at night when the crew is asleep. But now, almost at the touch of the lieutenant's hand, from inside the superstructure and from the decks the ringing clangor of gongs and, almost simultaneously, the brazen clamor of bugles broke the silence of the night. A confusion of voices, raucous cries, and commands peremptorily shouted, a quick rush of hundreds of feet, the banging of steel doors and clang of bolts shot, and the rumbling of machinery abruptly set in motion—bedlam seemed to break loose between decks. Then, almost as suddenly as it burst out, the uproar subsided. From the deck a voice sounded through the gloom: "First division ready, sir!" and another and another took up the cry, as the divisional officers reported.

In less than two minutes from the time the alarm was sounded, the men—half-naked as they had sprung from their hammocks; officers, some in pajamas, their bare feet thrust hastily into slippers as they left their bunks—stood fully equipped at the guns in the darkened spaces of turrets and batteries where only the screened battle-lanterns burned. Magazines were open, and the automatic ammunition hoists running; guns were "cast loose and provided"—the ship was ready for action.

Skies are not always bright nor the sea blue and calm, and the forecastle offers no pleasant lounging place this dark and lowering morning, when heavy rain squalls drift across the water ahead, shutting in and narrowing the horizon. The captain is on the bridge. The wind blows in savage gusts, and the sea, gray and dreary, tosses spume-streaked, tumbling waves and breaks in heavy bursts of foam high up over the pitching bows, sending showers of salt water fiercely swishing straight across the forecastle deck, where a pair of men in dripping oilskins and high, rubber boots, their sou'wester hats strapped tight under their chins, bend their heads and hunch their shoulders to the whip of the spray as with quick-working hands they secure the ventilators, lashing them fast to the anchor chains. In fiercer and yet fiercer spurts the wind strikes against the canvas screens of the rails upon the bridge, driving the rain in stinging drops into the faces of the men peering over them. Backed against the rail, and with the further shelter of a sort of hood covering it, is a shelf or table where a chart, held secure by heavy weights, is spread. Over it the navigator is bending, dividers in hand; then, rising erect, he picks up his binoculars and scans the horizon, a frown on his face.

With one last, furious swoop the squall passes, whistling, overhead; the rain ceases abruptly, and a long bar of glittering, silvery light crosses the sea ahead, as a ray from the sun struggles downward through the heavy clouds.

"La-a-nd ho!"

A sudden cry comes from the signal-boy in the corner of the bridge.

"Where away?"

"Two points off the starboard bow, sir," the lad sings out, lifting himself on his toes to reach out a pointing hand over the rail.

In the starboard chains, on the little platform that juts out from the edge of the forecastle deck below the bridge, the leadsman stands, and gathers the coils of the lead-line preparatory to sounding.

"'N'd the lads—'at long for lib-bur-tee
They turn to—with a will,
As we—drops our—anchor easy——"

he drones in a low voice to himself, as in ever swifter circles he swings the line with the plummet at its end; then, with a sudden grunt, heaves, and the lead, dragging the line in quick uncoiling length, flies toward the bows and plunges into the water.

Skies are Not Always Bright

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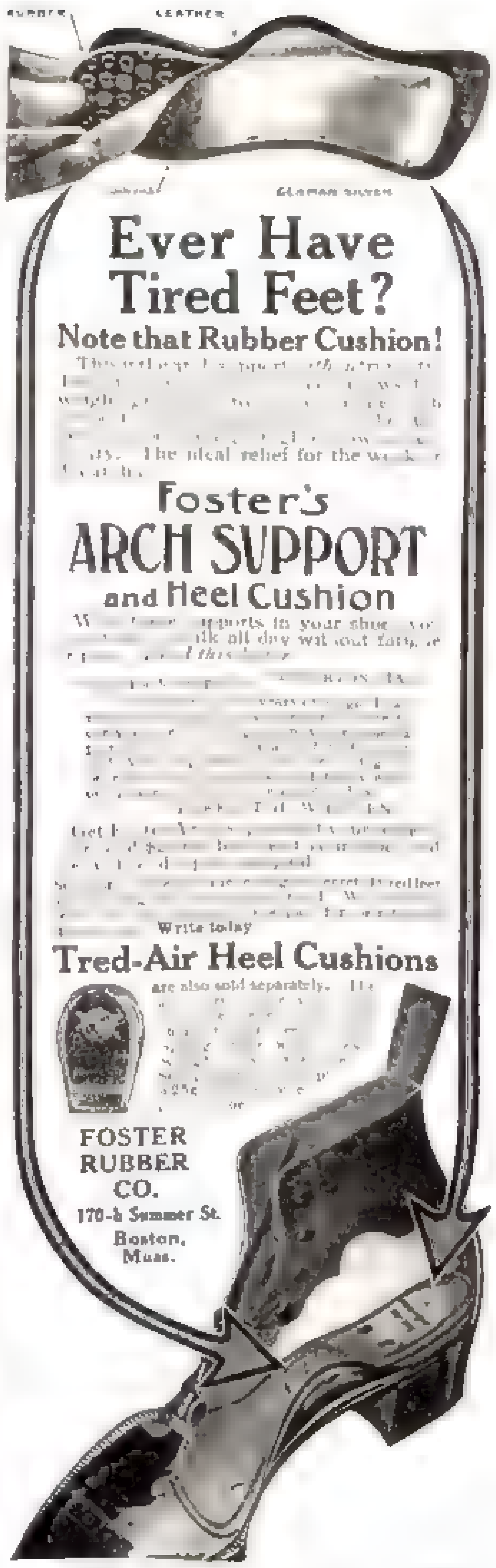

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HOW RICH MEN INVEST THEIR SURPLUS

From the Trustee's Viewpoint

AFTER a considerable amount of investigation I determined that my first rule for the investment of trust funds should be this: not to risk more than one-tenth of the normal income to be expected from the estate in any one investment. For example, let us suppose that the estate represents $1,000,000 and that the income normally to be expected from this by the most careful selection of investments, is $50,000. Under this consideration the limit of any one investment would be $5000.

Perhaps quite as effective a way of putting it would be, that the investments should be so distributed or limited that the complete loss of any one of them would not involve the loss of more than the normal income for a month, or, at the most, two months. Of course, the purpose of this distribution of the fund into many comparatively small investments is to avoid the loss of any considerable fraction of the principal.

I admit, of course, that this schedule of proportions could not be maintained in the investment of a fortune or an estate of comparatively small proportions. In other words, there is a minimum limit below which one cannot go, to any advantage, in buying desirable listed securities.

It is decidedly difficult, for example, to invest less than $1000 in good bonds.

From my own experience I would say that the only safe investments, using the word in its strictest sense, for an amount of $1000 or less is a mortgage on real estate of some character, either city or farm property, or an underlying bond.

Why Bonds are Best

Still another phase of this problem to be taken into consideration is the fact that the rule of investment which I have proposed compels a far greater amount of investigation, care and labor than would be required in dividing the total into, say, ten equal parts and investing each of these in some standard industrial, municipal or public-utility bond. On the other hand, I am absolutely convinced from my own experience that a much higher percentage of return is to be had from the more painstaking and laborious rule of procedure.

Another inflexible rule which I adopted at the outset of my trusteeship was that no stocks of any kind, no matter how "preferred" or alluring, should be invested in. Bonds and mortgages, underlying liens upon property, were the only forms of investment considered.

The reason for this cautious rule must be apparent to all who are to any degree familiar with affairs. Perhaps it may be most effectively suggested by the statement that many a corporation has gone into liquidation the bonds of which have remained absolutely good and have not been defaulted upon in spite of financial troubles of the organization. And even in cases where the liquidation has affected the bonds it has done so to only a slight degree. In other words, even in cases of decided corporation disaster, the entire investment in the bonds of the affected company has not been swept away.

Still another rule which I adopted was that not a dollar of funds intrusted to my management should be invested in any enterprise in which I was personally interested. This is a matter upon which I feel strongly. Every man having the handling of a trust fund should, in good conscience, settle it with himself at the outset that he will stick to this, no matter what happens—for it is when "something happens" that he will be most tempted to depart from it and to invite disastrous results.

In looking over a list of the securities in which the funds of the estate to which I have referred have been invested, I notice that they naturally fall into the following classifications: mortgages on farm and city real estate, industrial bonds of utility corporations, like street railways, gas companies, telephone companies, bonds of large industrial concerns, like the United States Steel Corporation and other manufacturing organizations, park bonds, the underlying bonds of railway companies, drainage district bonds, bonds of large office buildings, school district bonds, municipal bonds and tax warrants.

Of these the straight industrial and the farm and city mortgages have, as a rule, yielded the highest percentage of return. In investing in park bonds the greatest care should be exercised to see that the particular issues under consideration have been legally issued. To this end I have always taken the precaution to know that the question of the legality of the issue had been passed upon by lawyers of approved standing. Drainage district bonds are, as a rule, very secure investments for the reason that the whole district drained is liable for the bonds, and this often means that the loan represented by the bonds is not in excess of fifty cents an acre. I refer now to the Central and Eastern States, not to irrigation bonds. When it comes to industrial bonds those known as "serials" seem to me to be particularly attractive for the reason that, as the term implies, they are issued under an arrangement that they shall be paid or taken up in installments; consequently there is a constantly increasing margin in your security.

While it is, perhaps, a little aside from the main question, it may be allowable to observe that a decided advantage is to be had, from the investment standpoint, in the handling of all comparatively small estates to have, as one of the trustees, executors or administrators, an individual as well as a trust company. The reason for this is that the tendency of the big trust company is to plump the entire funds of the estate into a few high-class and very stable securities which, by the very reason of their soundness, yield only a low percentage of returns. On the other hand, when a bright man has at least a share of responsibility in the selection of investments the personal equation is introduced, and this means the introduction of personal energy. A private individual interested in the handling of a trust fund will go to greater pains in looking up securities, and the result will be, almost inevitably, a higher percentage of return.

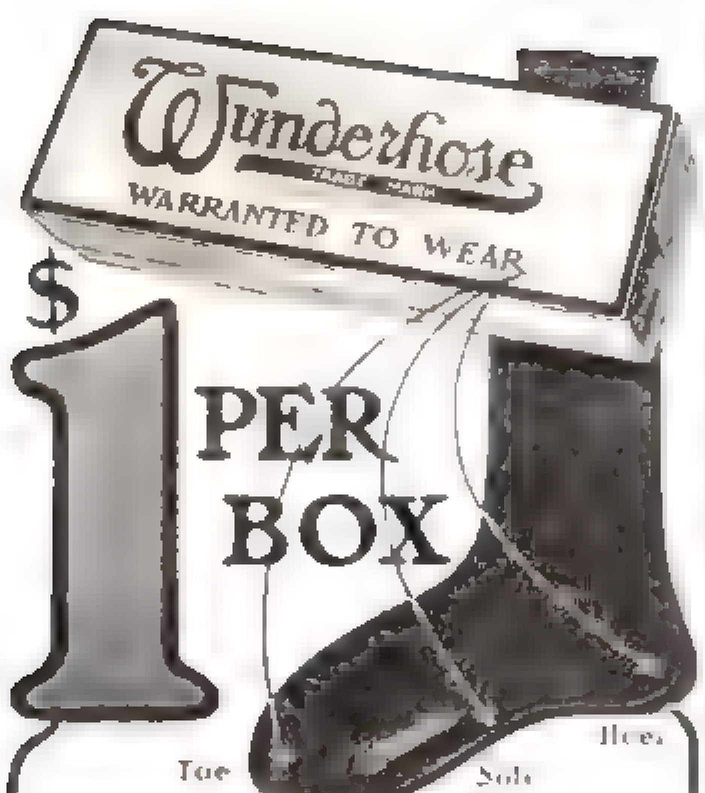
Corporation Insurance

All that has been said with regard to the rules and principles applying to the investment of trust funds is entirely pertinent to the line to be followed in the investment of a private fortune by its owner. Very few men are so isolated that they have no one dependent or partly dependent upon them, and in this sense of the term a man's own fortune, even when he is in his prime of life and at the pinnacle of his productive capacity, is a trust fund.

Perhaps all business men will not agree with the suggestion, but I cannot refrain from saying that, in my opinion, every business man should carry enough life insurance to cancel his personal debts and obligations—and the harder the times the more life insurance he should take on. Again, I am strongly in favor of what may be called partnership or corporation life insurance. Let us suppose that any one of the head officers of a corporation is about equally valuable to its success, and that each is worth in earning capacity to the enterprise $100,000. It is the part of prudence and business foresight, it seems to me, for each of those men to take out a life-insurance policy in the amount of $100,000 payable to the corporation, so that, if he should be removed by death, the direct loss to the company will be covered by the insurance which may be realized upon immediately at his death. Many a firm, many a corporation has been sadly crippled by the sudden death of an important member of its organization who has neglected this precaution.

Finally, there is one principle which it seems to me is a wise one to follow: "Do not invest in any business which it will not pay you to watch." Or, to vary the phrase, do not put money into an enterprise that is not good enough and big enough to warrant you in taking a controlling interest and giving it your active coöperation.

—F. S. PEABODY.



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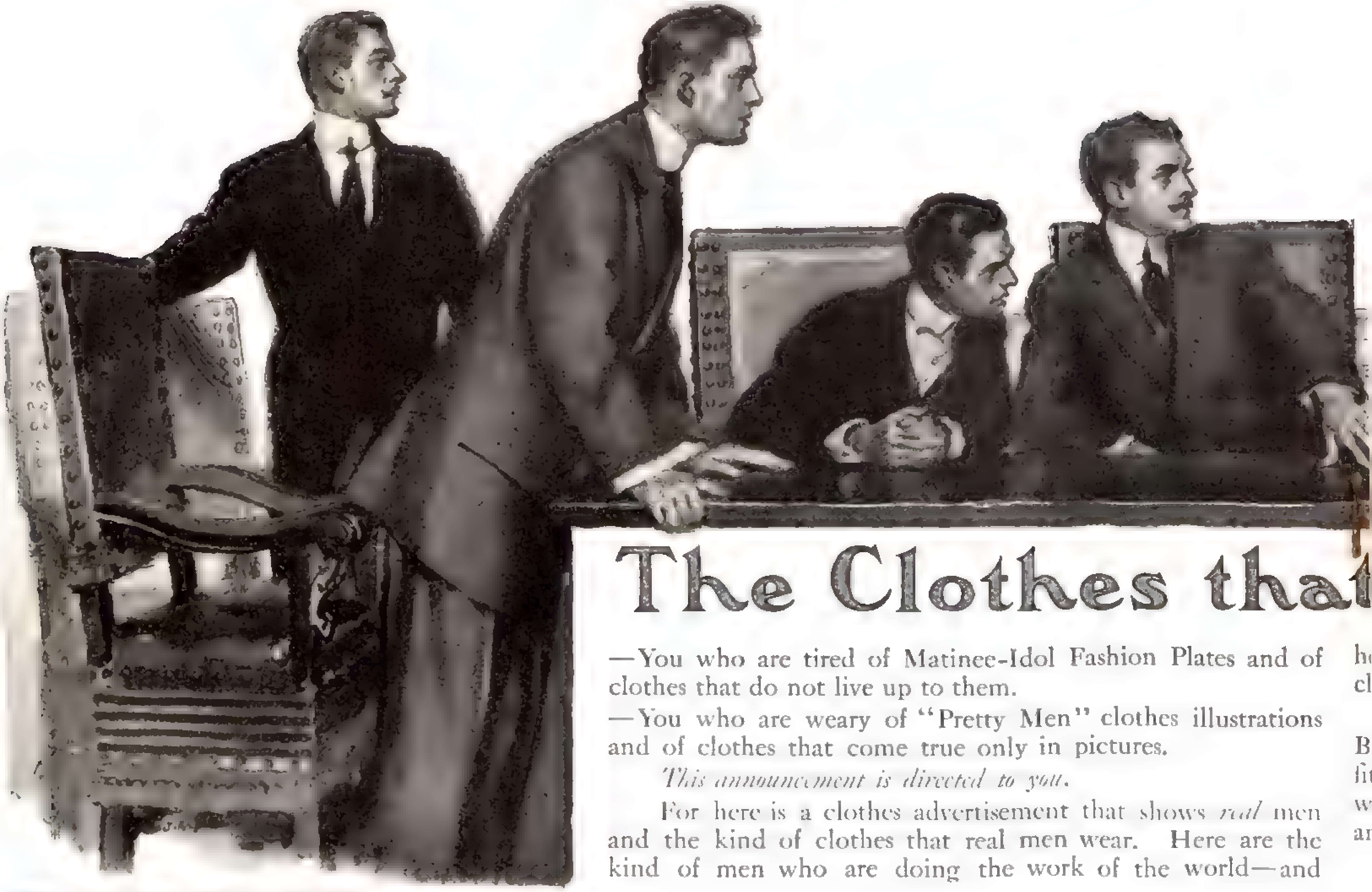

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The Clothes that

—You who are tired of Matinee-Idol Fashion Plates and of clothes that do not live up to them.

—You who are weary of "Pretty Men" clothes illustrations and of clothes that come true only in pictures.

This announcement is directed to you.

For here is a clothes advertisement that shows *real* men and the kind of clothes that real men wear. Here are the kind of men who are doing the work of the world—and

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Broadway Tailoring Brought To You

It is the business of The Royal Tailors to tailor the clothes that real men wear—to tailor them to *order* and *to measure* for good dressers all over America.

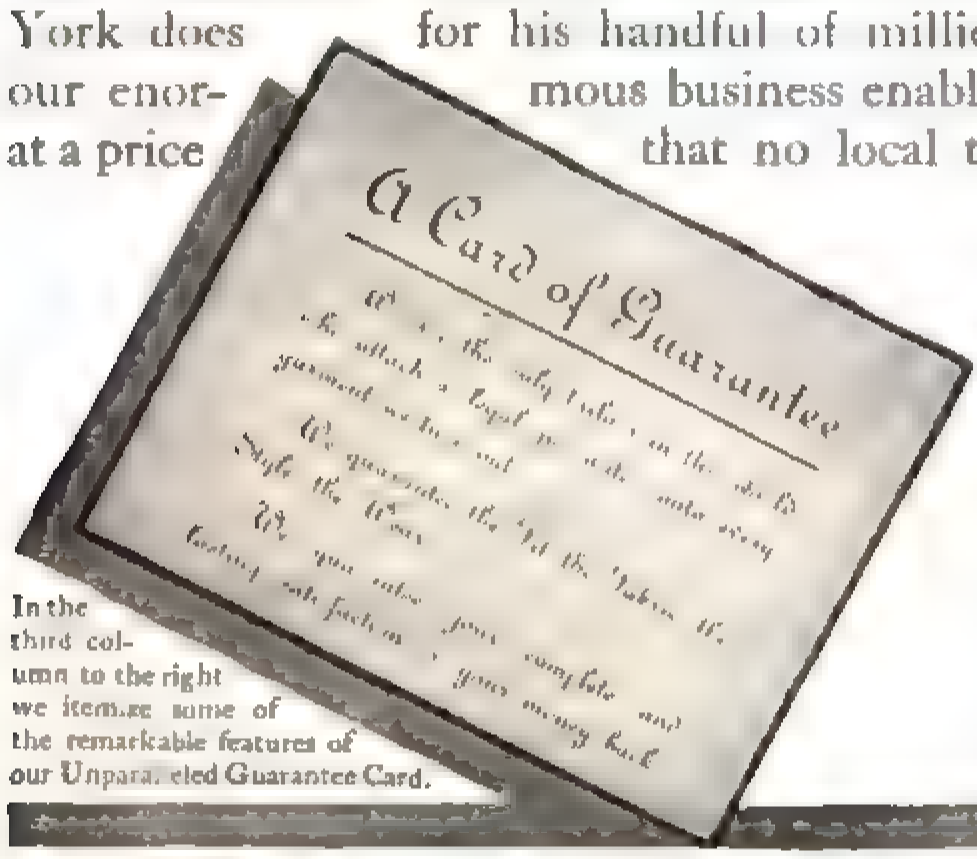
—to bring to you no matter where you are, the clothes refinement and style of Michigan Avenue and Broadway—to do for the millions what the Fifth Avenue tailor in New York does for his handful of millionaire clubmen at five times our price. For our enormous business enables us to give you the best tailoring in the world at a price that no local tailor in the world could afford.

A Long Distance T

We are tailoring clothes to order for nearly
clothes buyers everywhere the skill and genius of t

Distance is no bar. It is as easy to have yo
tailoring establishments as though our tailor sh

All over America we have dealers taking me
selection of beautiful Spring Woolens—over 50
Spring Patterns—from which you can pick you



In the third column to the right we itemize some of the remarkable features of our Unparalleled Guarantee Card.

All Your Clothes Made-to-Order

It ought to mean something to you to know that at last you can be free from Ready-Made make-shifts; that at last you can have all your clothes made to order; that from now on every yard of cloth and thread of silk that goes into your garments *will* be cut and stitched *over your own body measures!*

And Royal Tailoring means the *best* tailor-made clothes at a *price you can afford*.

2,000 Tailor Shops In One

This is an organization of two-thousand times the magnitude of any average local tailor shop in America.

It looks out upon the world of styles, not from the narrowness of a tiny local tailor shop window, but from the windows of a world-wide organization with eyes and brains in all the great style centers of this country.

Our Unparalleled G

Our legal guarantee
every Royal garment warr
to fit and satisfy when yo
but to hold its Fit and St
pletely Worn Out. It warra
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the coat collars and lapels
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buttons fastened on with

The Royal

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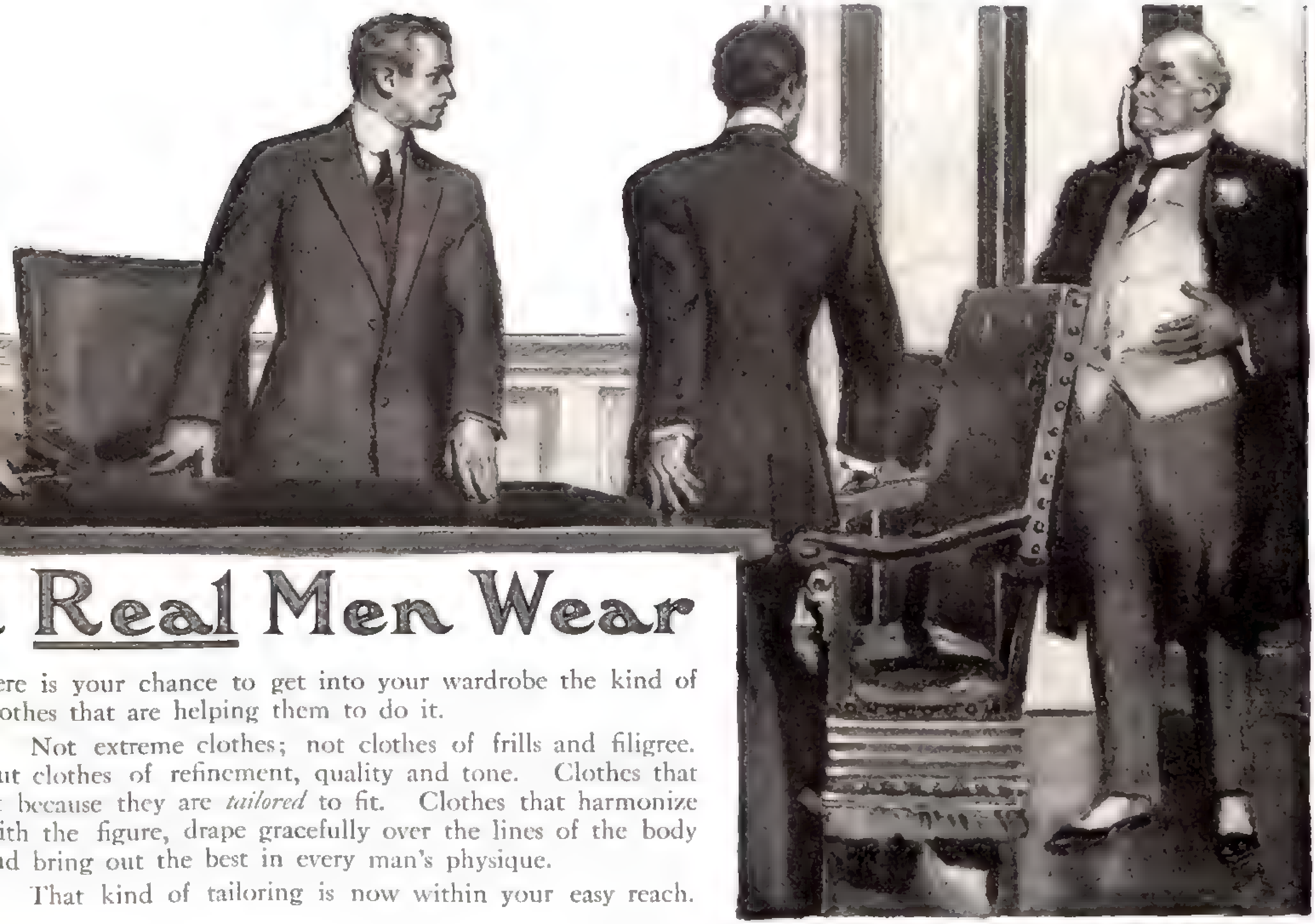

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Not extreme clothes; not clothes of frills and filigree. ut clothes of refinement, quality and tone. Clothes that because they are *tailored* to fit. Clothes that harmonize ith the figure, drape gracefully over the lines of the body d bring out the best in every man's physique.

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ailoring System

half a million men. We are bringing to he best tailors in New York and Chicago. r clothes made for you in our two great ps were at your door.

asures for us and showing our exhaustless) samples of All Pure Wool—stunning r Easter suit!

Let Us Tailor Your Easter Suit

This national tailoring service isn't something for you to investigate next week, next season or next year. It is something for you to investigate now. Let us show you at once and for all, what we can do for you and your wardrobe.

There is a dealer near you—your own neighbor perhaps—who will take and send us your measures. And here in Chicago and New York where we have the pick of the best tailors in the world we will drape your suit over these measures and have it ready before the local tailor would start even to cut the cloth!

uarantee

rd attached to nts it not only first try it on, le Until Com- its the cloth to ghly shrunken; o be hand pad- purest silk, the nal security!

All Pure Wool

And Royal clothes are All Pure Wool You know that the first essential in getting a good suit of clothes lies in getting good cloth—and *All Wool Cloth.* The best tailoring in the world will not insure you a good suit of clothes if the cloth is cotton.

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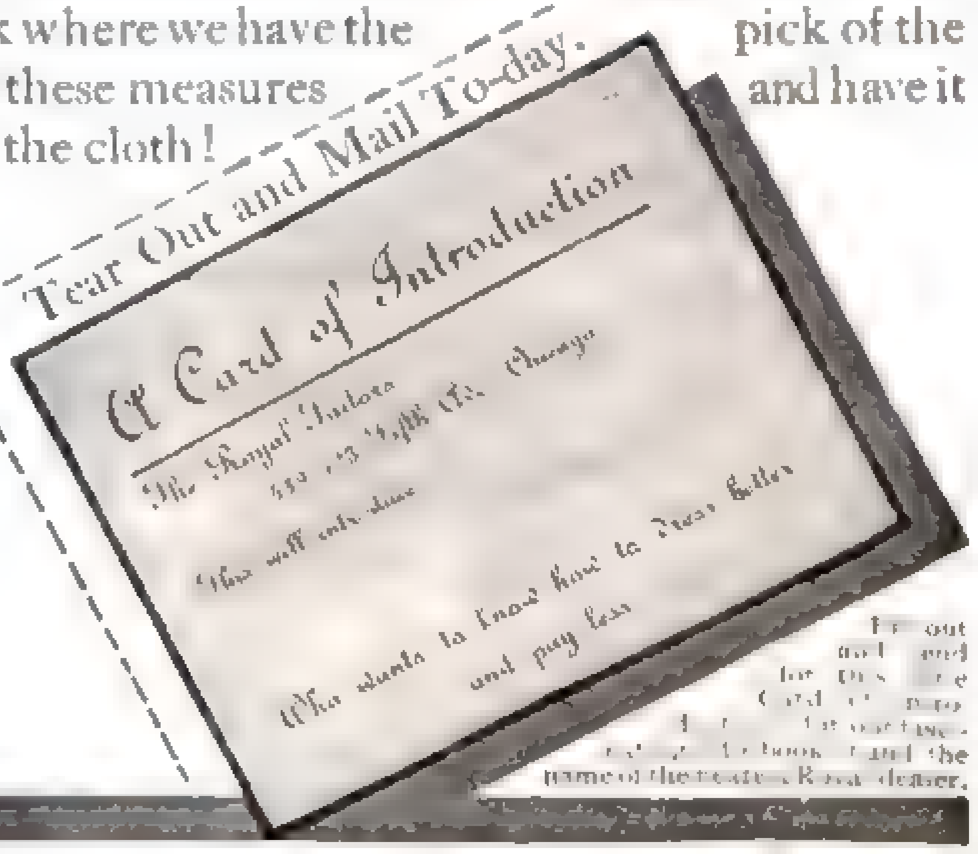
To-day is the day to investigate this national tailoring system To-day is the day to find out what it means to your wardrobe—and what it will do for your personal appearance Let us send you the name of the nearest local dealer Let us tell you what we will charge to make your Easter suit as a Fifth Avenue tailor would make it Let us send you our book. Write us to-day

Tear Out and Mail To-day.



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YOUR SAVINGS

Stock and Bond Yields Compared

THE feature of the investment market at the time this article is written (a fortnight before the inauguration of Mr. Taft) is the heavy and increasing demand for good bonds. For several weeks past the transactions in bonds on the New York Stock Exchange have almost broken all records for magnitude. During that time the banks of the reserve cities which ordinarily employ their money in Wall Street loans have been absorbing bonds in great numbers.

A particularly significant phase of the bond market is the demand by small investors everywhere for one or two bonds. These represent the conservative investments of the thrifty.

One fundamental reason for the large increase in the sales of bonds is the condition of the money market. Money has been plentiful and cheap for some time. The result is that capital, instead of finding employment in loans, goes into securities.

It seems an opportune time, therefore, to point out an important fact in connection with high-class bonds, which is this: In view of the boom in the price of standard railroad stocks since the November election the yield on the best types of bonds is almost as large as that from these stocks. The average investor will find it to his advantage to invest in bonds rather than in stocks. Thus he employs his money so that it is practically immune from the shifting conditions of the stock market.

In order to demonstrate this fact, three tables are printed showing yields based on prices at the time this article is prepared.

Let us first see what the so-called standard railroad stocks that figure actively in the daily transactions are yielding:

STOCK	PRICE	YIELD (about)
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, preferred	101½	4.84
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, common	99	5.05
Baltimore and Ohio, preferred	93	4.30
" " " common	108	5.55
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, preferred	163	4.29
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, common	146	4.79
Chicago and Northwestern, common	177	3.95
Delaware and Hudson	176	5.10
Great Northern, preferred	142	4.90
Illinois Central	143	4.89
Louisville and Nashville	127	3.93
New York Central	125	3.90
New York, New Haven and Hartford	159	5.03
Pennsylvania	132	4.62
Reading, common	133	3.00
Southern Pacific, preferred	122	5.73
" " common	119	5.04
Northern Pacific	139	5.03
Union Pacific, common	179	5.65
" " preferred	95	4.21
Colorado and Southern, first preferred	85	4.70

With the guaranteed stocks the yield is, of course, lower. The following are types of guaranteed stocks:

STOCK	GUARANTEED OR CONTROLLED BY	PRICE	YIELD (about)
Beech Creek R. R. Co.	New York Central	101	3.96
Cleveland and Pittsburgh R. R.	Pennsylvania	102	3.92
Erie and Pittsburgh R. R.	Pennsylvania	160½	4.25
Fort Wayne and Jackson R. R., preferred	Lake Shore	142	3.86
Morris and Essex R. R.	Lackawanna	184	3.80
Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago	Pennsylvania	176	3.98
Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg	New York Central	127½	3.92
United New Jersey R. R. and Canal Co.	Pennsylvania	255	3.93
Warren Railroad Co.	Lackawanna	177½	3.95
Rensselaer and Saratoga R. R.	Del. and Hudson	200	4.00
Joliet and Chicago R. R. Co.	Chicago and Alton	175	4.00

Now take the following list of railroad bonds which may be used as types of high-class securities for income purposes:

BOND	PRICE	YIELD (about)
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern 4s, due 1931	96½	4.25
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy General 4s, due 1958	100	4.00
Louisville and Nashville Unified 4s, due 1940	102	3.85
Central Pacific Refunding 4s, due 1949	98½	4.20
Reading General Mortgage 4s, due 1997	100	4.00
Southern Pacific First Refunding 4s, due 1955	95¾	4.20
Pennsylvania Railroad Convertible 3½s, due 1915	95¾	4.30
Atlantic Coast Line Consolidated 4s, due 1952	96¾	4.15
New York Central Debenture 4s, due 1934	95	4.25
Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Refunding 4s, due 1934	93½	4.45
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Transcontinental First 4s, due 1958	96	4.20
Chesapeake and Ohio Consolidated 5s due 1939	116	4.10
Union Pacific First Refunding 4s, due 2008	99	4.00
Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern First 3½s, due 1925	91	4.25
Colorado and Southern First 4s, due 1929	98	4.15
Norfolk and Western First Consolidated 4s, due 1996	99½	4.00

The yields shown in these tables are significant. Taking the list of bonds as a basis for comparison, you find that with one exception they return a yield of 4 per cent or better. In some cases the bond yield is higher than that on stock.

But how about a share of stock like Union Pacific common, for example, which pays a dividend of 10 per cent a year? While this 10 per cent is on each $100 of par value, it is relatively more than the 4 per cent, or $40, which an ordinary high-grade thousand-dollar bond would pay every year.

The answer is simply this: In order to get five shares of Union Pacific you would have to invest approximately $900. This is only five shares of stock. The annual dividend on these shares at 10 per cent would be $50. Yet for a little more than $900 you could buy a thousand-dollar bond which pays $40.

Now comes the advantage of the bond over the stock which more than offsets the $10 difference in annual return. Suppose that a season of financial stringency comes on and panic stalks about. The railroads are among the first to feel the depression; their earnings decline, and when earnings decline under such conditions it means that dividends are usually reduced. The 10 per cent, or whatever per cent the stock has been paying, is liable to shrink. At the same time the market value of the stock goes tumbling down.

On the other hand, no matter what season of financial turmoil may come, the high-class bond will in all human likelihood keep on paying its interest of $40 a year. Stocks may totter and fall, but the railroad must take care of its bonded debt. Otherwise the owners of the bonds might foreclose the mortgage which secures their bonds. In addition, the bond is liable to come due within a few years and the owner of it can cash in its par value, or a thousand dollars. The chances are that he has bought it below par, so here is a bit of profit. In short, the man who buys a bond of the best type is not only assured of a steady income practically free from impairment by general business conditions, but at the same time secures a sort of unwritten guarantee of the integrity of the principal invested.

The investor may buy high-class industrial bonds and obtain a yield of 5 per cent or better, which is as high as that of the best stocks. This is also true of some public service corporation bonds underwritten by the great bond and investment houses, who make careful investigations of the properties before taking over the securities.

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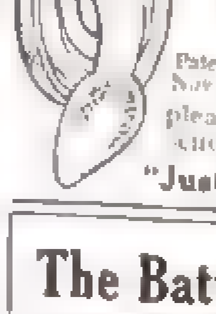
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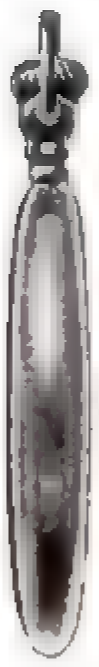

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THRIFT

Salting Away Loose Change

A LIFE-INSURANCE solicitor made it a rule to canvass at least ten persons daily in addition to his regular collection work — he represents an industrial company. To be certain that it would be done, he put into his pocket every morning ten of the company's advertising folders, and at some point in the conversation with a new "prospect" handed him a folder. When the folders were all gone he knew that he had lived up to his rule that day. The sort of policies sold in such cases bring commissions of seventy-five cents to several dollars. Out of these commissions he provided a margin for saving. The first policy sold each day paid ten per cent of the commission into his savings-fund — if it brought him a dollar he put ten cents aside. The second paid him twenty per cent of itself and also raised the first to twenty per cent, so that when he saved only ten cents from one policy, he saved forty cents from two. The third, fourth and fifth policies made them all yield a saving of twenty-five per cent, and when he was able to sell more than five he put the whole commission on the others into savings. If he visited a man today, talked with him, got him interested and was told that he might call again next week, he charged ten per cent off the commission for the first visit. If a second visit was paid, and the man still postponed application, twenty per cent was charged, thirty per cent for the third visit, and so on. If the man was finally landed on the fourth visit, that policy, though it were the only one written that day, paid these accumulated charges as well as regular percentage to his savings-fund. This led him to go back again and again to a difficult prospect and thus finally reap the results from previous work.

A man and a girl were engaged to be married. The girl bought a china pig savings-bank, and the couple began dropping spare change into it, the man occasionally putting in a dollar bill. Their plan was to break piggy open when he would hold no more coin, and buy a piece of furniture with the money. This was one of those long, sensible engagements. When piggy was full, relatives on both sides were offered the privilege of estimating how much he held. Ten cents was charged for each estimate. Whoever came nearest the actual amount was to receive a dollar. If the estimate hit it to a cent, $2. The first pig, after two months' saving, yielded $18.17 on his own account, and to this was added $1.60 net from the estimates. Twenty dollars went into a library table. A second pig was bought, filled in the same way, and yielded nearly $30, which purchased a couch. A third pig bought a thirty-five-dollar sideboard in six weeks. Then the couple were married.

A young girl had a villainous temper. She wanted a raincoat instead. So a plan of saving was devised whereby one could be exchanged for the other. Into a small bank five cents was dropped daily from her slender pin money. If she hadn't a nickel a white button was dropped in, to be redeemed when more money came along. Every time her temper got the upper hand the girl took a nickel out of the raincoat fund, or if white buttons were being deposited as "emergency currency" she put in a black button to represent one attack of temper, and treated it as a debit. At that rate it took nearly three years to buy the raincoat. But when she finally wore it she was an even-tempered girl.

A bookkeeper, thirty years old and a bachelor, earned $35 a week, and spent more than half of it on amusements. Going past a bank every night on his way to a car he got into the habit of depositing one of his five-dollar bills on pay-night. Didn't miss the money, and had a feeling that somehow he was growing shrewd and virtuous. At the end of a year there was a deposit of $260 to his credit plus $10.40 interest. "What'll $260 buy me?" he asked the star boarder, who was in the life-insurance business. It bought him a ten-year endowment policy for $2500, leaving his interest in the bank, and now he means to follow the plan until the policy matures. At forty years of age he will get $2765 cold cash, and have also about $125 that his insurance money has earned him while being piled up at the bank.

Welch's
Grape Juice

CONSIDER the uses of grape juice.

A rich, satisfying, refreshing, non-alcoholic beverage.

A natural tonic, with none of the bad after-effects of wine.

A food drink for convalescents that nourishes and builds up the system.

A delicious refreshment to serve either plain or as a punch or to use in making dainty dishes or frozen desserts.

BUT REMEMBER that of grape juices there are many brands. That of these many brands there is one that has the richness and the flavor of full-ripe, fresh-picked Concord Grapes; that is made by a process which transfers the juice from the clusters to the bottles unchanged in any way and that is so pure that physicians prescribe it.

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Sick Trees, and How to Make Them Well

Continued from Page 19

in the wine districts of France, twenty-five years ago. At that time an imported disease, the American mildew, was ravaging the vineyards. All the time-honored remedies of the day had failed to dislodge the invader. Around Bordeaux the vineyards suffered not only from the mildew but also from the attacks of travelers along the highways. In order to scare off the human parasites the peasants prepared a mixture of slaked lime, bluestone and water and sprinkled the bluish stuff over the rows nearest the roads, to make the vines and grapes appear poisoned. In the fall, when all other portions of the vineyards were blackened and denuded by the mildew, the "poisoned" rows of vines remained green, fresh, and were laden with clusters of grapes. The French viticulturists understood the hint and used the mixture against the fungus as well as against the human enemies of their vineyards, crudely applying the remedy from pails into which brooms were dipped. Today the Bordeaux mixture in its various forms is the standard remedy for scores of fungous plant diseases all over the world, and dozens of factories are turning out hand and power apparatus for its application.

If the farmer's horses or cows get sick he sends for the veterinarian and pays the learned man a handsome fee for his services. Formerly, when his plants fell ill, the farmer trusted to Nature alone; often he spurned the advice of the plant doctor, who felt the pulse of the voiceless, uncomplaining patients and offered his help without pay. That this mental attitude of the farmers and horticulturists is slowly changing is due, in a great measure, to the remarkable cures wrought by the Bordeaux mixture. One cure awakens confidence in the owner of fields stricken by another disease. The growing of winter tomatoes for the Eastern markets had become a profitable business in the frostless regions of California, when the fungus that causes potato blight found the tomato vines to its liking and started to eat a quarter of a million's worth of the plants in the fall of 1906. The staff of the newly-opened pathological laboratory at Whittier advised spraying with Bordeaux mixture, but the growers would not listen to the voice in the wilderness until the crop was gone. That loss opened their ears and their eyes, and they are spraying now, whether the vines need it or not. They have discovered that spraying is a most excellent insurance against loss by blight, with reasonable premiums. Their example also opened the eyes of the celery planters of Orange County, in California, who every year ship three thousand carloads of celery out of the State. When blight appeared in the celery fields they did not wait for the destruction of a season's crop to be convinced. Their association hurriedly sent for the plant doctor and had him prescribe Bordeaux mixture. Though blight was abundant in the celery fields last fall, the losses were insignificant, thanks to the treatment.

An Epidemic of Asparagus Rust

Bordeaux mixture has a long list of victories to its credit, but there are also a number of fungous diseases it cannot conquer. Though half a dozen agricultural experiment stations tried the mixture and other remedies when asparagus rust broke out in the East, in 1896, all efforts to combat the plague failed. Starting in the New England States and on the extended plantations of Long Island or New Jersey, the rust spread south and west, year after year, killing off the beds wherever it showed itself. In five years it had destroyed about every asparagus plant in existence east of the Rockies prior to 1896. Not a bed escaped. The disease made a clean sweep of even those beds hundreds of miles removed from the nearest center of infection. Until a new rust-resistant variety could be developed and planted, asparagus culture in the East was dead.

During the progress of the rust in the East, South and Middle West the California asparagus growers and canners coined money, since their excellent product had the market practically to itself. But the turn of the Californians was to come. The march of the rust was not to be stayed,

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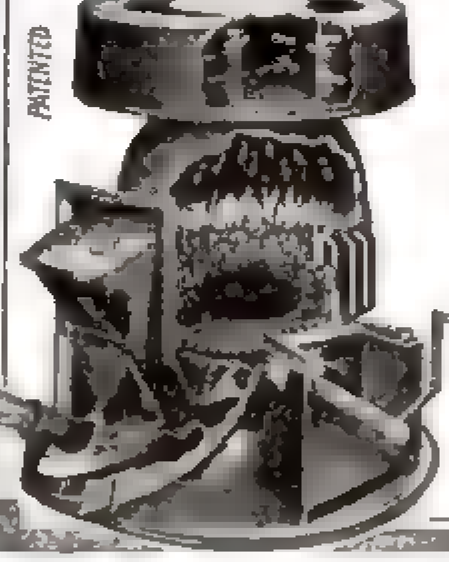

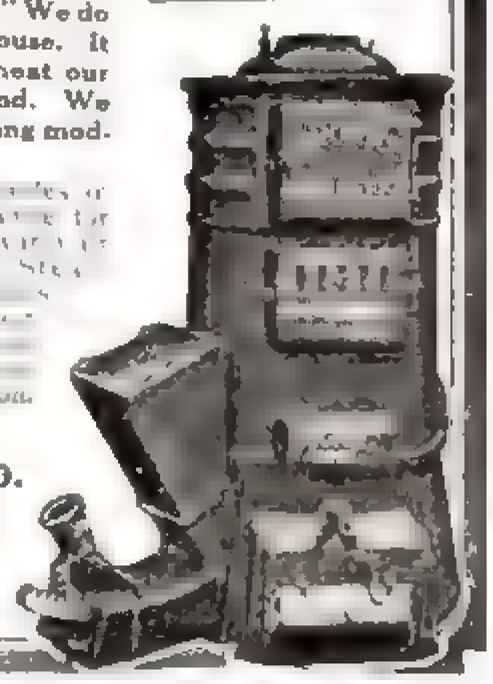

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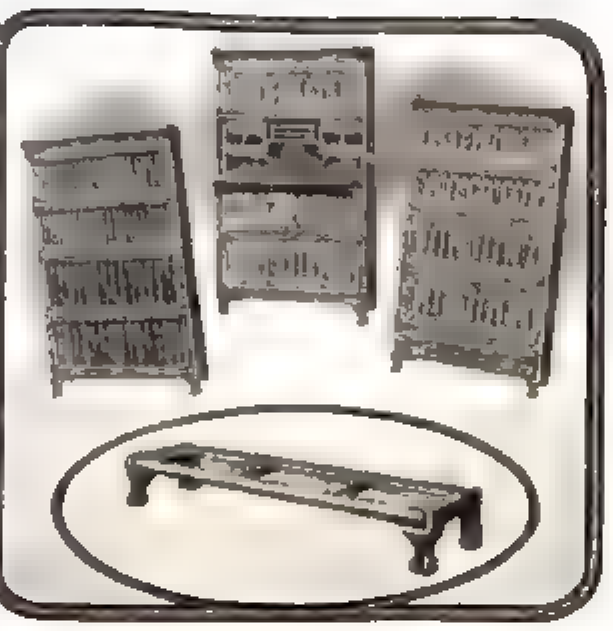

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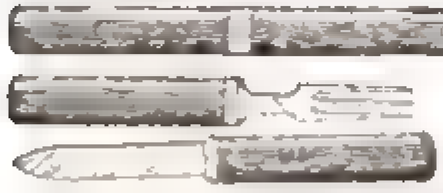

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not even by the Rockies. By 1901, five years after the first outbreak, California began to be smitten, and the growers, frantic with anxiety, appealed to the plant doctors of the State University. On account of lack of funds the University could not respond, and, when the legislature refused to appropriate the necessary amount, the California Fruit Canners' Association and a number of asparagus growers raised the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars by voluntary contributions. With this money the University was enabled to import an Eastern rust specialist, Professor R. E. Smith, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, the scientist who later saved the lemon industry.

The action of the growers was significant. In the East the plant doctors had failed. Despite all their efforts the asparagus beds had been killed by the rust. With this clear-cut failure to save before them the California growers paid out their good money for another attempt. They realized that their only ray of hope came from the new science of plant pathology, and subsequent events showed that their faith was not disappointed. Today, after seven years of rust, the California asparagus area is in good condition and is larger than it was at the time the disease began.

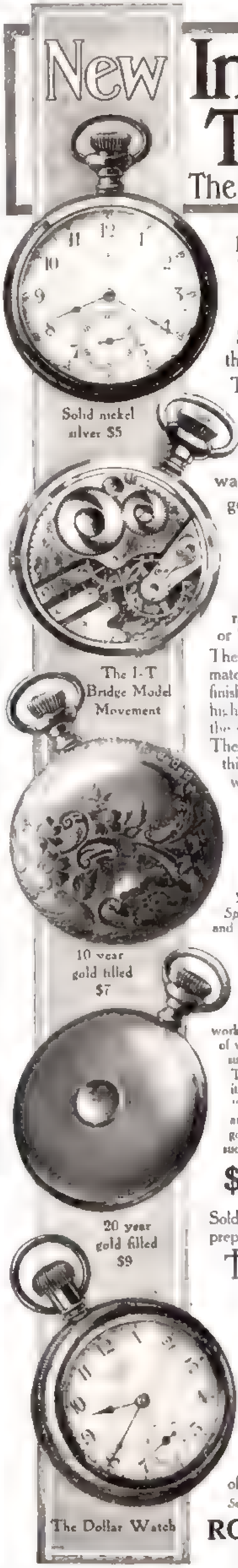
How the Disease Spreads

The rust does not attack that portion of the asparagus plant which is cut off below the surface of the ground and sent to market. The fungus confines its attention to the growth above ground, to the stalks that grow up after the cutting season and produce a heavy, bushlike top with innumerable smooth, glossy, needle-like leaves, blossoms and berries that contain the seeds. These tops perform a most important function. Until late in fall they work hard storing up nourishment in the perennial rootstock, in order that next spring numerous and large shoots may be sent out to be met by the grower's knife. If the tops are killed prematurely, before their work is done, the rootstocks are poorly nourished, the harvest in the following spring is small and of inferior quality, and eventually the plants, starved and weakened, die.

At the first sight of a rusty asparagus field in midsummer the task of checking and controlling the disease seems hopeless. The stems and needles of the bushy tops are covered with small, red spots or blisters, which send forth a fine, reddish powder. Every gust of wind carries off clouds of this red dust. It covers the hands and clothing of the workers, it is spread over the ground, it settles in a fine layer upon wagons, tools, fences and vegetation. And each infinitesimal minute portion of this powder is able to start infection in and ruin a healthy field! Each little particle of the dust is a spore containing within itself all the elements necessary for a fresh outbreak, under favorable conditions. The checking of this disease after its victorious march across the continent was one of the greatest triumphs of plant pathology, especially since the victory was won by simple means within the reach of even the smallest grower, means that were based upon a thorough knowledge of the fungus' life history and adapted to the peculiarities of the California climate.

The Plant Doctor's Program

Just as in the fight against most of the ailments of plants, hard, intelligent work, well-directed, incessant efforts, and a careful study of the needs of each affected district were found to be the most valuable remedies. The first number on the plant doctor's program was the prevention of infection. During the cutting season in spring, when all the shoots of the rootstock were removed as soon as they showed above the surface, no rust could develop on the bare ridges of the main fields. The winter spores could attack only the wild asparagus growing in abundance along the roads and fences, the young, newly-planted beds that could not as yet be cut, and the neglected beds abandoned by their owners and allowed to grow tops early in spring without being cut at all. Young and abandoned beds, however, were rare; the wild asparagus was the main source of infection. One rusty, wild plant could send the spores over acres of fertile beds immediately after the tops appeared and began to lay up food for next season,



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People will misjudge the new Ingersoll-Trenton watch on account of its price, just as they refused to take the Dollar watch seriously until it had proven its usefulness. Since then it has earned a patronage larger than all others in this country combined.

The "I-T" is so much more for the money, it is so much better value than you have ever been able to buy in fine watches that when you compare it in price with watches produced by ordinary methods you get no idea of its excellence.

To begin with, the "I-T" is a "bridge" model movement, the very highest type of watch construction ever devised. All of the finest watches are of the "bridge" type because it permits of that fine adjustment necessary for *exceptional* accuracy. Most 7 jewel watches are of the "plate" or "pillar" model like the Dollar watch.

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It is the only high grade watch sold with a *printed guarantee*—an insurance policy protecting the purchaser against defect in the movement, or fraud in the case.

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Furthermore, their chief interest is in their highly jeweled, highly profitable models for which they reserve their best workmanship and the special features contributing to precision, all of which are combined in the one model upon which the whole success of the "I-T" factory depends.

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$5 in solid nickel case; **$7** in 10-year gold filled case; **$9** in 20-year gold-filled case.

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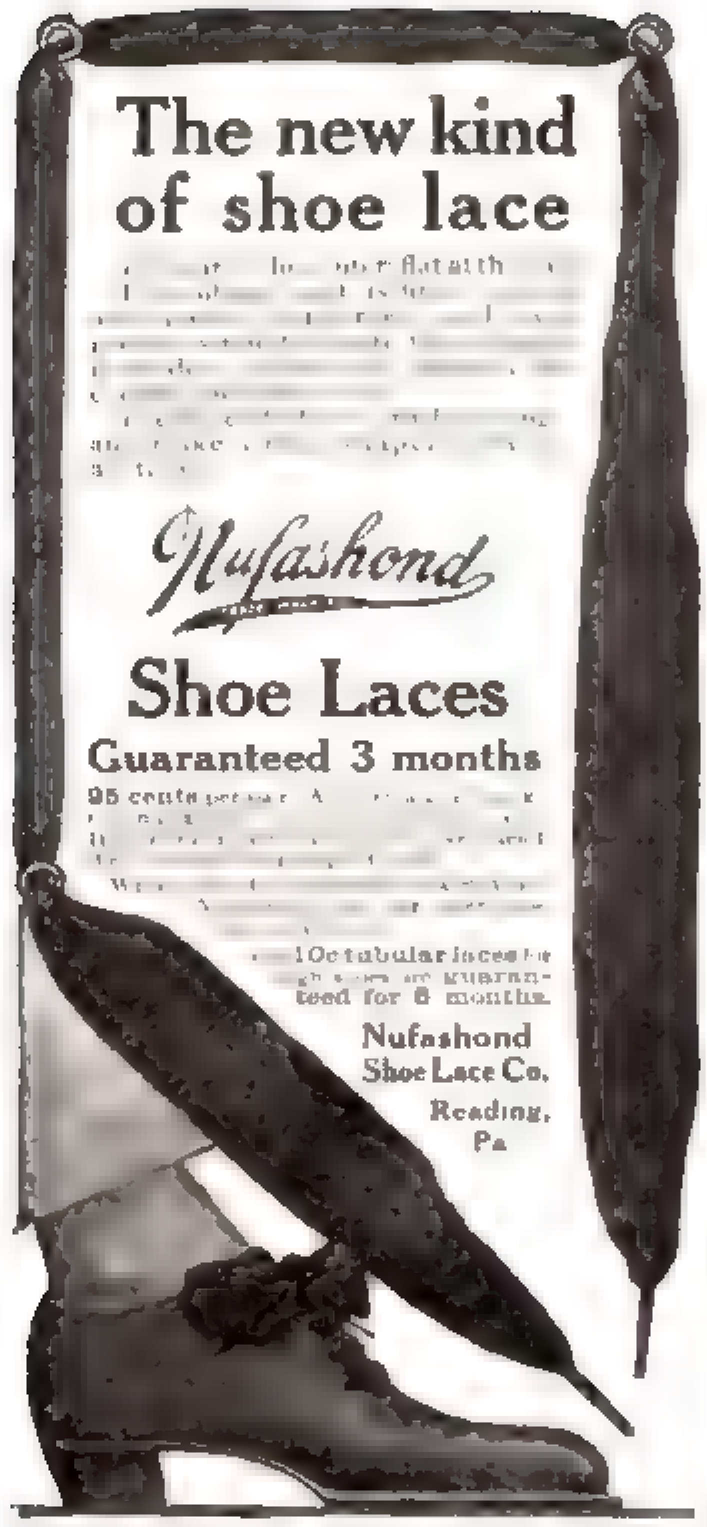

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Greider's Book on Poultry Only 10c., postpaid Tells about Pure Bred Poultry; illustrates sixty varieties; prices low [illegible] Greider's Germicide kills lice. B. H. GREIDER, Rheems, Pa.

The eradication of all wild and abandoned growth was, therefore, advised as the initial step of the campaign. The work proved to be of benefit, but it could not prevent all infection. The lazy, inefficient grower saw to it that some sources of infection remained besides the newly-planted beds, and other means had to be found to prevent the spread of the sickness.

The plant doctor recommended plenty of fresh air, the greatest amount of ventilation possible for the fields. Wherever windbreaks of willows or other trees had been grown he ordered them down. He counseled a rearrangement of the beds so that the strong, dry trade-wind might sweep along and parallel with instead of across the rows. New beds were to be started on high, windy ground as much as possible. The advice was based on the habits of the fungus. The minute red spores, once they settle upon an asparagus plant, germinate rapidly. Within a few hours they send threadlike filaments through the breathing pores into the interior of the plant in search of food, and begin again their life-cycle that culminates in the formation of new red spores.

But in order to sprout and take possession of their host the spores need moisture in the form of dew or mist. A heavy rain will not do, for it washes them off the glossy surface of the plant to the ground where they die, unable to find nourishment. Dew is the medium necessary for rust infection. Where there is no dew the spores are powerless to attack the plants. If the asparagus beds could have been covered with tents and the formation of dew thus prevented, the rust would have been conquered at once, but such a heroic remedy was, of course, out of the question. Since dew could not be prevented, the next best thing was to dry it up as rapidly as possible, before the germinating process of the spores had been completed. For this purpose the ventilation of the fields was ordered. Exposed to the dry trade-winds and the heat of the sun in early morning, the moisture soon disappeared, the germinating spores dried up by the million before their filaments could reach the sap and dropped to the ground, harmless. When the wind stayed away and fog lasted till well into the day the spores held full sway, however.

Cleaning Up After the Harvest

Previous to the appearance of the rust in the fields most of the asparagus growers considered their year's work done when the last young stalk had been cut and shipped in early summer. Little or no attention was paid to the tops as they came out of the ground. The bushes could not be transmuted into cash at the canneries, and, therefore, the growers let Nature take care of them. Immediately after the cutting season, irrigation and cultivation stopped in most fields, weeds grew up unhindered and the soil lost its moisture rapidly. This condition was changed when the plant doctor took charge of the patient. He pointed out that, as in pneumonia or typhoid fever, painstaking nursing and maintenance of the patient's strength would be more beneficial than drugs and dope. Permitting weeds to choke the bushes and starving the plants after the period of profit had passed would be a pressing invitation to the disease to come in and kill the weakened tops, he explained. He set the growers to work irrigating and cultivating till late in the fall, and the result told, not only in the diminishing attacks of the disease, but also in the quantity and quality of succeeding crops. And when the doctor discovered that powdered sulphur, or sulphur dissolved in caustic soda, was of great assistance, together with the cultural remedies, in checking the disease, the growers—at least those who survived—came to the opinion that the rust had proved a blessing in disguise. Its ravages had weeded out the lazy and inefficient growers, removed the inferior goods from the market, kept out the rush of those who expected to get rich quick without physical and mental effort, steadied the demand and raised the profits of the fittest. By the application of sulphur, thought and elbow grease the progressive California grower made his fields yield splendid harvests, while the beds of his indifferent neighbors fell a prey to the rust. Even in the East the sulphur treatment, modified to suit the climatic conditions, was found to be of great benefit.

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No centrifugal instrument [illegible] with a $200 [illegible]

We want every automobile owner to know the [illegible] the truth of every [illegible] we have made. We have put these [illegible] book which will be sent for the asking to anyone who writes. In your own interest, buy no speed indicator [illegible] you know. To buy the wrong instrument is to waste your money. Write today.

The Warner Instrument Co. Factory and Main Offices: 386 Wheeler Ave., Beloit, Wis.

New York [illegible] Broadway [illegible] Detroit [illegible] Ave. [illegible] San Francisco [illegible] Golden Gate Ave. [illegible] Chicago 1305 Michigan Ave. [illegible] Los Angeles 1212 S. Main St.

Clever Posters for College Men

The SENECA Model
Fadclothes
College Widow

"The College Widow" (here reproduced) and *three other* equally attractive and lively posters in handsome colors (size, 14 x 22 in.)—are yours for only 25 cents postpaid—all ready to frame.

As the edition is limited and the demand large, you'll have to hurry to get a set. *Write for posters to-day.*

Fadclothes

Are Clothes of Fashion

The four models shown here are counterparts of the smartest young-fellow styles of the season.

Spring Styles of *Fadclothes* are shown by progressive Clothiers everywhere. *See them at your dealer's.*

Send to-day for the Fadclothes Play Book, illustrating and describing Fadclothes models for Spring also containing reproductions in colors of the Posters mentioned above

Seneca
Cadet
Virginia
Rochester

ROSENBERG BROS. & CO., Dept. S, Rochester, N. Y.

The SWOBODA System

of Physiological Exercise

Without medicine or apparatus whatever, I am building vigorous brains and superb human bodies, capable of overcoming and resisting disease,—and establishing great nervous force.

WHEN I say that I teach a different kind of exercise, something new, more scientific, more rational, more effective and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised, I am repeating what thousands of prominent **men** and **women** are saying for me who have profited by my instructions.

My instruction embodies the ideal principles of attaining and preserving perfect health. It is not a problematical theory, but a system of physiological exercise based upon absolutely correct, scientific facts. If you will follow my instructions for a few weeks, I will promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort.

Medicines Are Inadequate

No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin or assist nature with a dose of physic. I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your arteries with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy.

Brain Is Weakened By a Poor Body

I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable.

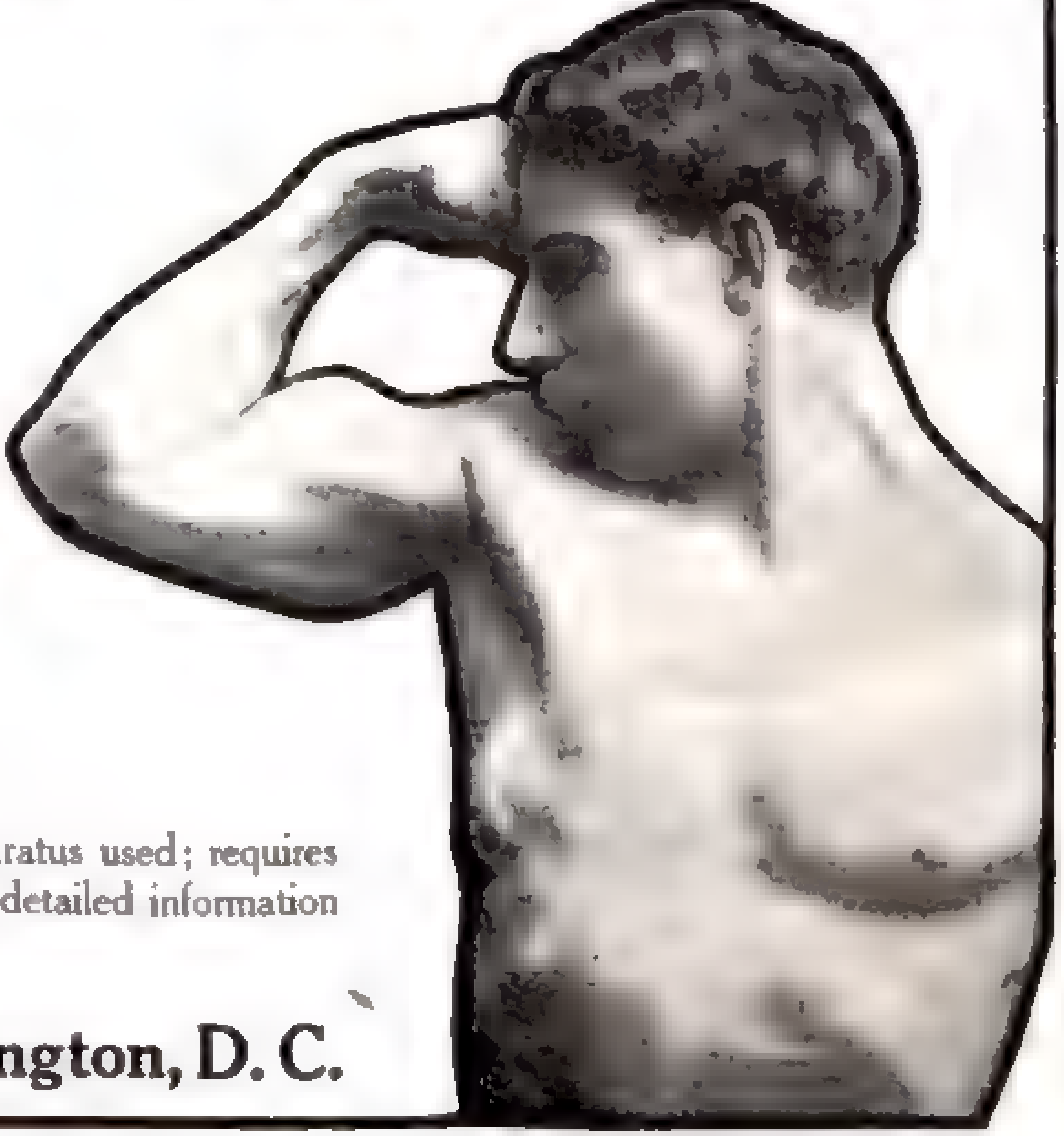
I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. My pupils range from 18 to 86 years, and include both men and women.

When a man's health fails, it seems inherent by nature to look for some magic cure, something he can take into his stomach that will do the work of his digestive organs, bowels, liver or kidneys. The first dose may afford him some relief, but with each succeeding one he finds the effect of the medicine lessened, until he is eventually in a worse condition, for he has allowed a stimulant to perform the work of his vital organs.

Successively he wends his way through various treatments, but his reason finally prevails and teaches him that he must look for a natural method, one that will build up the organs themselves and make them perform their functions naturally. Such a method I offer, so why waste time and money in these futile attempts when you can take the reliable road to health and strength?

Here are Some Quotations From Letters Received From a Few of My Pupils

"Effect was almost beyond belief."
"Restored from nervous prostration in 90 days."
"Gives nervous dyspeptic perfect health."
"Chest increases 5½ inches in 60 days."
"All your promises have been fulfilled."
"Swoboda System is an intense pleasure."
"All run down; built up in a month."
"Muscles developed to a remarkable degree."
"Thought it impossible to get such results."
"10 minutes of your system better than hours of any other."
"Almost a skeleton; increased weight 65 pounds."
"8-year dyspepsia relieved in 60 days."
"Just the thing for professional men."



The Swoboda System is taught by mail with perfect success; no medicines or apparatus used; requires but a few minutes, at your most convenient time, in your own room. I will send you detailed information about the Swoboda System, free. Write for it today.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 400 Union Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Every Man Should Have a Tailor

Suits Made to Your Measure $12.50 TO $25.00

Actual Value Guaranteed to be $20.00 to $40.00

[illegible] Custom Made Made [illegible] Your Measure [illegible] Far Super[illegible] Ready Mades [illegible] cost the Same

The New York Tailors of New York City

America's Greatest Fashion Authorities have been Making Made to Order [illegible] the Well Dressed New Yorker and Men from [illegible] Many Seasons [illegible] Absolutely No Risk. [illegible] the Immense Business we Contr[illegible] us to save our Customers from [illegible] the Usual Cost [illegible]

FREE AND POST-PAID

Write for me today

If you have a fault in your figure please mention it when you order and we'll positively hide it for you.

[illegible] FREE [illegible] New York City Fashions [illegible] Smart Dressers [illegible] New York City's Well Dressed Men. Also our complete outfit for taking your own measurements at home.

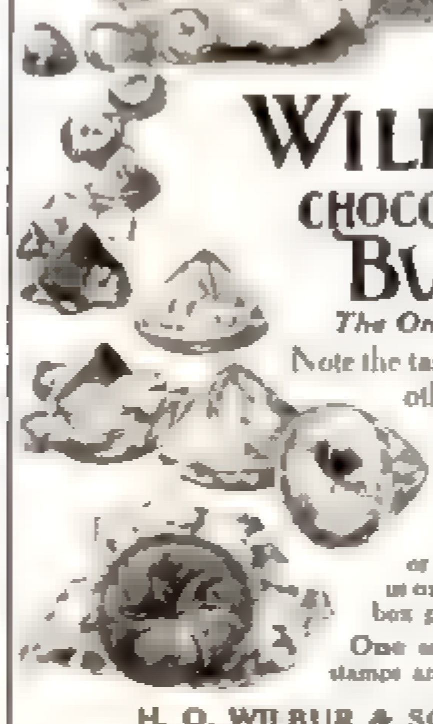
We guarantee to please and fit you perfectly or refund your money without any argument.

FREE [illegible]

THE NEW YORK TAILORS
C 729-731 Broadway, New York City
The Largest Mail Order Custom Tailors to Men in the World
Established 18 Years. Direct to You. No Agents.

The New York Tailors
STYLES for MEN
Spring & Summer 1909

WILBUR'S
VANILLA
CHOCOLATE
BUDS



WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS
The Only Genuine

Note the taste, so different from others—that smooth melting quality and the surpassingly delicious aroma.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us one dollar for a pound box prepaid.

One sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC.
Cocoa Manufacturers
229 Bread Street Philadelphia, Pa.

My reversible sanitary
METAL BREAD BOARD
is the [illegible] ladies [illegible] Agents [illegible] prepaid, 10c. Dr. [illegible] 382 [illegible] Street, Pekin, Ill.

METAL
BREAD BOARD

REMINGTON, $18.75
One rebuilt machine only in new localities [illegible] agent. Special agents prices supplied on all makes of typewriters.
Standard Typewriter Exchange, 23 Park Row, New York

THE OPEN ROAD

(Continued from Page 7)

"That is very true," said the young man; "but as yet our very adequate partnership is in its beginning. I should regret to see our entertainment end here. As matters now stand, neither of us can, with perfect grace, offer the other a cup of coffee, of which we both stand in need. I offer you, sir, a third game — my house and grounds against your copyright and the personalty of this estate!"

"You do not lack in courage," said Newman gravely.

"Had I lacked in that I should not be here. Have you perchance yourself never hesitated between the lethal ball and hydrocyanic acid?"

"Not until this morning," said Newman matter-of-factly.

"And you turned the key to go out and think. So you met me, and were saved?"

Newman nodded.

"My brother," said the youth, "you shall lean upon me. I shall never ask you why she—Rose, you know—went away. But now, deal."

They played silently. Fortune drew to the side of the younger man. At last he quietly folded the pack together and announced the score. "It seems all, now, to be mine, Mr. Newman," he said. "I trust you will feel that I won it fairly. I am so glad! Because, now, I am very proud and happy to ask you to have breakfast with me!"

He rose and touched the bell. The butler answered.

"You may remove the urn, Conley," said the young man, "and may serve breakfast anew. In our forgetfulness we have allowed it to grow quite cold."

The butler gazed in horror at Newman. The latter smiled and waved his hand. "I have just sold this place to this gentleman—whose name, by the way, I really do not know, Conley."

"I—beg pardon, sir," said the butler, gasping, "but I hope I may be allowed, sir, to say, Good Gawd, sir!"

"You may be allowed to say 'Good Gawd' once," said the new owner gently. "Consequent to which, Conley, you will please address no divinity except myself. I have just won you — do you understand? That will do. You may go.

"Now, Mr. Newman," he resumed, "if there is anything which, in my preoccupation, I have forgotten, and which is due to you as my guest, I trust you will pardon me, for indeed I have been laboring under a certain strain for some time. Not that anxiety is even now wholly removed from my mind. I put it beyond my little book to earn any money, and even the forecast-shadow of Conley's salary already begins to trouble me. But you don't mind if I look about the place for a moment?"

He arose, his hands in his pockets. As he turned toward the mantel, Newman himself rose, and hastily faced toward the wall a photograph which stood there. Whether or not the Poet saw him do this could not be determined. In doubt or in query, his lips abated their smile.

"You said you were not married," began Newman, standing in front of the photograph, his back to the mantel.

"No," said the young-old man; "I am not — and never can be."

"You've been so perfectly delicate with me all the morning, Mr. Newman," he resumed at length; "asking me no silly nor impertinent questions—showing yourself so much my partner, that I think I shall tell you of what in my trade we call the wound under the doublet. We belong to two old trades, my partner. Yours is—pardon me, no delicate synonym occurs to me at the moment; mine is poetry.

"I saw her—Rose, you know—cool, dewy, fragrant, sweet, imperially sweet — first once, then twice—after that, many times. Oh, not alone—never that! I never saw her any place but at the café—at the same little place. Neither was *she* ever alone, Mr. Newman—I must tell you that. I could not well see the man who was with her. It was not yourself, but one like you. I never spoke to her in all my life. My financial ruin—for, of course, I could not afford such café prices—based itself upon the fact that I saw her—Rose — the one you see here, in the Book—and that I—well, cared for her, sir; although I never spoke to her, and never knew her name, except that I heard him call it once."

IT Both Writes and Adds at One Operation

IT Either Writes or Adds as the Operator Wills

The New Model 11 of the Remington Typewriter

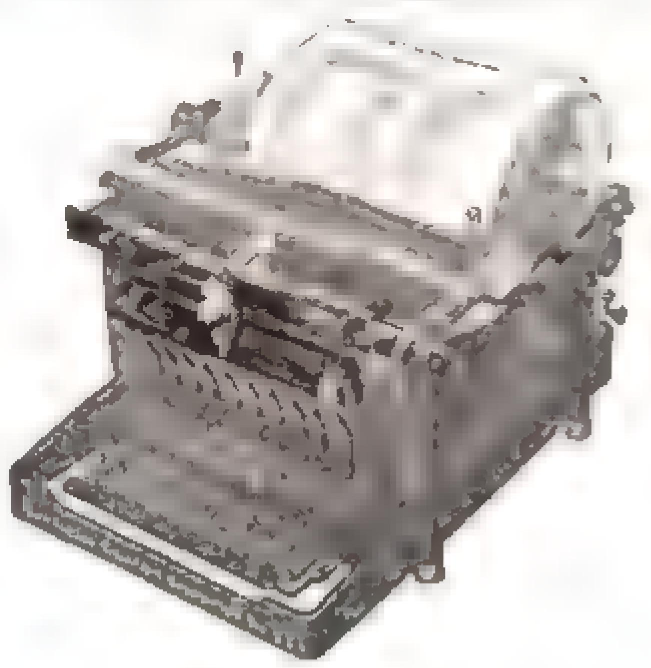
With Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment

presents a new and matchless combination—the latest model of the greatest writing machine with the only adding and subtracting attachment ever placed on a typewriter.

This combination means the doubling of the field both of the writing machine and the adding machine. It opens new opportunities for time and labor saving in every kind of billing and general accounting work.

Illustrated descriptive booklet sent on request.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere



Korrect Shape
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SMART OXFORDS

In Tan, Black, Green and Patent.

GRAND FREE CATALOG. Send for it.

PATENT
Elmore Toe
TAN
Elmore Toe
WINE
Eureka Toe
GREEN
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NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS TRADE MARK ON THE SOLE
Korrect Fit. Korrect Style. Korrect Wear. Korrect Price.

OUR GUARANTEE

If the upper breaks through before the sole is worn through, we will replace with a new pair.

All Burrojaps leathers come under this Guarantee.

5000 dealers sell them. If yours does not, we will supply you—it's easy to do so. Send for catalog.

DEALERS, write for our special trade catalog of shoes carried in stock.

$4.00
BENCH MADE $5.00

THE BURT & PACKARD CO., Makers, 23 Field St., Brockton, Mass.

Well Dressed Men

who would not think of wearing an *ordinary* Waterproof collar are delighted to find in our Challenge Brand a collar so perfect in fit and finish as to be admirably suited to every requirement

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

are just the thing for dusty train trips and the hustle of business. They are always nobby and fresh in all kinds of weather—no bother and worry over a soiled collar—no laundry bills.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in all the [illegible] They have the [illegible] of the best linen [illegible] finish permits easy [illegible]

[illegible] with soap [illegible]

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. A
725-727 Broadway, New York
Boston Philadelphia
Chicago San Francisco
St. Louis Detroit
Toronto

ARCADIA
MIXTURE

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.

A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

Automobile Accessories
Of Every Description

[illegible]

Centaur Motor Co., 53 Franklin St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Camera Craft Everything new in ph[illegible] Carries the most advertising [illegible]
San Francisco, Cal.

"So, then, after all, you're a plain, ordinary fool, and not a philosopher," said Newman. "You disappoint me."

"Believe me, sir, we are all alike. In the last analysis—as my editor says—our dreams are always the same. Youth! Innocence! I shall only say that that woman was religion for me. She wore sabots—look at me!

"That," he went on after a time, again facing Newman, "was of course before I became a landed proprietor!"

He broke off, and as he flung himself into a seat at the table-side his head fell on his outstretched arm. Opposite to him sat Newman, and Newman's head rested also on his outflung arm. So they remained for a time at the breakfast-table of F[illegible] while the sun swam on and the birds sang at the window. It is no difference how long it was before one hand stretched out and touched another. . . .

"In my own case," said Newman, moments later, "it was marriage. But I would not now say which of our plights was the worse."

"That is difficult to say," admitted the other. "Yet I cannot help thinking how sad it is that I may not go to Rose and tell her that now I have a home quite suited to her. Oh, yes, of course, she was married. She came often with the same man, and naturally that could not have been her husband. A fire or police reporter could have told *that*. But all that is nothing. The great and cruel, essential fact is that the Rose of neither of us is here. She is——"

"Not here for you, nor here for me."

"You won all this on the Board, in a game lasting only a few minutes, did you not, Mr. Newman? In a game lasting a little longer—a little more difficult—I won it in turn from you. 'Twas yours; 'tis mine; and 'tis nothing. Why? Because 'tis empty!"

"I made it for her," Newman broke out. "I dreamed and planned it all out for her."

Foolish Rose! Foolish—not to know that all her world could hold was a roof, and a dream—a dream, sir, I beg you to observe! As it is, Rose has simply transferred her unhappiness to the other man. In all likelihood, he will bring to her nothing new—no philosophy—no vision—no immortal work—nothing that haunts the brain at dawn of a beautiful morning. Content! Content! Sir, do you observe the large type in my voice? We spell Murder in six-inch letters on the front page of our paper every day. We spell Success in type of the same size—and very fitly. But Content—we spell *that* in minim-microscopic in the last column of the last page! But Content—I say, I spelled that large in the matrix of my heart, those nights when I saw her. Rose, Content—Content, Rose! With me! The Open Road—the fields that lay before us—the birds that sang! But, sir, I beg your pardon; I did not see that your cup was empty. Pardon a mere troubadour."

Newman raised his hand. "Go on," he said thickly. "Talk to me. Tell me things!"

"What more is there to tell?" asked the young man wearily. "You only reassembled portions of the earth's surface when you built this house for me. You did not rearrange one molecule in the heart of Rose, did you? But come! I think we may have had our lesson now. I am no longer a drunken poet. Very possibly, I have taken out of the air and the grass and the flowers and the new sun that tempting, hard Thing which was in life for me to do. For one man it is one thing; for another, another. Tasks and performances for men are—in the last analysis—hang that editor!—quite alike, sir."

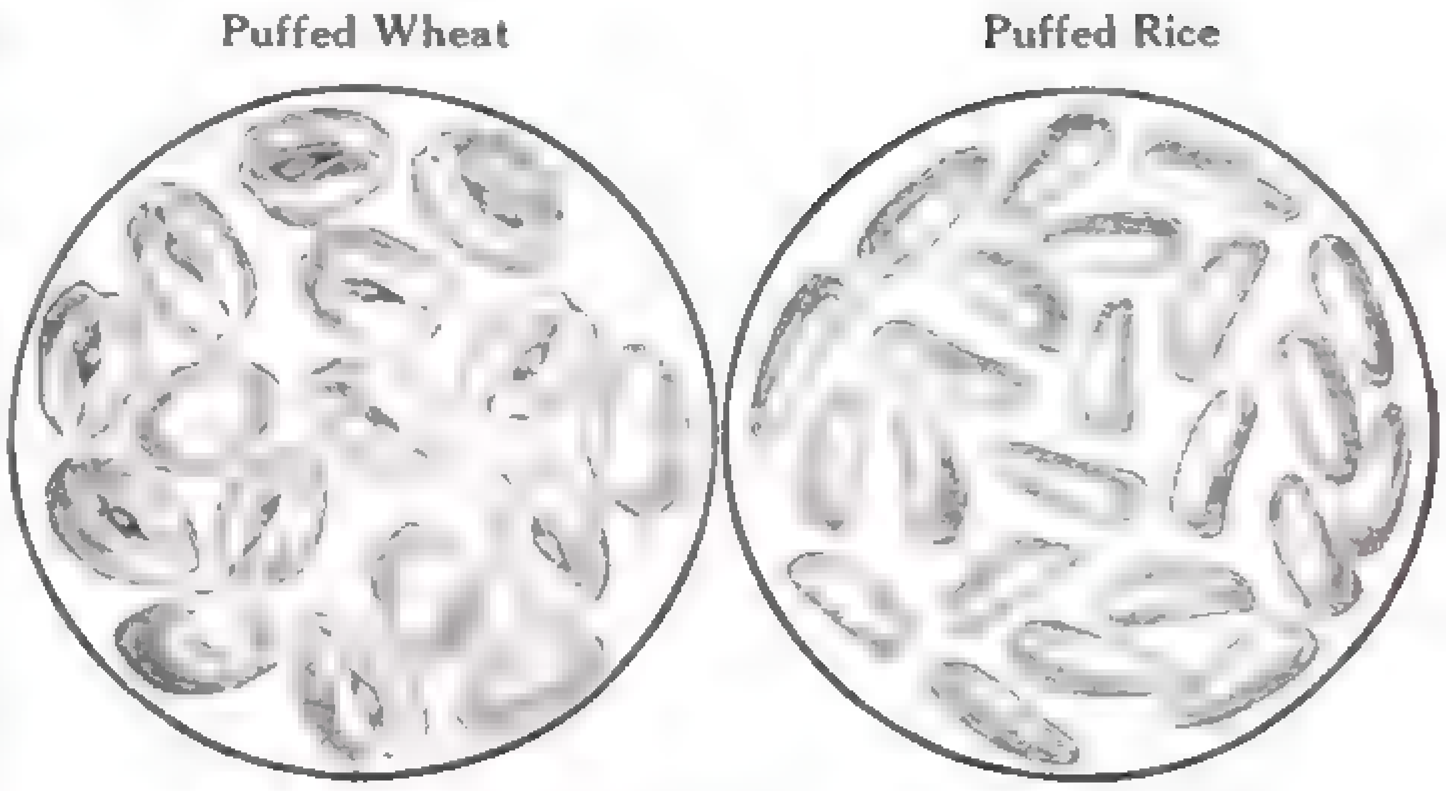
Newman sighed. "What then?" he asked.

"Ah, have you not then grown philosopher when you have had an hour and a half of opportunity such as this? Man, I fear you would not last on our editorial page."

"And to think—very possibly I have read what you have written—often."

"Perhaps," said the young man wearily. "You and I, Mr. Newman, cannot now be harmed by the immortal gods. We have breakfasted. What can harm us between now and the last Thence? There runs the open and inviting path. Come, let us go."

By this time Newman had arisen. His companion went on. "All the rats of care shall follow this partnership in Pied Pipers.



Exact size of grains, with the coats unbroken, after they are puffed to eight times their natural size

The Food That's Shot From Guns

Surprise your folks tomorrow morning with a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Show them these grains, with the coats unbroken, puffed to eight times their natural size.

Serve them this crisp and delicious food—four times as porous as bread. It will melt in the mouth.

Your folks will say, "Why, this is great. Let us have it every morning."

Exploded by Steam

This is the way we make it:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into steel guns. Then those guns are revolved, for sixty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes terrific.

Then the guns are fired. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles. Thus the kernel of grain is expanded eight times. Yet it [illegible]

Quaker Puffed Wheat, 10c

Quaker Puffed Rice, 13c

You owe these most delightful foods to Prof. A. P. Anderson. We gladly give him the credit. But the discovery—like most great inventions—was accidental.

Prof. Anderson was seeking a way to break up starch granules, as no other process does.

Starch that is unbroken will not digest. And cooking breaks up only part of it.

So he sought a way to blast every granule to pieces by exploding the moisture in it.

When he did this, he found that he had created the most enticing cereal foods in existence.

Serve it Tomorrow

You are missing a new delight—something you won't go without when you know it.

Get both the Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Some like one the better—some the other.

But your folks will like either one of them better than any other cereal food in existence.

Begin tomorrow morning.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

All Patents controlled by The Quaker Oats Company

HOW TO KEEP FLOORS FREE FROM DUST

It is a w[illegible] the dust conditions now existing in many stores, [illegible] places of public assembly are deplorable in the extreme. Dust is a recognized [illegible] in stores it causes great loss [illegible] goods.

There is to-day no reasonable excuse for the existence of such conditions, for there is a[n] effective dust preventive at hand—one which is being used in thousands of public places with great success. This remedy is Standard Floor Dressing, a preparation which solves the dust problem once for all.

STANDARD FLOOR DRESSING MAKES SANITARY FLOORS

Where Standard Floor Dressing is used the floor is kept at exactly the right degree of moisture to collect and hold every particle of dust and to destroy its multitudinous bacteria. In such places no dust is appreciable in the atmosphere, consequently hygienic conditions prevail and danger from dust-poisoning and its allied diseases is practically eliminated.

In addition to its qualities as a dust preventive, Standard Floor Dressing is also the best known floor preservative. It keeps the wood in prime condition, prevents it from splintering or cracking, makes it wear better, look better and saves time, money and labor. Three or four applications a year give best results. Not intended for household use.

Dealers almost everywhere sell Standard Floor Dressing. It is put up in barrels, half-barrels, one gallon and five gallon cans.

AT OUR OWN EXPENSE we will treat part of one floor in any school, hospital, store, [illegible] building or other place of public assembly. [illegible] far removed from our agencies, we will send free sample with full directions for applying. Particulars, testimonials and book, "Dust and Its Dangers," free.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

MUSIC MASTER
Wood Horns (NOT VENEERED)

A new kind of horn

which greatly adds to the enjoyment of talking machine or phonograph.

The MUSIC MASTER is the only *resonant* horn—the only horn built of solid wood on scientific sound-board principles. It gives a full round, rich, sweet tone to the record reproduction, and with a fidelity to the original, impossible with a metal or veneered-wood horn.

Sent on one week's trial. Choice of oak, mahogany or spruce, for any make or style of machine. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Ask your dealer for the MUSIC MASTER. If he can't supply you, write us. Full description sent on request.

Sheip & Vandegrift, Inc., 813 N. 5th St., Philadelphia

AGENTS THE MATHEWS SAFETY RAZOR boxed with a stropper for sharpening dull blades, **$1.00**
Special Prices to Our Agents.

Biggest winner you ever saw. One agent [illegible] first afternoon out. Best grade of steel [illegible] day without experience. Write today.
THOMAS MFG CO., 610 Barney Block, Dayton, O.

Why do we linger? If we march, why, perhaps [illegible]

He locked the door behind them. As they stepped into the path they both turned back and gazed for a moment at the stately stone mansion. Then the Poet smiled, whirled the key about his finger, asked a mute question of the other, and, turning, with a light swing tossed the key into the rhododendron bushes.

"After you, sir!" he said to Newman, at the gate.

"No," said Newman; "*with* you, if you please."

Thus, arm in arm, they stepped out into the road. For a time they stood, enjoying the gracious prospect. But at length the gaze of each was fixed upon a little cloud of dust which whirled down toward them.

It paused a hundred yards or so away, as the carriage pulled up at the nearest turn. The carriage drove away as its passenger alighted. It was a woman who now approached them and who, seeing them standing there, halted as though startled. An observer might now have seen a slight moisture gather upon the brow of either man. (The morn had become somewhat more fervid.)

It was the figure of a woman, young and beautiful, who now advanced, hesitated, advanced again; and so, at length, with a run and a little cry, came and laid her hand on Newman's shoulder.

"Rose!" said one of the men.

"I could not go," she sobbed. "I could *not* go!"

"You have come back to me!" one of the men heard the other say.

But the voice of the hedge and the flowers and the round hills and the trees and the sunlight, all in unison remarked but one word: "Rose!"

. . . . .

"In the last analysis," said the young man, smiling to himself as he turned and walked in the opposite direction, "it is a very poor kind of Road which does not run both ways. It does not even depend upon which way you face, because there may be Duty—and Work—at either end of it; and I opine there is little more than that at the end of any road.

"The key they will find," he went on, musing to himself, presently, "under the third rhododendron to the left, as you come down the walk; which, going the opposite way—as Rose is going—would be about the last bush but three, and on the right-hand side. They are very welcome to my house."

Panama's Balboas

NOT long ago an enterprising citizen of New York returned from Panama with a large quantity of balboas, which, to his considerable profit, he sold readily for twenty-five cents apiece.

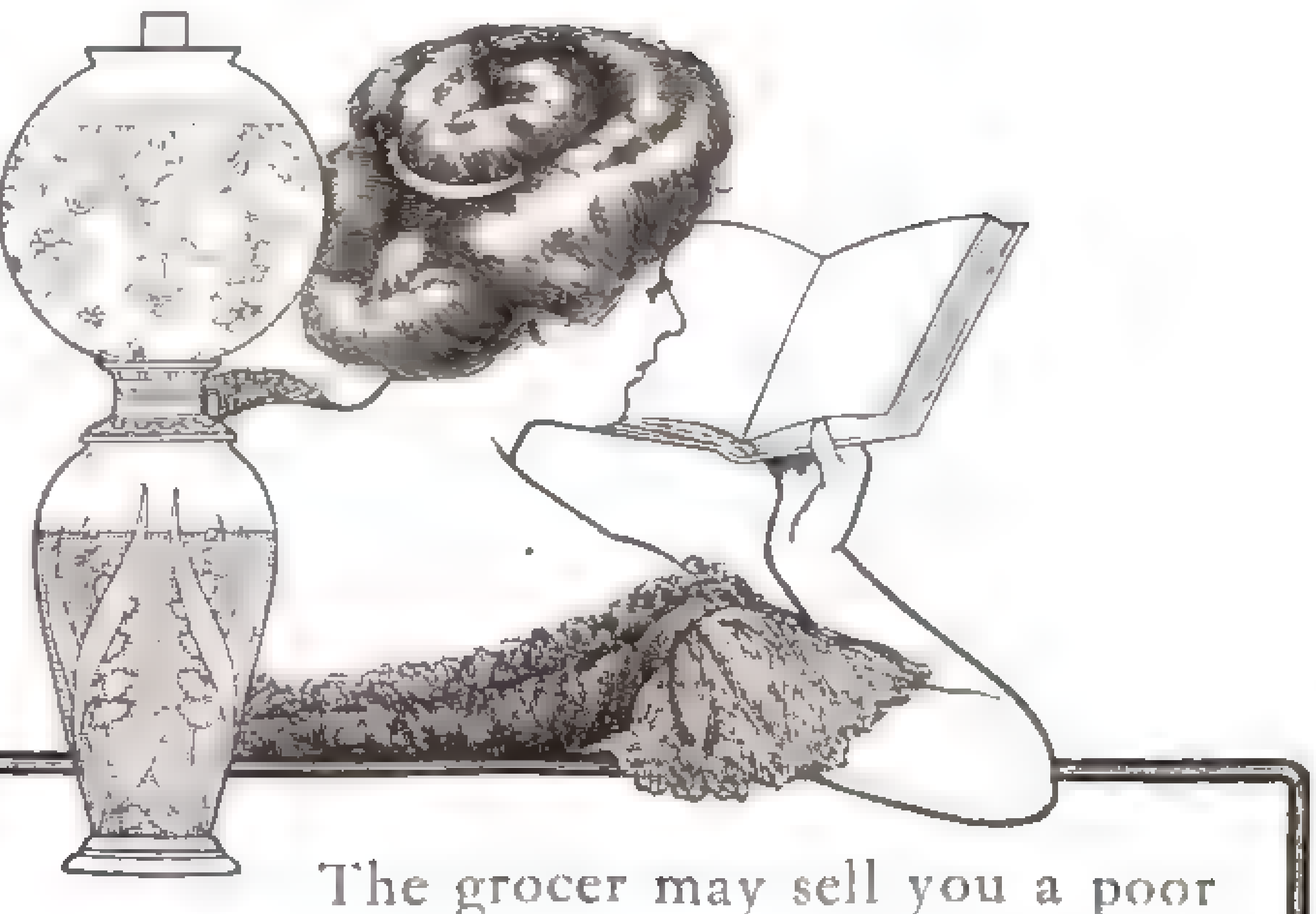
In order to make the matter clear it should be explained that a balboa is not a kind of snake—nor, indeed, any other species of animal. It is a coin. Furthermore, the pieces in question, of silver, were one-fortieth balboas, worth in our money only five cents. Being very tiny, and of unfamiliar mintage, they were interesting as curiosities.

Balboas are the exclusive coinage of the Republic of Panama; they are not found anywhere else. It goes without saying that they are named after the famous Spanish explorer and navigator. All of the coins of Panama are balboas, whole or fractional. A whole balboa is worth two dollars.

Panama, being a very new republic, is not provided with machinery suitable for coining large quantities of metal money, and so has called upon her next friend, Uncle Sam, to attend to the business for her. Just by way of courtesy, our Treasury Department minted at Philadelphia, in one batch, more than a million and a half of coins for the little republic.

All of these, be it understood, were silver coins. But recently, to fill another order, the Philadelphia mint has turned out a big lot of nickel pieces for Panama, the denominations being one-fortieth balboas and one-two-hundredth balboas. The latter, of course, are equal in value to our cent.

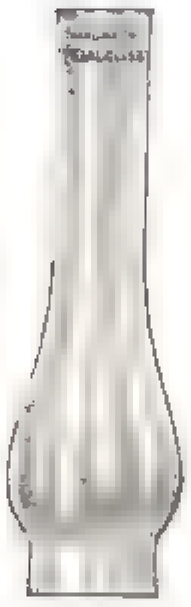
Our Government is very accommodating about this kind of thing. It often does work of the sort for various Latin-American republics, and does not charge a penny beyond net cost. This is all Panama has been obliged to pay.



The grocer may sell you a poor lamp-chimney, saying, "it's just as good as the MACBETH chimneys."

But when it breaks from heat, you learn that the grocer was mistaken.

My name on a lamp-chimney means that the man who made it says that it will not break from heat—and the man who makes a thing usually knows what it is made of.



MACBETH lamp-chimneys at a few cents apiece more are cheaper than the breaking kind at any price.

My Lamp-Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any burner, and gives suggestions about lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it, free, to anyone who writes for it. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh

"Iron Clad"

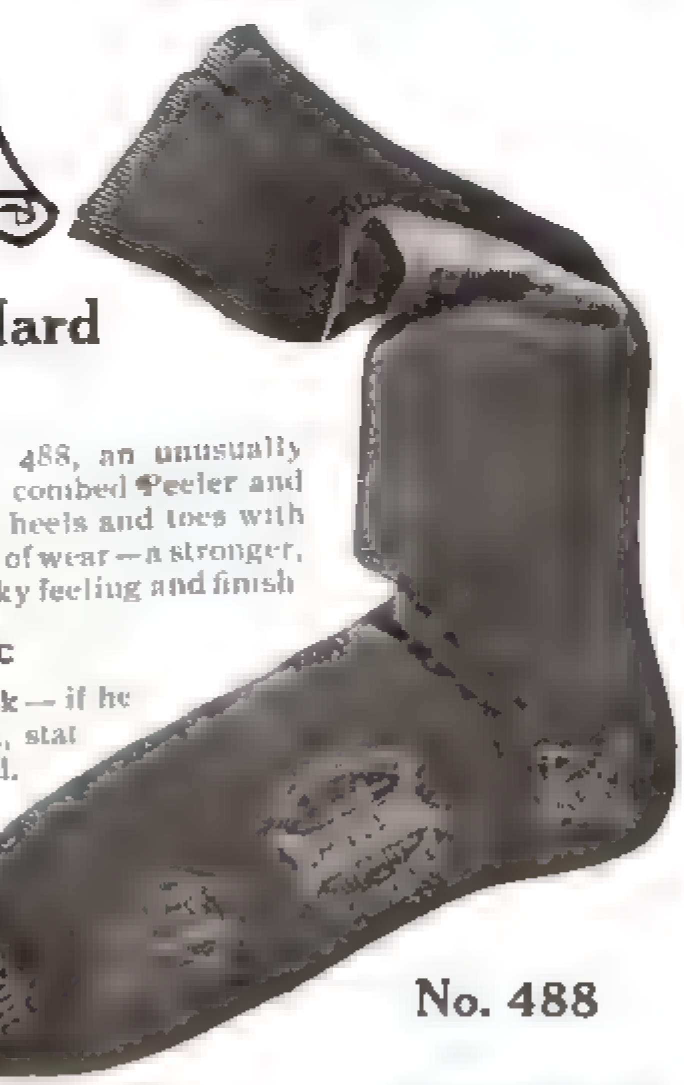
"Not Iron But Lots of Hard Wear in Them"

Especially is this true of Iron Clad No. 488, an unusually stout four ply sock made of a combination of combed Peeler and mercerized Sea Island yarn and reinforced at heels and toes with *linen* splicing that withstands the hardest kind of wear—a stronger, handsomer sock could not be made. Has fine silky feeling and finish.

No. 488 comes in black, blue, gray, oxblood and [illegible] shades of tan. Price per pair – **25c**

Ask your dealer to show you this sock—if he hasn't it, send us 25c for each pair wanted, stating size and colors desired—we mail prepaid.

Our new [illegible] hosiery guide printed in actual [illegible] copy today.



Cooper, Wells & Co.
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No. 488

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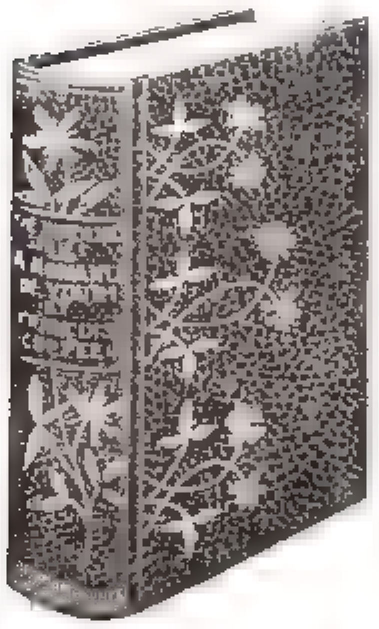

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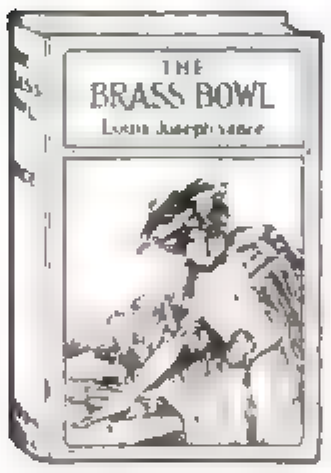

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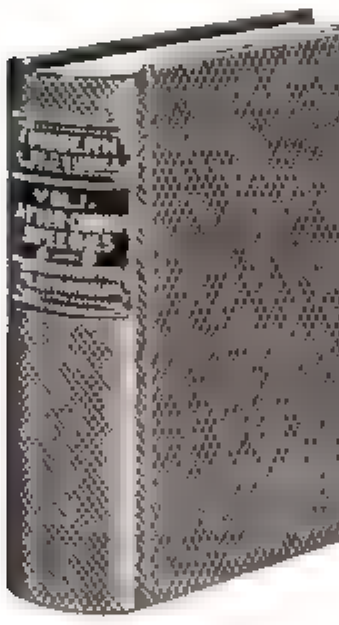

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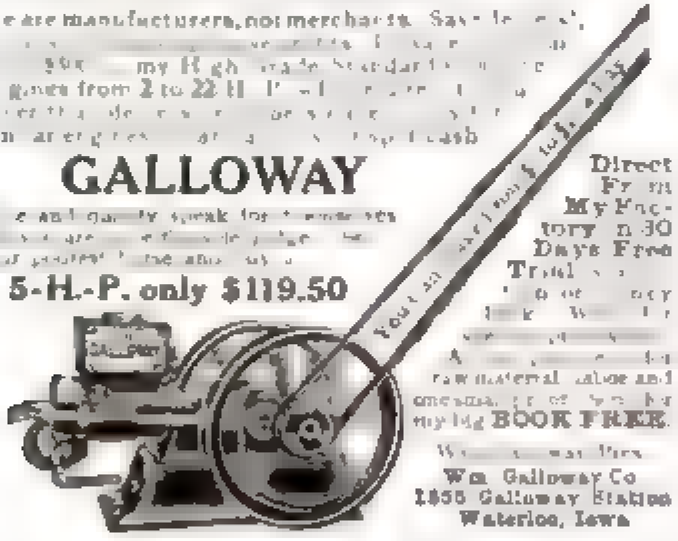

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Timorous Pirates of High Finance

(Concluded from Page 9)

between two messenger boys or two telephone operators is almost as potent as a few words from Harriman, Hill, Morgan or any of the big ones. All the operators want is a tip, and they do not care where it comes from. They are sheets of human fly-paper, catching and hanging to any shred of information that falls on them and being guided by emotions instead of by reason. Our pet little financial writers have educated us to think of the cold, merciless, logical, astute business men, daring and courageous, adamant in the face of panicky market conditions, using nothing but that marvelous analytical power to aid them in deciding their movements in the market.

That sort of talk gives the pip to any one who knows. Eliminating perhaps twenty—probably that is too many—from the men who do business in stocks, or buy and sell them as speculators, which embraces the larger portion of those who deal in stocks at all—eliminating these, the whole kit and caboodle of the rest of them can be thrown into a nervous chill by a tip or a rumor on a postal-card you have written to yourself.

The schemes are as various as the men who do the scheming. A few years ago a man who was known to be a protégé of one of the big men in the street received a letter that read somewhat like this:

> *Dear Charles:*
>
> As you know, I have been wanting to do something for you for a long time. Now my time has come. I know there will be a pronounced upward movement in Airship preferred within the next few days. Get yourself a thousand shares of this stock and you will make yourself some money.
>
> I am glad to do this for you, but I want to caution you that it is absolutely necessary for you to keep this to yourself. Do not, in any circumstances, show this letter to any person whatsoever. This is strictly confidential. I rely on you to keep the news inviolate. You will understand my reasons and I put full trust in you. However, the news is authentic. There is no chance to lose. So buy some, but *keep it to yourself.*

That big man in the street wrote that letter with his own hand. He scrawled a big "Confidential" across the top of the sheet. It looked like the straightest kind of a straight tip. He was a wise old owl. He had had experience with human nature. He knew the man to whom he wrote that letter could no more help showing it to a few of his cronies than he could help breathing, always with strict injunctions to secrecy, of course. Also, he wrote a dozen similar letters to a dozen other people, and each letter-getter showed his to his friends. The result? Why, the result was that they all rushed in to buy the stock, that the wily letter-writer unloaded on the rise a lot of dead stuff he had been carrying, and that after the little buying flurry the stock dropped like a piece of lead pipe in a pail of water. But it was a tip, a straight tip, and it worked.

Every rumor is started with an ulterior purpose. Somebody has something he wants to boost or depress. That is all there is to the rumor business. Always the rumor comes from the recognized rumor-foundries that have been turning out the same brand of stuff for years. There is the Washington rumor, the local rumor, the foreign rumor, based on anything that has any bearing on the physical value of the properties rumored about, on anything that may happen to accelerate or retard, on the health of any potent man in the street, or on any other subject whatever that may have a remote bearing.

The curious thing about the whole system is that the biters allow themselves to be bitten every time some other biter gets his fangs sharpened. They gulp down eagerly the medicine they mix themselves for other gulpers. Other people bite at their rumors and they bite at other people's rumors, and it all works around in a circle.

One does not want to think that a whole species of his fellow-countrymen are chumps. But what can one do?

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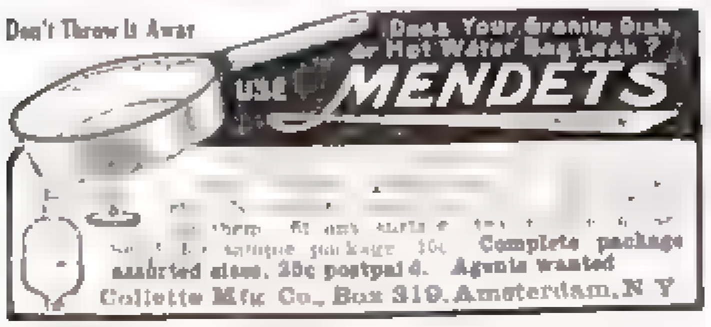

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WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL, Springfield, Mass.

Roosevelt as Cartoon Material

(Concluded from Page 25)

and very frequently all at one luncheon. With no false ideas about exclusiveness, he found time to talk with anybody who represented a new phase of life and in consequence of this wide familiarity with people and conditions, he has known how to reach the ear and favor of the country. In this respect he has had a great advantage over those statesmen who travel in a small circle of society, sit in a club, and try to imagine what is good for the people at large.

The year 1904 was a year of boundless possibilities, and the cartoons of that period record that Mr. Roosevelt embraced every one of them. The Presidential campaign, the St. Louis fair, and the Japanese-Russian war all provided settings in which our tireless Executive shone in original or reflected glory. Immediately after his election we find his annual message full of tariff revision, and a little bit later his struggles with a do-nothing Congress occupy the public attention

These early days of 1905 were busy ones both for the President and the cartoonist. In a single day when he was feeling particularly fit, the President straightened out the San Domingo difficulty, jumped on to Castro, sent a hot message to the Senate, dashed off an essay on the Race Question, handed the Standard Oil Company a hard jolt, made plans for a hunting trip, superintended the preparations for inauguration, and then attended a banquet in New York

The next day he welcomed some of his old friends who had come to see him inaugurated — his boxing instructor, his fencing instructor, some authors, rough riders, hunters, New York policemen and cowboys. After the inauguration he dashed away to attend a reunion of Rough Riders at San Antonio, and then spent a few weeks chasing grizzlies around the Rockies With these valorous achievements as a sort of warming-up exercise he returned to Washington, leaped into the affairs of Japan and Russia at the psychological moment, and brought about a termination of the bloody war in Manchuria; after which he ran down to Panama and got material for a travelogue, which later was accepted and printed by the Congressional Record.

The years of 1906, 1907 and 1908 are a bewildering succession of dramatic moves by the President

Added to his wonderful energy in creating topics for discussion, there arose other conditions which equally provoked the cartoonist to activity. The country began to talk about a third term, or, if not a third term, some occupation for him to follow after leaving the White House. They appointed him Prexy of Harvard, a member of The Hague Tribunal, a Senator from New York, and many other things. He, not to be outdone, first got the Jamestown Exposition started, and then began the merciless war on stock juggling and manipulation that culminated in the panic of 1907. A bear hunt in Louisiana, a waterway convention on the Mississippi, a fierce controversy with the Nature fakers, the dispatch of the battleship fleet, the elimination of "In God We Trust" from our gold coins, the installation of doctors in command of our hospital ships, a fierce war with a do-nothing Congress, a conservation conference, an African lion hunt, a row in the Navy, a denunciation of libelous newspapers, and the election of Mr. Taft constitute only a few of the achievements that have made great ammunition for cartoonists. A complete list would be too long, but those that are given will convince any one that Mr. Roosevelt has been a cornucopia of suggestions for the cartoonists and newspaper makers. It will be much harder work thinking up ideas now that he has retired from the fierce limelight of Washington.

Out of Sorts

WE WERE moving a four-thousand-pound safe from one office to another. George, the negro janitor, with a four-by-four pine stick, was pinching the safe along

The boss man said: "George, why don't you pick that safe up and carry it, instead of monkeying with that scantling?"

George replied: "Boss, I hain't feelin' very pickish dis mawning, suh; I'se feelin' a leetle duplicate."

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THE BEARSLAYER

(Continued from Page 15)

amongst the soldiers. Nobody paid me no mind, an' I was fixin' to sneak across the stage-plank when Mr. Tom said, 'Father, look yonder.'

"'What is it, Tom?'

"Cunnel Hinds looked up an' saw me, an' busted out in a big laugh. 'Well, Tom, it *do* look like we got to take that boy everywhere we go. Tain't no use tryin' to leave *him*; he jes' ain't a-goin' to stay behind.'

"Of co'se, I knew 'twas all right after Cunnel Hinds done broke out an' laughed, so I went to waitin' on 'em same I always done. That was how I happened to go with the army in the Confederate War.

"When the soldiers got [illegible] they went out to Camp Boone, Tennessee. Mr. Tom Hinds was first lieutenant of Burns' Artillery, and Cunnel Howell Hinds was lieutenant of Cap'n Put Darden's company. The ole gentleman afterward got promoted to be a cunnel.

"They drilled a heap at Camp Boone, and officers was sent there to teach 'em how. It didn't take those young men long to get to be tol'able good drill hands.

"One night about ten o'clock we had double-quick orders to go to Mulvihill, Kentucky, close to Elizabethtown. We traveled all that night, and at nearly daylight we took the train and got as far as Bowling Green.

"I never will forget seeing a lieutenant climb up on the top of the depot an' pull down the Union flag—it was about noontime. All the young soldiers cheered and cheered, but I saw two or three old soldiers that looked mighty curious about it.

"We sho' was in a hurry; I heerd 'em say we was tryin' to beat Gen'l Rousseau—he was the Federal general of the Yankee army—we was tryin' to beat him to Mulvihill. But we hadn't got more'n a piece of the way from Bowling Green befo' our train got wrecked. The track was tore up mighty bad by some of the Union people, and by that kind o' trick the Yankees beat us to Mulvihill. So we camped at Bowling Green River Bridge—and stayed there quite a while. The Yankees advanced down and the first fight we had was on the big hill to the right of the bridge at Green River.

"After that was all over the Yankees fell back to Mulvihill, and we moved down to Bowling Green and went into winter quarters.

"When the fight broke out that time they all went away and left me in camp by myself, and I was a mighty little darky. Somebody had left a musket an' a sack full of cartridges. So I jes' buckled on the cartridge belt, an' follered along 'til I got to where the shootin' was goin' on. All the men was a-pluggin' away, so I got in a place where I could see real good, an' commenced a-shootin', too.

"'Twarn't long until I heerd some one bust out in a big laugh behine me, and there was Mr. Tom Hinds a-settin' up mighty straight on his hoss.

"'Look here, boy, ain't you scared you'll git kilt?' Mr. Tom said, an' he looked so peculiar I couldn't help but laugh.

"'Dunno, sir; ain't my chances mighty nigh as good as yours?'

"He jes' laughed an' laughed, then rode off a-hollerin' at some men. Co'se he was my master, an' if *he* didn't say nothin' it warn't nobody else's business, so I kept on a-shootin'. When everybody said the fightin' was done over with I come on back to camp with the rest of 'em, and the men all laughed at me and my big musket.

"'Where you reckon that big gun is a-goin' wid that little bit o' nigger?' one of 'em said.

"'You let that nigger alone,' another one assured 'im, right brief. 'That nigger's a soldier.' I sholy did feel proud when he said that. Then we fell back to our winter quarters in Bowling Green. That was the winter of the terrible snowstorm.

"While we was at Bowling Green I joined the cavalry company. They enrolled me jes' like they did the white men. Gen'l Forrest wanted me, and Cap'n Perry Evans from Texas, Company E, he wanted me. Both of 'em went to Cunnel Howell Hinds, and he said, 'All right; I tried to leave that boy at home, but he wouldn't stay.' The Cunnel give me one of his thoroughbreds to ride and I went in for a soldier. I went with the Texas soldiers,

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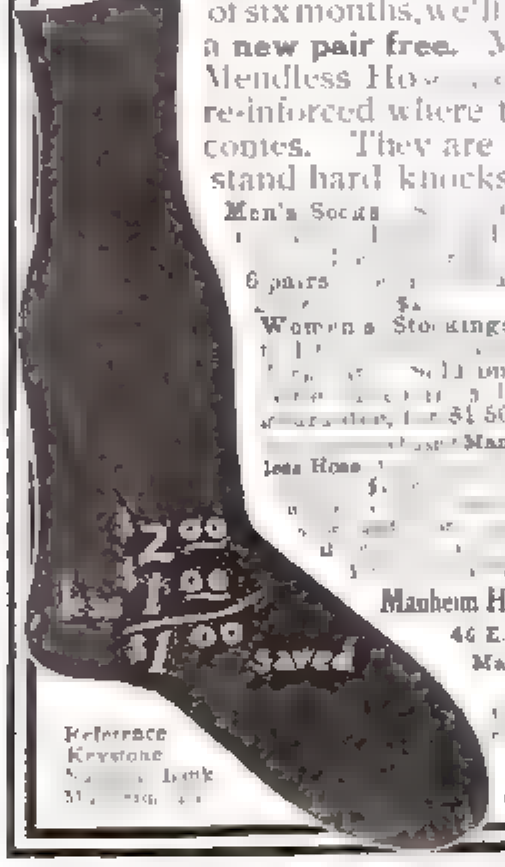

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Gen'l Ross' Brigade Cunnel Dudley Jones' regiment. Cap'n Perry Evans was my cap'n, Company E. I was the only colored man in the whole entire regiment that was a sho'-nuff soldier. All my white friends was good to me. I was a boy, but I was a fine shot and a fine rider. The company used to practice a heap shootin' and ridin'. We used to gallop around and belt a tree — that is, galloping the horses around in a circle, shootin' six-shooters at the tree and beltin' it, same as you would belt it with an axe. Those men could gallop around a tree fast as the horses could go, and shoot so many bullets into a tree that they would kill it. That was our practice.

"When we left Bowling Green we fought out of Kentucky all the way from there into Tennessee, out of Tennessee into Alabama, and out of Alabama back into Mississippi.

"At the battle of Shiloh I was on the battlefield with Gen'l Albert Sydney Johnston. He was shot in the thigh and bled to death. We run smack over the Yankees and drove 'em into the river, took their encampment and captured everything. But after Gen'l Beauregard was put in command he laid over Sunday to fight Monday. Monday they had, I think, thirty thousand reenforcements on us, and tore the army all to pieces. We fell back from Shiloh to Corinth, and afterward we was detailed in the Mississippi River Scouts. I came down here with Cap'n Perry Evans. Of co'se I knew every pig path in this country, all up and down this Mississippi River.

"It was long 'bout that time we was skirmishin' and scoutin' around in Issaquena County, and some way or other those negro soldiers got between me and Mr. Howell Hinds. Befo' we knowed it real good they had done cut him off from gittin' back to us at all. Soon as I saw that I jes' gits up and yells for volunteers to go and git Mr. Howell. They was all white men, but they went with me, all right. We went and got Mr. Howell, we did that. I reckon them niggers thought I was one o' them, 'cause it did look curious none of 'em didn't shoot us. They must 'a' passed the word down the line not to shoot.

"But we never did have no sort o' chance up here. The woods was full of Yankees, and they was traveling back and forth along the river like a string of ants.

"After the surrender — the fall of Vicksburg — we all went down there and got paroled. I sho' was frazzled out with fighting, so I come back to the woods and went to hunting bears.

"After the war there was a whole lot of carpet-baggers come down here and I had a heap of trouble with 'em. They all hated me, because I had been a soldier — I reckon I was the only colored man down here that had been a soldier in the Confederate war. I never would have anything to do with the carpet-baggers. They came down here and misled the colored people and sold 'em out, then ran off and went to the Northern countries. These men told the colored men everything on earth that was wrong. They jes' nacherly *had* to run away.

"The whole battle and fight in 1875 was against the white people. And when we was having so much trouble in this country with the Republicans and colored people, these carpet-baggers tried to bribe me to turn and go with them. They offered me three thousand dollars to go with them and I wouldn't take it. The party offered me that. They wanted me to go with them and canvass and go all around the country helping them to get up riots and one thing and another. They had a red wagon with guns in it. But I didn't accept it. I went with the Southern people to all the voting places. I had this same rifle with me then that I am shooting now.

"That's how come they tried to hang me after the war — because I was a soldier. They had me in the military court at Vicksburg, but Cunnel Percy and Cunnel Tom Marshall and all my white friends stuck to me and got me out. The whole lawsuit came up about a Yankee captain controlling a lot of colored soldiers over the river yonder, in the cottonwood bushes. His name was Cap'n King. He put people out on all these plantations in companies, and they had to make crops. He had the bossing of them and the planters could not get labor. Cap'n King had men all over the country on different plantations. He put about twenty of them on this plantation of Mr. Howell Hinds. Cap'n King and the old Cunnel had some trouble about

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OTHER PROJECTS

In addition to the above, there are a number of projects promoted by private capital and enterprise. Most of these are in the rich fruit raising districts of Washington. The Wenatchee Valley, Kettle Falls Country, Spokane County and other irrigation centers are *fully described in our Washington Bulletin. Sent free on request.*

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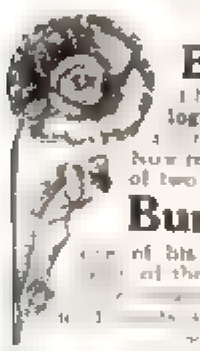

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their business and had a fight. Cap'n King was a young man and Cunnel Hinds was about sixty years old; but he was tough and mighty hard to whip. He never carried a pistol, only during the war. Cunnel Hinds was wrangling, and Cap'n King tripped him and threw him down. Old man Rich Collier, a cousin of mine, separated them. Cap'n King pulled out a knife on the old Cunnel, but finally they got separated.

"This fight happened in the negro quarters, 'bout three or four hundred yards from the big house. I was in the woods huntin' and didn't know nothin' about it until old man Rich Collier told me how 'twas. It sho' did rile me up. I jes couldn't help saying, 'I'm mighty glad I warn't here —— No, I ain't; I wisht I *was* here.'

"'Twarn't long after that 'til Cap'n King got killed alongside the road, down on the Ridge. These carpet-baggers 'cused me of killin' 'im. They arrested me by the military laws, but they never could prove anything and they turned me loose. Five different times the provost marshals come and got me. It looked like every little while they would send another provost marshal to investigate, and I would have to go up again.

"The last one that came here, he asked me a few questions and then he said 'You go ahead. That's all right. If you did do it, you ought to have done it.'

"Directly after the war de ole Cunnel was takin' his daughter to school in Kentucky an' o' co'se I went with 'em. We was goin' out o' Memphis, an' the old Cunnel tuk me into de sleepin' car to wait on 'im. Conductor come along an' dragged me out same as if I was a dog now you know the Cunnel warn't goin' to stan' nothin' like that. He jes' hauled off an' knocked that conductor down flat. I had a pistol in my pocket, but didn't nobody know I had it. When the conductor got up he pulled a six-inch bowie knife on the Cunnel. It was kinder fashionable in those days to carry a bowie knife; everybody had 'em 'cept the Cunnel, he never did carry nothin'.

"When the conductor pulled that bowie knife on the Cunnel I shot 'im — shot 'im through the hip. I didn't want to kill 'im, but I warn't goin' to let him kill the Cunnel. Co'se I *would* ha' kilt him, but I knew if I shot 'im it would keep him from stabbing the Cunnel. So I jes' shot 'im in the hip where 'twouldn't kill 'im. I was a good big boy then, but I was crying like a baby. I didn't know but what I would be killed the next minute, but I was sho' goin' to keep him from killing Cunnel Hinds.

"Then they made a whole lot o' fuss over that an' talked about takin' me to the cote house ag'in. The white folks got me out of that trouble, 'cause the Cunnel had a world o' friends on that train. Gen'l Cheatham, he was there, and Doctor Newman, and they all took care o' me.

"I sho' did have a tough time in them reconstruction days — had to look out for myself all the time, and didn't sleep much.

"There was a camp of colored soldiers at old Greenville, and when I'd ride my horse up there and hitch 'im, they'd be jumpin' on 'im and galloping off jes' to make me mad. You know how biggety a nigger is when he gits on a uniform. Well, I stood it as long as I could; then we had a rookus and I took a crack at some of 'em, but didn't kill none. Dat brought on a whole lot more talk an' 'sputin' an' jawin' back an' forth 'bout me shootin' at the soldiers. They had a white cap'n, an' me an' Mr. Tom Hinds had to go over there to explain it to him. The cap'n acted mighty nice 'bout it — the soldiers didn't have no right out o' camp, nohow. He put 'em all in the guard-house right away. I told how they were treatin' me an' he went out and read out of a great big book to 'em. He had a whole lot to say. He told 'em they must remember that I had as much right to be in the Southern army as they had to be in the Republican army. He gave me a right to carry my pistol, an' he told me if anybody bothered me, an' I got the best of it, jes' to light out and make it there to him. He'd see that I got a fair chance. He treated me mighty nice. I got out of that trouble an' they let me alone.

"It sho' did seem like a pity for my ole master to git kilt right here in dis street, stabbed to death with a knife, and 'twarn't none o' his fight no way. He jes' went in to separate 'em an' cotch de lick."

Editor's Note — This is the first of two articles in which the famous Mississippi bear-hunter tells his own story.

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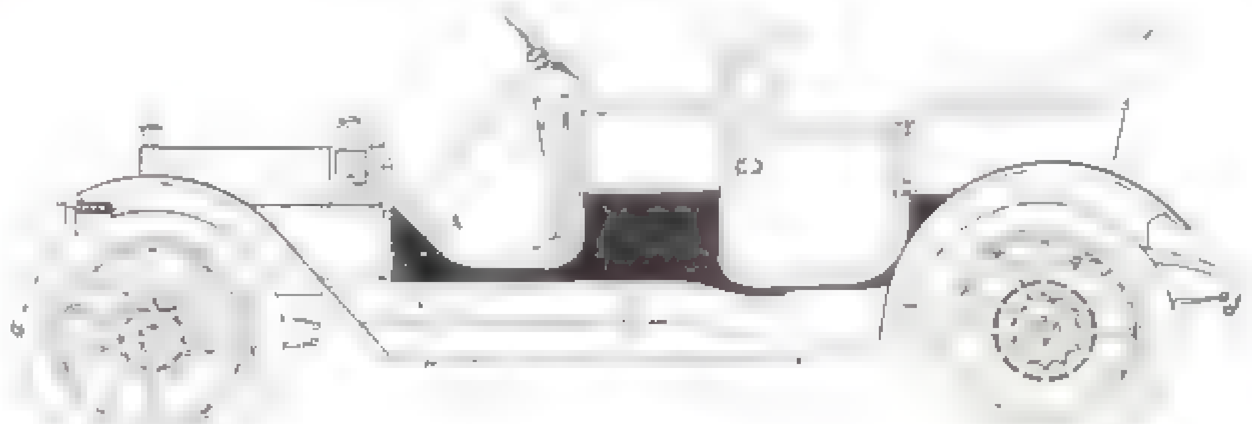

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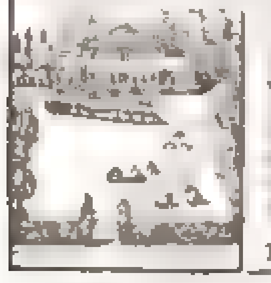

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ROBBIE'S RAKE-OFF

(Continued from Page 17)

But to skip all this—all these minor matters. In the twenty years of Robbie's rise the road had thriven mightily, so that all its resources were taxed to maintain an adequate car supply. Therefore a new official was created. He had entire charge of all the road's cars in all the district and his name was Jones—Robinson S. Jones, the S. standing for Smith. One would have had difficulty in recognizing in the important Mr. Jones the erstwhile Robbie of the scale yard. But it was he, nevertheless.

But with this change in Robbie, other changes had also arisen. One of them was the sudden coming into vogue of the Interstate Commerce Commission; another, the growing ease of the Captain, now hale, hearty and well-to-do. He seemed to be no longer so keenly interested in his Green-Gale bonds, because he felt reasonably certain that if he went to the Interstate Commerce Commissioners they would listen kindly to his tale—as he had once remarked to Robbie.

Furthermore, the Green-Gale Company had been reorganized again, this time with a million-dollar funded debt and two million dollars' worth of stock. Subsequently this was still further increased, so that there was more money to be made in running the company than in wrecking it. Indeed, its coal acreage had grown into the thousands, and in the great, consolidated Green-Gale Coal and Mining Company one would have found it difficult to recognize the Captain's first one-horse hole in the ground. Altogether he owned a clear third of the stock, and was styled its president and general manager. Robinson S., however, who owned another third, preferred to remain in the background. No mention was made of him in the list of active officers, nor was anything said about the railroad's president, vice-president and general manager, who between them owned nearly another third of the shares. The residue was in the hands of widows and orphans who wept publicly whenever there was a threat to curtail the company's activity.

But cars is cars, as Robbie had said and as Robinson S. still firmly believed, and our hero had grown careworn. In the beginning the Green-Gale Company had needed only fifteen or twenty cars a day, but now it needed two hundred. But cars is cars, and there were frequently times when all the empties on the division numbered not more than that. In the old days the solution would have been easy, for Robinson S. would have helped himself blithely to all in sight and turned a deaf ear to the piteous wailings of the outsider. Now, however, the Interstate Commerce Commission arose like a bugaboo, and such crude and brutal methods no longer remained in vogue among our best railroad people. In fact, unofficial shippers on the road had been able to get nearly fifty per cent of the cars they were entitled to, which was an unjustifiable state of affairs that not even Robinson S. and his friends had been able to overcome. Therefore, our friend sat up nights trying to think, and since he was not in the railroad for his health, his constitution suffered extremely. But in the end he worked it out. The Green-Gale Company should have cars of its own.

Now, in the busy soft-coal district private cars are a whole bunch of keys to the situation. If you own enough of them you are independent of the usual car supply, because, as a rule, only you may load them, and when empty they must be returned at once to your mines. But private cars cost money, and rich as the Green-Gale Company had grown, it could not afford to tie up its capital in expensive rolling stock. Then, too, there had been a good deal of competition in the coal trade and the profits had fallen off. But Robinson S. thought if he could get the private cars he could kill two birds with one stone—choke off much of the competition and supply his mines with empties regardless of official interference—Government interference, it should be said. So after thinking it out he went over to the president's office.

"Mr. President," said Robinson S., "the company's got to have cars."

"You mean the Green-Gale Consolidated, don't you?" inquired the president.

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Double edged blades a specialty. We sterilize, resharpen and return your own blades better than new. Send address for convenient mailing package

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Robinson S. frowned slightly. "Of course! What did you think I meant? I say it needs cars of its own."

The president looked at him inquiringly. "Have we the money—I mean, has the company the money? The coal company, you understand?"

"No," answered Robinson S.; "but what we'll do is this," said he, and proceeded to explain. He explained so fluently that at the end of the month a thousand brand-new hoppers appeared on the road bearing on their sides the painted legend:

GREEN-GALE CONSOLIDATED COAL AND
MINING COMPANY

The paint was still fresh—so fresh, in fact, that beneath it one saw vaguely other letters which had been covered over. On a lower corner of each car a second legend had been stenciled—to wit:

HEEHAW INSURANCE CO.
Sleepy Hollow
CAR & EQUIPMENT TRUST
Series A

If asked about it, the Green-Gale Company said it had floated an issue of car and equipment bonds, paid for the cars with the proceeds, and had then created a sinking fund which would take up the bonds when they became due. Perhaps; there was no way of finding out. But what others said about it was somewhat different. One set of thinkers held to the belief that the cars had been borrowed from the railroad, and that the mileage they made went to pay the rentals. Others said that the railroad had bought the cars from the car manufacturers with the stockholders' money, and then had sold them to the Green-Gale Consolidated. Afterward the coal company had issued bonds, it was said, which the railroad had bought at par. But this could not have been true—not altogether true, anyway, because there was that legend about the Heehaw car trust painted on the cars. So there was nothing else to say, when this was pointed out, but that the railroad, after buying the bonds on the cars it had first bought and then sold, had gone and sold the bonds again, or pledged them with the Heehaw Company, or done something or other so they wouldn't have to appear upon the railroad's books. But by the time the discussion got this far no one really knew what had happened, except that the Green-Gale Coal and Mining Company had the cars. Which was exactly what had been intended in the beginning.

And once having the cars, Robinson S. arose in his might and executed the crowning coup of all the coups in his career. Listen:

In the coal business, ordinarily, prices are dependent on the law of supply and demand. If coal is scarce the price goes up. If there is too much coal the price goes down. To be sure. But greater than a mere law of political economy was the law of Robinson S. Arising but a day or so after the Green-Gale car deal, Robinson S. sent an order up and down the lines:

"Until further orders," ordered Robinson S., "only P. D. & Q. and Q. T. equipment may be routed for points east of Flimflam Junction. This order shall not apply to private cars."

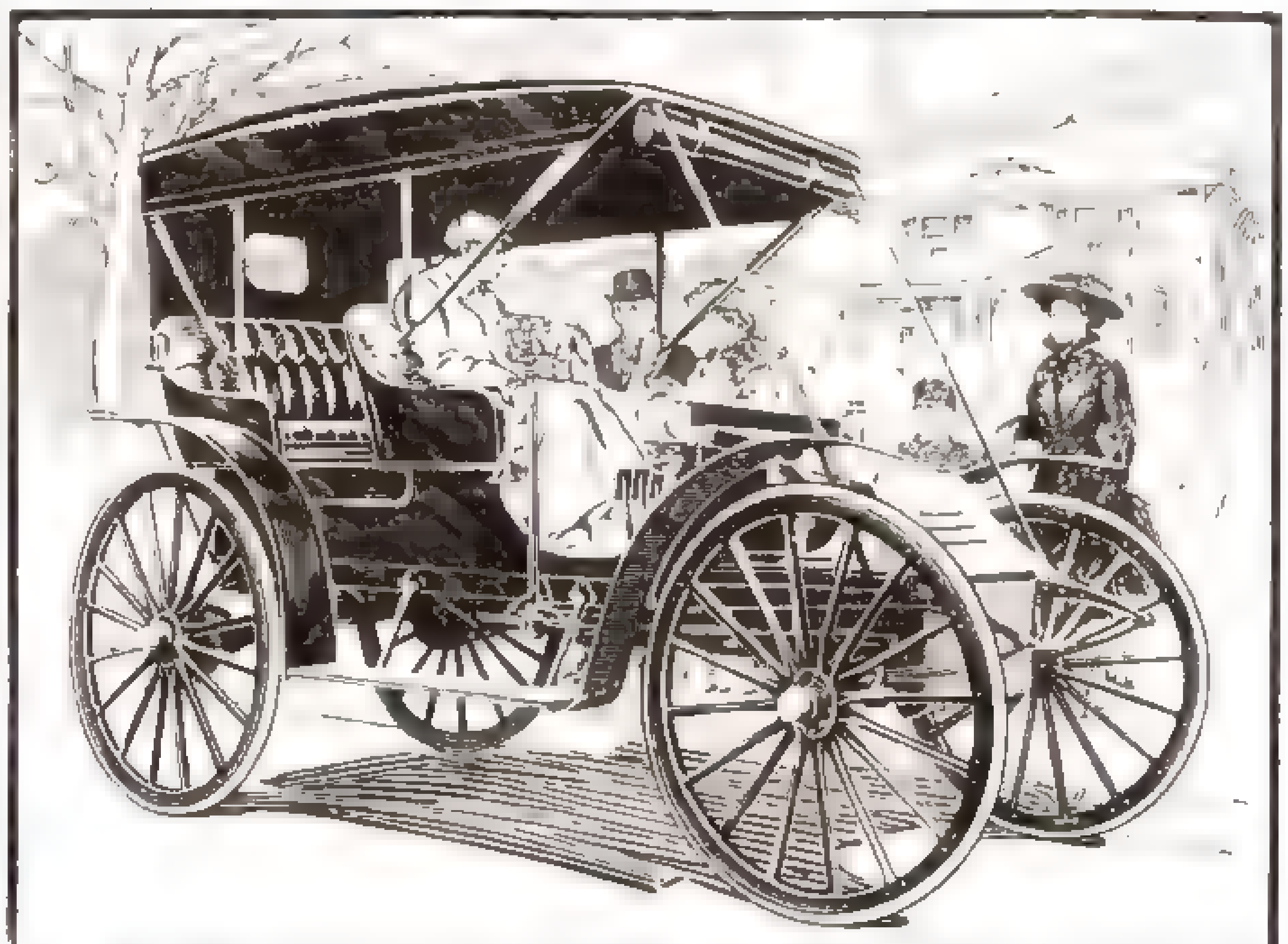
As the P. D. & Q. and Q. T. cars represented about one-tenth of the coal equipment available, and as the only market left was east of the junction point, the roar that went up was the roar of a storm-beaten sea. "We're running this road," said Robinson S., when the waves surged about his feet; "it's for the good of the service."

It was, indeed! In about a week's time the coal market east of Flimflam Junction was jumping upward with leaps and bounds, and when the price had reached a proper level there trundled solemnly into the ken of a horde of anxious consumers solid trains of laden coal cars, bearing on their sides the legend:

GREEN-GALE CONSOLIDATED COAL AND
MINING COMPANY

They still figure anxiously how he got it—got that three million dollars or so. In fact, the more they figure the more they see their arithmetic is wrong.

Mathematically expressed, Robbie's fortune has increased inversely as to his being on the square. Cut out the plain addition.



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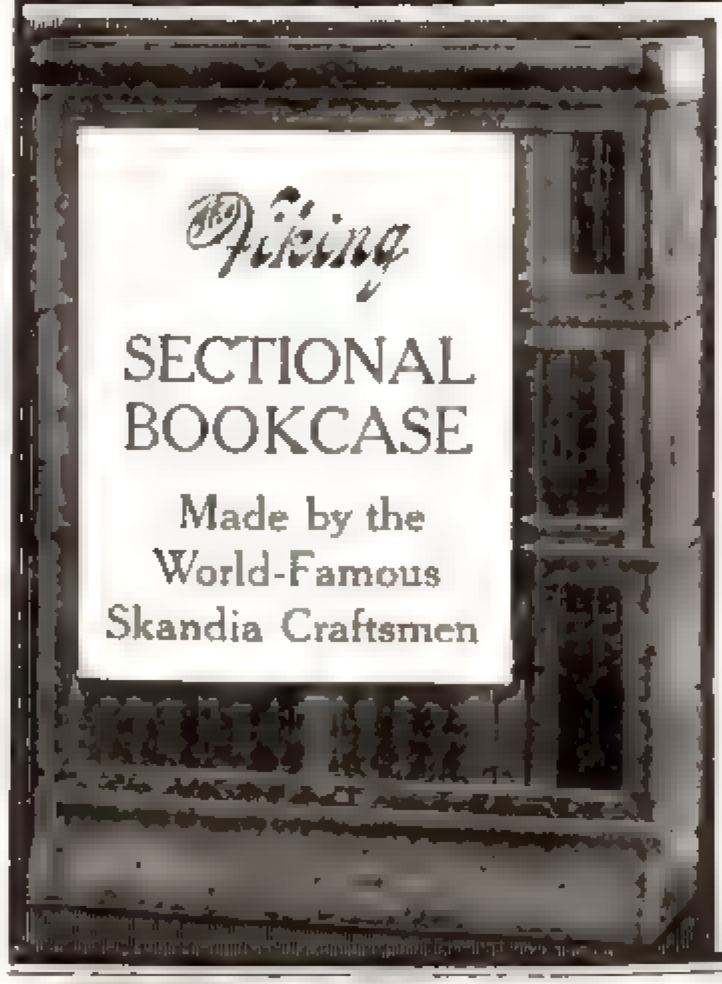

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Do You Admire the Ostrich?

AS you know, when an ostrich gets scared he sticks his head in the sand and imagines that because his head is covered his whole body is hid and he is safe from bodily harm and danger.

Now, HOW MUCH DIFFERENCE is there between the attitude of the ostrich and that of the parent who has a feeling that if people and papers and magazines wouldn't talk about the **"White Slave" Traffic** and about **girls going wrong,** somehow all would be well?

Every man and woman in America who does not admire the ostrich should read the WOMAN'S WORLD and the White Slave and social exposure treatises published in this great magazine. For introductory purposes we are making a free offer as below.

You Can Read These Anti-Ostrich Articles FREE

The following striking White Slave, Social and Sex Anti-Ostrich features are published in the WOMAN'S WORLD, and are included in this offer:

"HOW TO PROTECT OUR GIRLS," by Harry A. Parkin, the Assistant United States District Attorney at Chicago, who has had direct personal charge of the government's prosecutions against the white slave traffic, has written a powerful and practical article on this subject for the Woman's World. Mr. Parkin is the man who actually headed the raids which landed [illegible] of the white slavers [illegible] prison, the man who personally examined scores of the witnesses and prepared the evidence for the government [illegible] cases, the man who, as a faithful servant [illegible] Department of Justice has dug down into the filth and mire of this terrible traffic in order to stamp it out, so far as federal laws provide for its extermination. The campaign of prosecution which he has conducted under the direction of United States District Attorney Edwin W. Sims, has brought many things to light—among them this fact: Federal laws [illegible] protect only girls brought in from foreign countries or [illegible] here from other lands; THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN GIRLS IS UP TO THE STATES THEMSELVES. The white slavers are, broadly speaking, free to forage on home ground, while the emigrant girl is under the strong protecting hand of the government of the United States

The state legislatures of this country are now in session. It is up to them to pass new laws which will drive the white slavers from the home field. Very few legislators know what new measures are needed. Mr Parkin does, [illegible] as a prosecutor has made him intimately familiar with [illegible] phase of this hideous traffic and with the [illegible] through which these wolves make their escape.

The Woman's World proposes to do what it can to stop these holes, to plant thorns in the paths of those who live from the shame of our home-grown girls. Therefore Mr. Parkin has been engaged to write an article suggesting the measures which ought to be passed by every state legislature of this country, this winter. More than this, his article will tell the mothers and fathers how to get action on the legislators of their various states so that they will *get results* and pass the [illegible]. Read Mr. Parkin's article and then ACT, and [illegible]. He gets right down to brass tacks and tells what [illegible] fathers and mothers of this country will act on Mr Parkin's suggestions—and it is easy to do so—the white slave fiends can be driven into their holes or thrown into prison. Here is a chance for you to *do something* that will actually protect your daughters and your neighbors' daughters.

"WHITE SLAVERY IN AMERICA," by Hon. Charles Nelson Crittenton, President National Florence Crittenton Mission, having branches throughout the United States and only institution of its kind ever specially chartered by U. S. Congress. Mr. Crittenton has dealt with the victims of the White Slave Traffic for twenty-five years and is the greatest living authority on the subject

"TERRORS OF THE WAY OF SHAME," a warning to mothers, by Mrs. Ophelia L. Amigh, Supt. Illinois State Training School for Girls. A strong article based on facts

"BETTER EDUCATION ON THE SEX QUESTION," by Judge Julian W. Mack, soundest and most distinguished jurist in the West and for years at head of Juvenile Court, Chicago, where he passed upon thousands of cases.

"WHITE SLAVE TRADE OF TODAY," by Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney in Chicago. An account of the White Slave traffic of today by the official who has already obtained the conviction of many hundreds of the miserable creatures engaged in this "business," and who, Mr Sims says, "have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national and international system." Do you know that "White Slave" trappers scour the [illegible] country towns for their victims and with what wiles they lure fair girls away? Mr Sims' words of warning and the facts he presents should be read by every mother and father in America. Mr Sims was the government prosecuting attorney in the famous $29,000,000 Standard Oil case

"WOLVES THAT PREY ON WOMEN," by Jane Addams, of the Hull House, Chicago. Miss Addams is regarded by millions of thoughtful people as the foremost woman of America and is noted the world over for her untiring work for humanity. Every reader of this advertisement should read this warning article in the Star Anniversary issue of the Woman's World by Miss Addams

"WHY GIRLS GO ASTRAY," by Edwin W. Sims a second "White Slave" article strictly from the viewpoint of the lawyer, who finds himself called upon, as an officer of the law, to deal with this delicate and difficult subject. In this article Mr. Sims states he has received many letters from fathers and mothers since he [illegible] writing for the Woman's World whose fears and suspicions were aroused by the warning that the girl who left her home in the country, [illegible] and does not come home to visit, needs to be looked up. These cases have been investigated [illegible] of the results are [illegible] this article, Why Girls Go Astray

"A WORD ABOUT WAYWARD GIRLS," by Mrs Ophelia L. Amigh, Superintendent Illinois State Training School for Girls. "The girl who has once gone wrong will never go right; there's no use trying to bring her back into the straight and narrow path again." Mrs. Amigh writes that this is what the world says. She proves that it is not the case

"BINDING UP THE BROKEN HEARTED," by Maud Ballington Booth, of the Volunteers of America. An original article telling some interesting facts and experiences of her work among the men and women

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY," by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, author of "A Little Brother of the Rich," the greatest book sensation of the year. Mr. Patterson is an insider, and this article is a startling exposure of the follies and sins of the fashionable rich

"THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WOMEN," by Hon. Robert M. La Follette, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin. Senator La Follette is recognized as one of the foremost leaders of progressive thought in America. Perhaps more than any other man in the United States Senate, he is close to the common people. What he has to say on "The Rights and Wrongs of Women" will interest every reader of the WOMAN'S WORLD. He is brilliant as an orator, a writer and a statesman

"SHOULD GIRLS BE PERMITTED TO MARRY OLD MEN," by Rosetta.

"DO YOU ADMIRE THE OSTRICH?" by the Editor of the WOMAN'S WORLD. "The Day of the ostrich is gone by so far as the sex question is concerned."

"THE INTERNATIONAL MONSTER," by Forrest Crissey, Advisory Editor WOMAN'S WORLD, and [illegible] reputation. If Mr. Crissey were [illegible] known [illegible] White Slavery [illegible]. He will [illegible]

"THE PRISON DISGRACE OF AMERICA," by Mrs. Florence Maybrick.

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This poem will create more [illegible] than any poem ever written, not excepting Kipling's [illegible]. It is a whole epic in eight stanzas, published in the March WOMAN'S WORLD. George Barr McCutcheon's and Roy Norton's new serials also began in the March WOMAN'S WORLD.

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902-B

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Free Offer

In order to introduce and advertise the WOMAN'S WORLD, we will send our great Star Anniversary issue, containing the great White Slave and Social articles by Mr. Sims, Mrs. Amigh, Mr. Patterson and others, also contributions by all of the forty famous people mentioned above, also the additional White Slave and Sex articles to follow, by Mr. Parkin, Mr. Crittenton, Judge Mack, Mr. Crissey and others, to every one who will send us ***ONLY 25 CENTS*** at this time to pay for a special year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD. The Star Anniversary issue is free, and in addition the year's subscription to all who send the coupon with 25 cents now. Subscribers living in the city of Chicago and foreign countries must send 25 cents additional (50 cents in all) to cover extra cost of postage. ***Send this Coupon.*** Read the above White Slave, Social and Sex articles in WOMAN'S WORLD, that is, if you do not admire the ostrich.

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The **editor** of a publication finds the **subscribers**—people buy **magazines to read**. You can **judge** what **class** of women read the Woman's World by judging the class of **writers** who **contribute** to it. The Woman's World has two million subscribers. It goes to **families** above the **average** intelligence. The **reading matter** in the Woman's World won't **appeal** to [illegible] by [illegible] sober, steady people, and sober, steady people have **money** because they have **ambitions** and **energy** and they **stick** to their work. Every copy of the two million [illegible] directly [illegible] by Uncle Sam's [illegible] receipts. Also as you probably know, the Postmaster General has put publishers of America in a position where they cannot distribute free copies.

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THE WHITE MICE

(Continued from Page 5)

as this is tonight you could make the run in the launch in twelve hours. It is a place you should see."

"That is *so* like you," exclaimed Roddy indignantly. "I have been here four months, and you have been here a week and you try to tell *me* about Curaçao! It is the place where curaçao and revolutionists come from. All the exiles from Venezuela wait over there until there is a revolution over here, and then they come across. You can't tell *me* anything about Curaçao. *I* don't have to *go* to a place to know about it."

"I'll bet," challenged Peter, "you don't know about the mother and the two daughters who were exiled from Venezuela and live in Curaçao, and who look over here every night at sunset?"

Roddy laughed scornfully. "Why, that is the first thing they tell you," he cried, "the purser points them out from the ship, and tells you ——"

"Tells *you*, yes," cried Peter triumphantly, "but I *saw* them. As we left the harbor they were standing on the cliff — three women in white looking toward Venezuela. They told me the father of the two girls is in prison here. He was ——"

"*Told* you, yes," mimicked Roddy, "told you he was in prison. I have *seen* him in prison. There is the prison."

Roddy pointed at the flat, yellow fortress that rose above them. Behind the tiny promontory on which the fortress crouched was the town, separated from it by a stretch of water so narrow that a golf player, using the quay of the custom-house for a tee, could have driven a ball against the prison wall.

Daily, from the town, Peter had looked across the narrow harbor toward the level stretch of limestone rock that led to the prison gates, and had seen the petty criminals, in chains, splash through the pools left by the falling tide, had watched each pick up a cask of fresh water, and, guarded by the bare-footed, red-capped soldiers, drag his chains back to the prison. Now, only the boat's length from them, he saw the sheer face of the fortress, where it slipped to depths unknown into the sea. It impressed him most unpleasantly. It had the look less of a fortress than of a neglected tomb. Its front was broken by wind and waves, its surface blotched and mildewed, white with crusted salt, hideous with an eruption of dead barnacles. As each wave lifted and retreated, leaving the porous wall dripping like a sponge, it disturbed countless crabs, rock scorpions and creeping, leechlike things that ran blindly into the holes in the limestone; and, at the water-line, the seaweed, licking hungrily at the wall, rose and fell, the great arms twisting and coiling like the tentacles of many devil-fish.

Distaste at what he saw, or the fever that at sunset drives wise Venezuelans behind closed shutters, caused Peter to shiver slightly.

For some moments, with grave faces and in silence, the two young men sat motionless, the mind of each trying to conceive what life must be behind those rusted bars and moss-grown walls.

"Somewhere, buried in there," said Roddy, "is General Rojas, the Lion of Valencia, a man," he added sententiously, "beloved by the people. He has held all the Cabinet positions, and been ambassador in Europe, and Alvarez is more afraid of him than of any other man in Venezuela. And why? For the simple reason that he is good. When the people found out what a blackguard Alvarez is they begged Rojas to run for President against him, and Rojas promised that if, at the next election, the people still desired it, he would do as they wished. That night Alvarez hauled him out of bed and put him in there. He has been there two years. There *are* healthy prisons, but Alvarez put Rojas in this one, hoping it would kill him. He is afraid to murder him openly, because the people love him. When I first came here I went through the fortress with Vicenti, the prison doctor, on a sort of Seeing Porto Cabello trip. He pointed out Rojas to me through the bars, same as you would point out a monument to a dead man. Rojas was sitting at a table, writing, wrapped in a shawl. The cell was lit by a candle, and I give you my word, although it was blazing hot outside the place was as damp as a refrigerator. When we raised our lanterns

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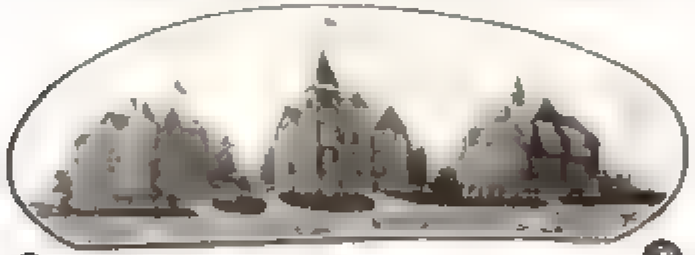

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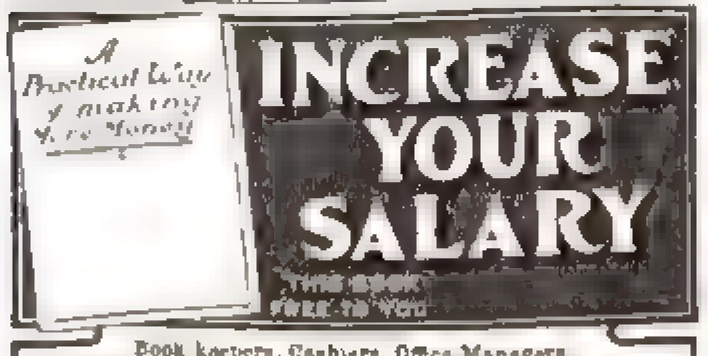
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he stood up, and I got a good look at him. He is a thin, frail, little man with white hair and big, sad eyes, with a terribly lonely look in them. At least I thought so; and I felt so ashamed of staring at him that I bowed and salaamed to him through the bars, and he gave me the most splendid bow, just as though he were still an ambassador and I a visiting prince. The doctor had studied medicine in New York, so probably he talked to me a little more freely than he should. He says he warned the commandant of the fortress that, unless Rojas is moved to the upper tier of cells, above the water-line, he will die in six months. And the commandant told him not to meddle in affairs of state, that the President's orders were that Rojas 'must never again feel the heat of the sun.'"

Peter de Peyster exclaimed profanely: "Are there no men in this country? Why don't his friends get him out?"

"They'd have to get themselves out first," explained Roddy. "Alvarez made a clean sweep of it, even of Rojas' wife and his two daughters, the women you saw. He exiled them; they went to Curaçao. They have plenty of money, and they *could* have lived in Paris or London. He has been minister in both places, and has many friends over there, but even though they cannot see him or communicate with him, they settled down in Curaçao so that they might be near him.

The night his wife was ordered out of the country she was allowed to say good-by to him in the fortress, and there she arranged that every night at sunset she and her daughters would look toward Porto Cabello, and he would look toward Curaçao. The women bought a villa on the cliff, to the left of the harbor of Willemstad as you enter, and the people—the Dutch and the Spaniards and negroes—all know the story, and when they see the three women on the cliff at sunset it is like the Angelus ringing, and, they say, the people pray that the women may see him again."

For a long time Peter de Peyster sat scowling at the prison, and Roddy did not speak, for it is not possible to room with another man through two years of college life, and not know something of his moods.

Then Peter leaned toward Roddy and stared into his face. His voice carried the suggestion of a challenge.

"I hear something!" he whispered.

Whether his friend spoke in metaphor or stated a fact, Roddy could not determine. He looked at him questioningly, and raised his head to listen. Save for the whisper of the waves against the base of the fortress, there was no sound.

"What?" asked Roddy.

"I hear the call of the White Mice," said Peter de Peyster.

There was a long silence. Then Roddy laughed softly, his eyes half closed; the muscles around the lower jaw drew tight.

Often before Peter had seen that look in his face, notably on a memorable afternoon when Roddy went to the bat with three men on bases, two runs needed to win the championship, and over twenty thousand shrieking people trying to break his nerve.

"I will go as far as you like," said Roddy.

* * *

Porto Cabello is laid out within the four boundaries of a square. The boundary on the east and the boundary on the north of the square meet at a point that juts into the harbor. The wharves and the custom-house, looking toward the promontory on which stands the fortress prison, form the eastern side of the square, and along the northern edge are the Aquatic Club, with its veranda over the water, the hotel with its bathrooms below the water-line, and, farther along the harbor front, houses set in gardens. As his work was in the harbor Roddy had rented one of these houses. It was discreetly hidden by mango trees and palmetto, and in the rear of the garden steps cut in the living rock led down into the water. In a semicircle beyond these steps was a fence of bamboo, stout enough to protect a bather from the harbor sharks, and to serve as a breakwater for the launch.

"When I rented this house," said Roddy, "I thought I took it because I could eat mangoes while I was in bathing and up to my ears in water, which is the only way you can eat a mango and keep your self-respect. But I see now that Providence sent me here because we can steal away in the launch without any one knowing it."

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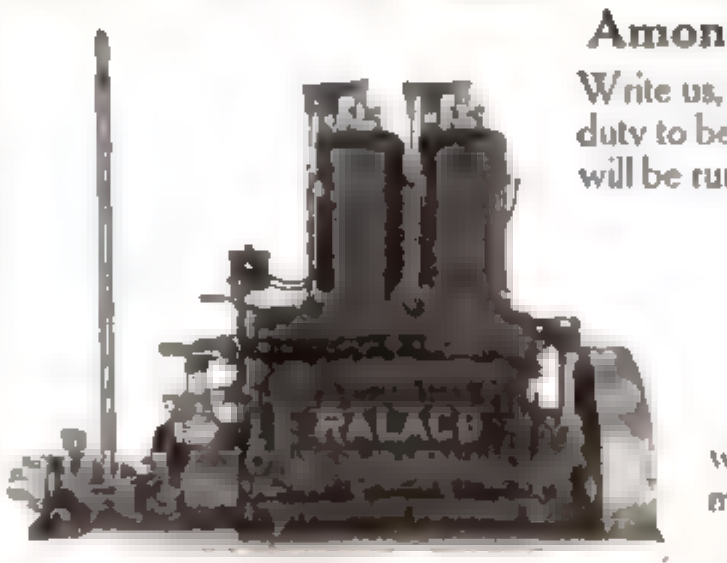
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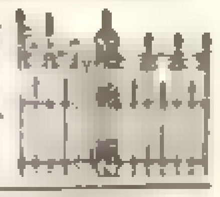
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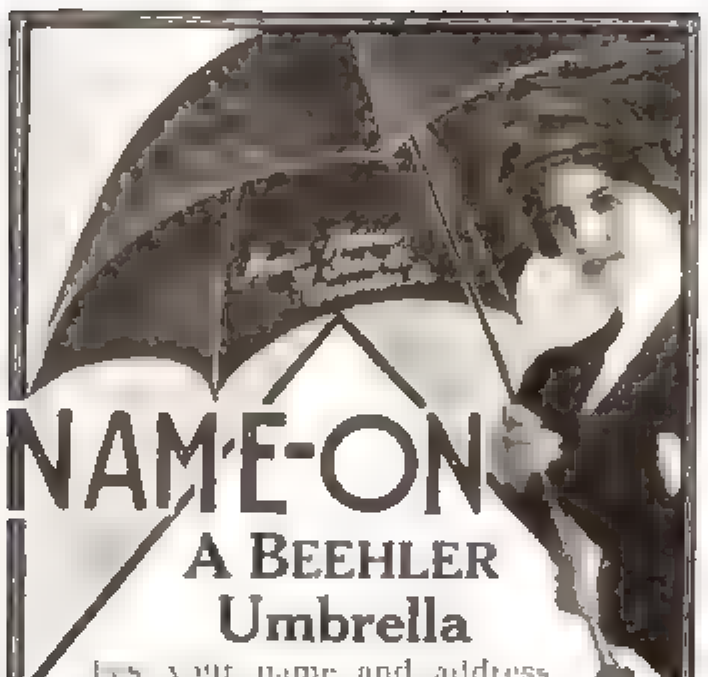

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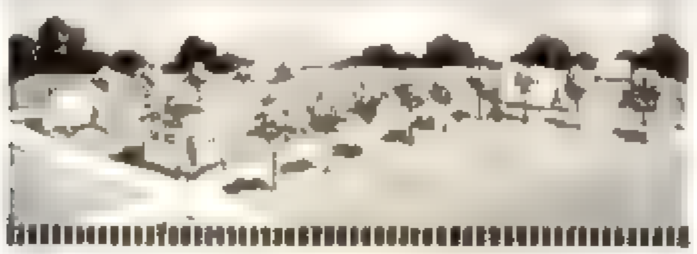

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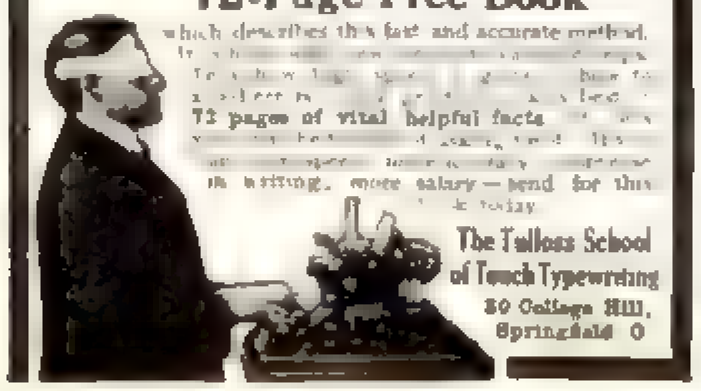

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commented Peter, "you will have to chloroform it. It barks like a machine-gun."

"My idea was," explained Roddy, "that we would row to the fortress. After we get the General on board, the more the launch sounds like a machine-gun the better."

Since their return in the launch and during dinner, which had been served in the tiny *patio* under the stars, the White Mice had been discussing ways and means. A hundred plans had been proposed, criticised, rejected; but by one in the morning, when the candles were guttering in the harbor breeze, and the Scotch whisky had shrunk several inches, the conspirators found themselves agreed. They had decided they could do nothing until they knew in which cell the General was imprisoned, and especially the position of his window in that cell that looked out upon the harbor; that, with the aid of the launch, the rescue must be made from the water, and that the rescuers must work from the outside. To get at Rojas from the inside it would be necessary to take into their confidence some one of the prison officials, and there was no one they dared trust. Had it been a question of money, Roddy pointed out, the friends of Rojas would already have set him free. That they had failed to do so proved, not that the prison officials were incorruptible, but that their fear of the wrath of Alvarez was greater than their cupidity.

"There are several reasons why we should not attempt to bribe any one," said Roddy, "and the best one is the same reason the man gave for not playing poker. Tomorrow I will introduce you to Vicenti, the prison doctor, and we'll ask him to take us over the prison, and count the cells, and try to mark the one in which we see Rojas. Perhaps we'd better have the doctor in to dinner. He likes to tell you what a devil of a fellow he was in New York, and you must pretend to believe he was. We might also have the captain of the port, and get him to give us permission to take the launch out at night. This port is still under martial law, and after the sunset gun no boat may move about the harbor. Then we must have some harpoons made and get out that headlight, and spear eels."

"You couldn't spear an eel," objected Peter, "and, if you could, I wouldn't eat it."

"You don't have to eat it!" explained Roddy; "the eels are only an excuse. We want to get the sentries used to seeing us flashing around the harbor at night. If we went out there without some excuse, and without permission, exploding like a barrel of firecrackers, they'd sink us. So we must say we are out spearing eels."

The next morning Roddy showed a blacksmith how to hammer out tridents for spearing eels, and that night those people who lived along the harbor front were kept awake by quick-fire explosions, and the glare in their windows of a shifting searchlight. But, at the end of the week, the launch of the Gringos, as it darted noisily in and out of the harbor, and carelessly flashed its searchlight on the walls of the fortress, came to be regarded less as a nuisance than a blessing. For, with noble self-sacrifice, the harbor eels lent themselves to the deception. By hundreds they swarmed in front of the dazzling headlight, by dozens they impaled themselves upon the tines of the pitchforks. So expert did Roddy and Peter become in harpooning that soon they were able each morning to send to the captain of the port, to the commandant, to the prison doctor, to every citizen who objected to having his sleep punctuated, a basket of eels. It was noticed that at intervals the engine of the launch would not act properly, and the Gringos were seen propelling the boat with oars. Also, the light often went out, leaving them in darkness. They spoke freely of these accidents with bitter annoyance, and people sympathized with them.

One night, when they were seated plotting in the *patio*, Roddy was overwhelmed with sudden misgivings.

"Wouldn't it be awful," he cried, "if, after we have cut the bars and shown him the rope ladder and the launch, he refuses to come with us!"

"Is that *all* that's worrying you?" asked Peter.

"How is he to know," persisted Roddy, "that we are not paid by Alvarez, that we aren't leading him on to escape so that the sentries can have an excuse to shoot him? That has been done before. It is an old

(Continued on Page 56)

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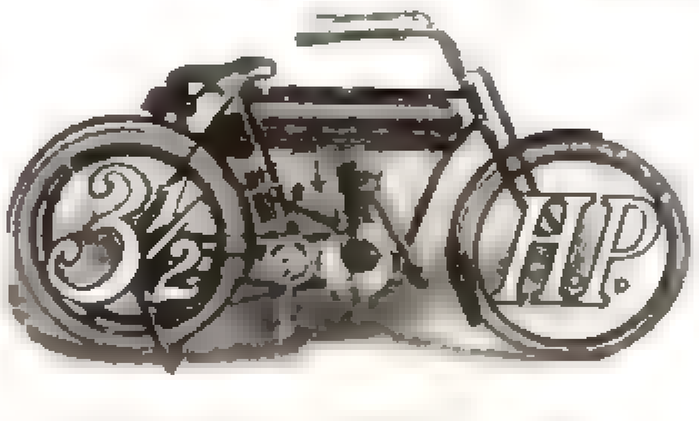

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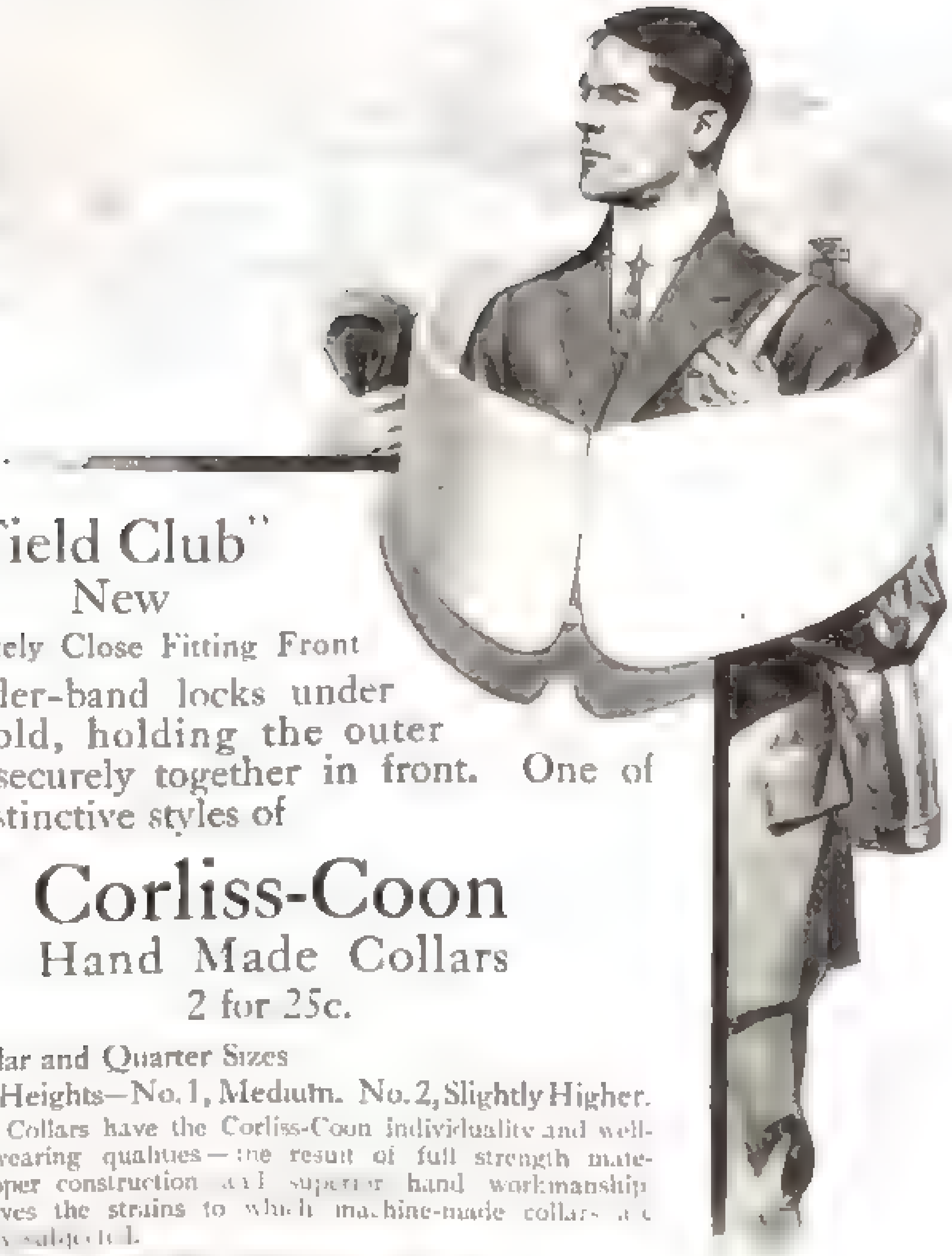

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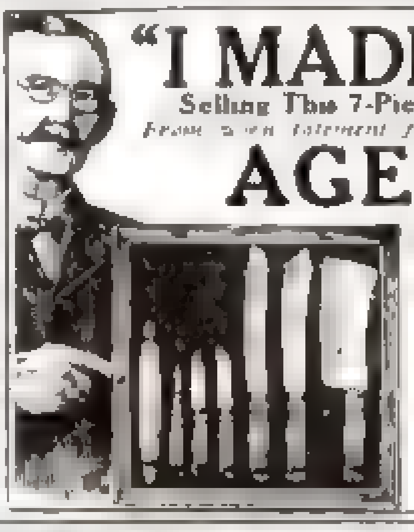

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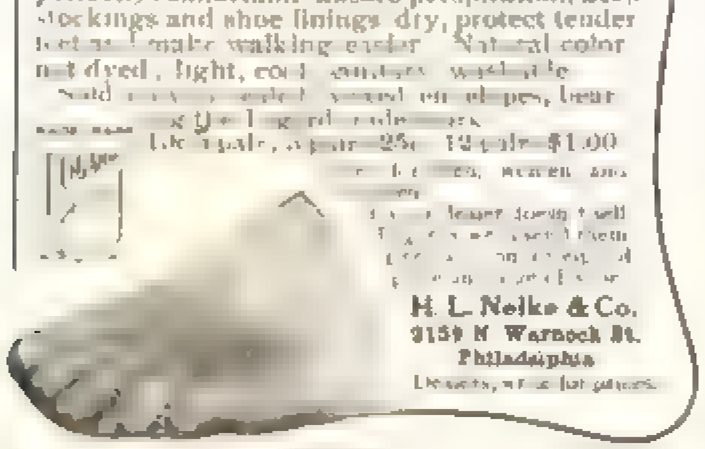

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trick, like killing a man in his cell and giving out that he committed suicide. The first thing Rojas will ask us is, who sends us and where are our credentials."

"I guess he will take his chance," said Peter. "He'll see we are not Venezuelans."

"That is the very thing that will make him refuse," protested Roddy. "Why should he trust himself to strangers — to Gringos? No, I tell you, we can't go on without credentials." He lowered his voice and glanced suspiciously into the dark corners of the *patio*. "And the only people who can give them to us," he added, tapping impressively upon the table, "live in Curaçao."

With sudden enthusiasm Peter de Peyster sat upright.

"I am on in that scene," he protested.

"I thought of it first," said Roddy.

"We will toss," compromised Peter. "The head of Bolivar, you go. The arms of Venezuela, I go and you stay here and catch eels."

The silver *peso* rang upon the table, and Roddy exclaimed jubilantly:

"Heads! I go!" he cried. But the effort of Peter to show he was not disappointed was so unconvincing that Roddy instantly relented.

"We had better both go!" he amended. "Your headwork is better than mine, so you come, too. And if you give me the right signals I'll try to put the ball where you can reach it."

As though in his eagerness he would set forth on the instant, Roddy sprang to his feet and stood smiling down at Peter, his face lit with pleasurable excitement. Then suddenly his expression grew thoughtful.

"Peter," he inquired, "how old do you think the daughters are?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WELFARE WICKS

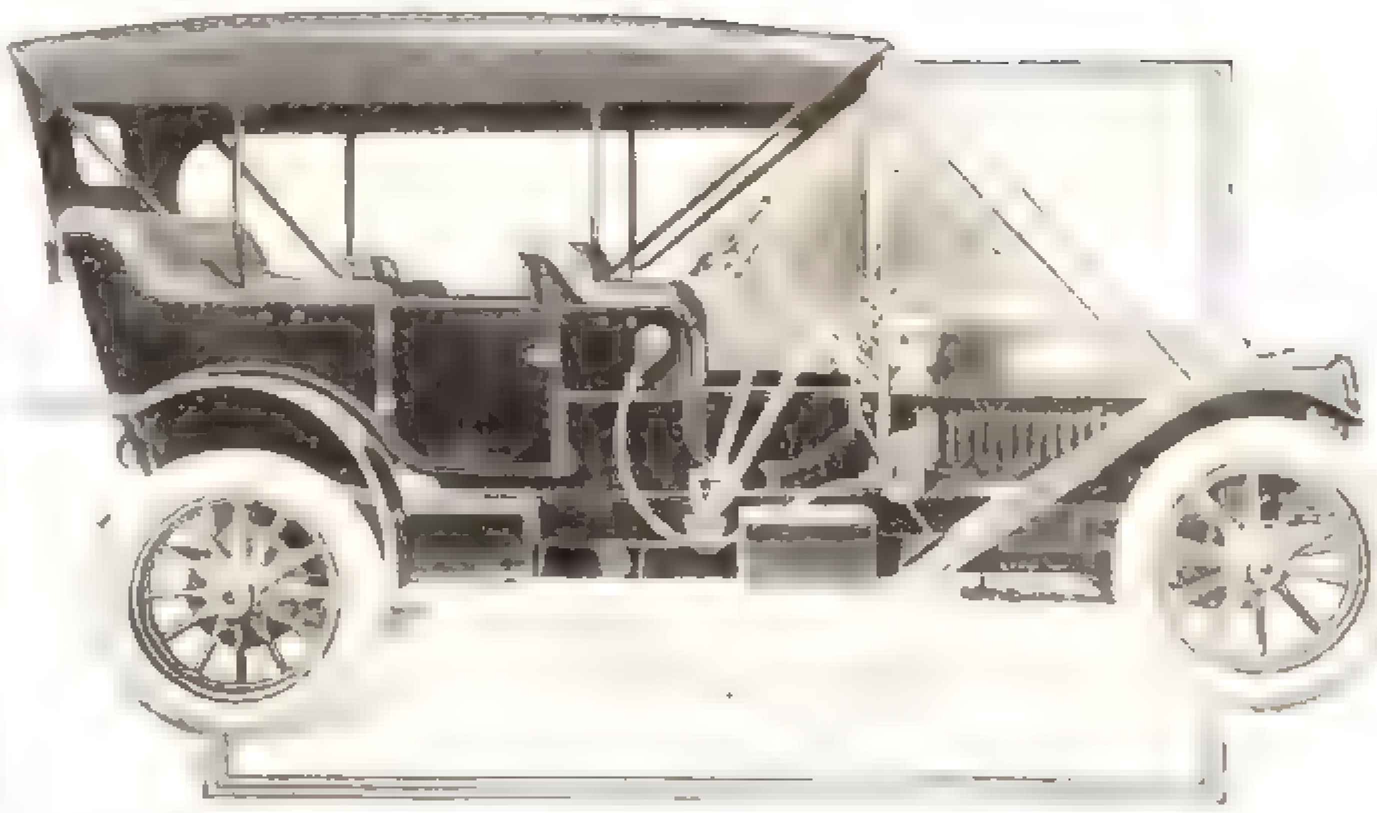
(Continued from Page 11)

moved along slow and triumphant, everybody keyed up tremenjous and yelling for all they was worth, with the other rooms turning out full strength, thinking it was a fire! My, who will ever forget it, nor the paralyzing thrill that followed when Old Welfare, all choked up, announced that he was going to give a thousand dollars, yes, one thousand dollars, to every one of the hands as remarried their ex-wife or ex-husband, as the case might be, within the next thirty days!

Can you see it? All of them eighty-seven clean crazy, some hardly knowing how to begin, and others not specially wanting to, but before them that thousand dollars as dazzling as the summer's sun at noon! A thousand dollars to be had as easy as a nickel, with nothing to do but to hold out your fist and marriage certificate! The rush was something awful, and the fever and the unrest and the persuading and the promises and the uproar and the telegraphing and the general rounding up and hullabaloo was enough to scare the Dutch. The first day there was upward of sixty cashing in; the second there was four; the third there was two; the fourth there was none—with twenty-one outstanding.

But Old Welfare was just set on the idea that the whole caboodlum was to be remarried, bar none, being naturally autocratic and always more determined when there was opposition, besides conscience-stricken at having balled up so many lives. The hardest nut was those who had remarried somebody else, and he wouldn't have been Old Welfare had he not had a soft place in his heart for the ones that would be turned adrift. He had to arrange to take care of *them*, you see, and cough up fresh husbands and wives to clear the track for the others. But he went at it bull-headed, and likewise Christine, who was even more set than he was, and one by one the outsiders was all brought in and everything restored like it was before the lightning struck us.

The biggest trouble was with those who were real glad to be free and wouldn't come back at no price. To my own knowledge he bought Nellie McFarren a cottage and lot worth four thousand dollars to get her to take back Alec McFarren, and no one knows what Joe Hadley shook out of him before he'd go to housekeeping again with Mrs. H. Joe was one of them born grafters, who always managed to be paid double, and I'll never forget the wink he give me at the desk, it was that sly and tricky. Little Miss Lamb she made the



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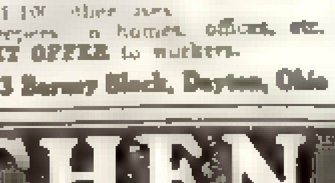

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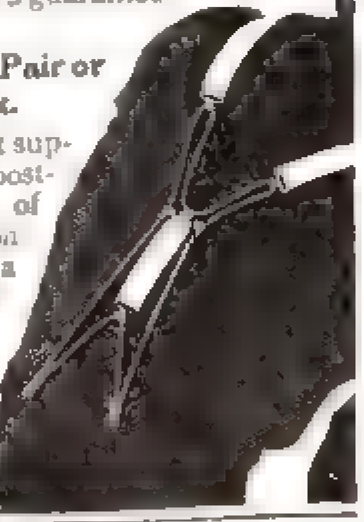

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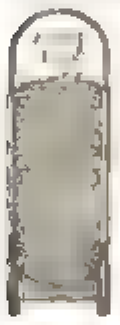

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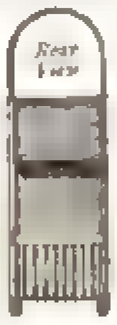

biggest scoop of all, being genuinely contented like she was, and it was rumored she touched ten thousand. It was bound to be a lot, for she cried continuous for three days before giving way.

The nervous strain of it told on Old Welfare something fearful, and when the last of the bunch was crowded again into matrimony he went off for a much-needed holiday together with Christine and Horace Greeley, Jr. First it was to Virginia Hot Springs and then to Florida, and by and by he was in the Mediterranean Sea yachting. Some of the boys began to think we had lost Old Welfare for good, and there wasn't any doubt left in anybody's mind when one morning we found the following notice posted up at the timekeeper's gate:

> NOTICE
>
> Employees are hereby informed that Mr Hurlbutt Snyder has been appointed managing partner of the Paragon Company, Printers and Binders, and that the sole control of the business will henceforth remain in his hands.
>
> Mr Hurlbutt Snyder has noticed with regret the lessened output and the decreasing efficiency of this great business, and, while assuring all faithful employees of the security of their positions at the same rate of wages as settled by Mr Horace G Wicks, he is determined summarily to dismiss all those whose performance falls below the high standard he will rigorously insist upon.
>
> While deprecating the use of liquor, employees are informed that their off-hours will not be subject to supervision, and that the recent efforts for their betterment will be discontinued.
>
> By order,
> JOHN BETTS, *Secretary*.

I won't say but what we didn't all breathe a great, big, thankful sigh of relief. Snyder was a very strict man, but just and approachable, and if he wasn't much liked he was certainly respected. For all we loved Old Welfare he was too much of a wild Indian for a steady diet, and, though the kids missed him a heap, most of the grown-ups thought it was maybe all for the best. One could read the evening paper now undisturbed, and keep what one bought, and sleep quiet at night, and chew tobacco, and rush the growler, and stay married, without any one butting in on you a hundred years ahead of his time.

I guess Old Welfare has toned down considerable since them days. One of our old hands in New York City sent me a cutting of him the other day, and it showed him with his hair cut and dressed to the nines, standing most dignified beside Christine, who was got up regardless, and prettier than ever. Underneath it said, "Mr. Horace Greeley Wicks, the well-known philanthropist, and his charming wife, who is numbered among the most popular hostesses of the younger set."

It's a funny world, ain't it!

How to Buy Oxygen

IN THESE days one may buy oxygen as easily as eggs. The readiest way to get it is to purchase the stuff called sodium peroxide, which is a solid, put up in little tin cartridges weighing half a pound apiece. Punch half a dozen holes with a nail in the top of the can, immerse the latter in water, and immediately it will begin to give out bubbles of pure oxygen gas.

If the tin cartridge be put into a suitable receptacle, provided with a stopcock and a rubber pipe, the pure oxygen may be drawn off and utilized as it is wanted. One of these small cans will yield twenty-seven quarts of the gas. They are sold chiefly for use by physicians, who have need of oxygen on frequent occasions to revive patients gasping for the breath of life.

It has been supposed hitherto that the difficulty of climbing to great heights on mountains was attributable to lack of oxygen—the air being so much thinner, and, therefore, containing a proportionately less quantity of the precious gas per cubic foot. On this account it has been thought probable that the loftiest summits on the earth would never be trodden by human foot. Possibly such may be the case; but the difficulty in the way, it is now believed, is diminished air pressure.

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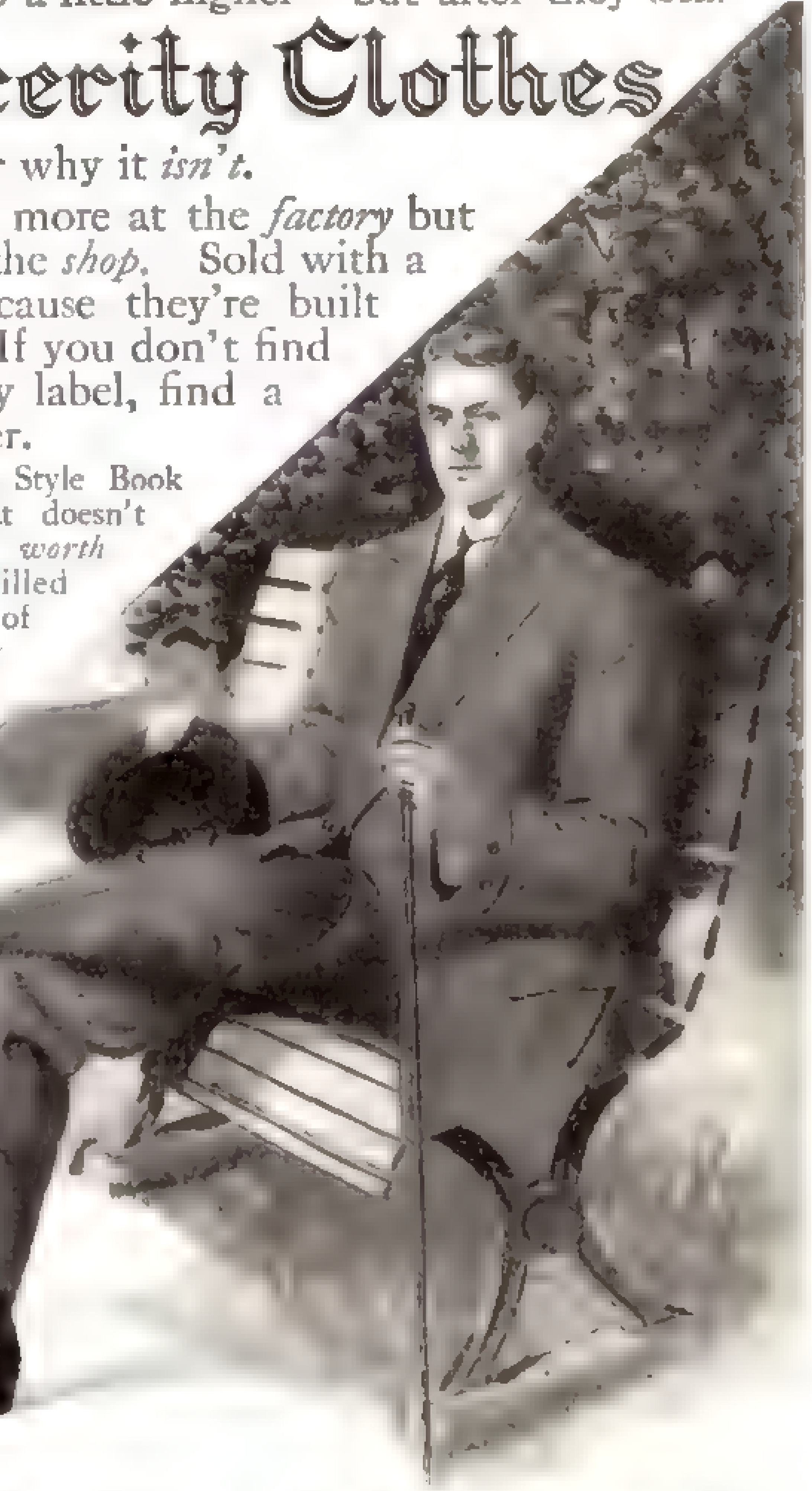

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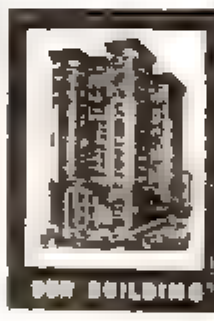

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Sense and Nonsense

It Might Have Been

Jenny Kissed Me

(If it Had Been Written by Doctor Pasteur Instead of by Mr. Leigh Hunt)

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in
But I knew I would not get
Anything described in Latin
Flavored with formaldehyde
Were her lips that almost missed me,
And with listerine beside—
Jenny kissed me.

Jenny kissed me, as I say,
And it was not unexpected;
With a germicidal spray
Both her lips were disinfected.
Was I such a sorry rube?
No! She did it to assist me
Ready with a culture tube,
Jenny kissed me!

Casabianca

(If it Had Been Written by Mr. Frank L. Stanton Instead of by Mrs. Felicia Hemans)

De ship's on fire an' de boy won't go—
Hallelu'!
De powder sco'chin' down below—
Hallelu'!
He ask his daddy can he scoot,
His daddy gone w'en de big guns shoot,
His daddy gone—an' dead, to boot
Hallelu'!

De boy stan' right dah on de deck—
Hallelu'!
Kerzimm! De whole t'ing gone ter wreck—
Hallelu'!
De whole ship blowed up lickitysplit
De no'th win' knows 'bout whah she lit
Whah am de boy? Ain' foun' him yit!
Hallelu'!

Ol' Hahd Times blows up yo' en me—
Hallelu!
He chase us on by lan' en sea—
Hallelu!
No matteh whichaway we gone,
We dess gwine keep pirootin' on
En heah de joybells in de dawn—
Hallelu'!

Everybody Works but Father

(If it Had Been Written by Mr. Walt Whitman Instead of by Mr. Jean C. Havez, of Dockstader's Minstrel Company)

I am one with the chill winds of the morning,
I chant the chant of the worker,
I blow upon my fingers, and I blow into them the strength and the warmth of the soul of toil.
I am wrapped about the neck with the collar of my garment.
I have no patience with them that shirk the tasks set for them in the great field of the work of life;
I miss the street car and I dodge the milk wagon, I nod gayly at the housemaid as she sweeps off the steps
I care not be she Swede, Dane, German, Irish, Japanese, Norwegian, Polak or Reub; it is her soul that is she.
I know that as men view their brethren they separate them and classify them by their countries and states and towns—unless they have money, then they try first to separate the lucre;
I am firm in the belief, though, that one no more need be an icepick because he is born in Iceland, than a kitten need be a biscuit because it is born in an oven:
I am a brother to all; all are akin to me:
I work for all; why don't the rest hustle a bit?
I think of the comfortable living-room at home.
I fain would be reading the new divorce case and waiting for dinnertime to come along

I make this chant for the voices of the chorus:

I am envious of the cinch possessed by father;
I sing the toil of everybody with his exception;
I would sit all day as he does in confident comfort;
I would smoke Sailor's Dream in a clay pipe, also;
I, too, would gladden my feet before the fire
I am a child of fire, even as ye all.
I am a brother of the fire, likewise.
I am alive with it, I rejoice in its upleapings and its downsweepings;
I see in it the terror and the rapture of the ages;
I have knowledge of the sayings of the crackle of the sparks,
I sense the song of the hissing sap.
I learn of it, I live of it, I—but hold! To my chant again
I note that mother receives washing to do,
I observe that Ann does also—How old is she? Guess again
I sing that everybody except father works at our house
I wish that I, with pipe and slippers and the 8 p. m. extra that is handed in at 9 a. m., were the Old Man!
I sing it. I have said.

The American Flag

(If it Had Been Written by Mr. George Cohan Instead of by Mr. Joseph Rodman Drake)

When Freedom with a wild hooray
Arose and shouted, "Look who's here!"
She grabbed off half the Milky Way
And spread it on the sky so clear.
She slung red paint with streaks of white
Until the line was double-tracked
And don't you think that that's all right
To wind up any second act?

CHORUS:

Old Glory gets the spotlight; Old Glory's on the spot!
Old General Dix took all the tricks with "Let that man be shot!"
Hoorah! Hooray! Hoori! Hoorroo! I'm for the old red, white and blue
Old Glory gets the spotlight; it's always on the spot!

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
Of you we never are uncertain,
They cheer you from parquet to dome
And every singer gets the curtain
Run up the flag, the grand old flag,
And keep it bravely waving o'er us
Until the hero speaks the tag
And the finale groups the chorus!

CHORUS:

Old Glory gets the spotlight; Old Glory's on the spot!
Red, white and blue, I'm strong for you; I'm on for you, that's what!
Hoorah! Hoori! Hoorroo! Hooray! You save the day and make the play
Old Glory gets the spotlight; it's always on the spot!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

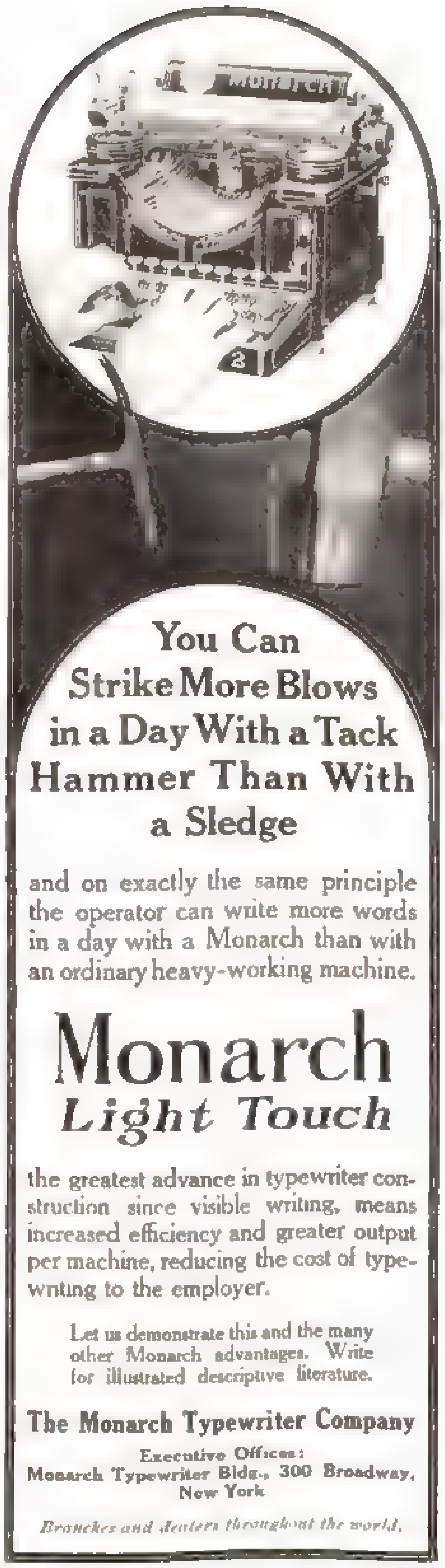
Lures for Fishes

IN A BILL which has just passed the House of Lords, forbidding the importation of the skins of birds of plumage into the United Kingdom, a paragraph makes special exception of skins required for the manufacture of artificial flies for fishermen. This industry, it appears, employs about one thousand persons in England, half of them women. Its principal center is the town of Redditch, from which source, likewise, are supplied some of the finest fishhooks.

A fly manufacturer, testifying before a committee of the Lords (of which Lord Avebury, formerly Sir John Lubbock, the famous naturalist, was chairman), said that the list of birds whose plumage was used in his business included parrots and parrakeets, peacocks, blue kingfishers, toucans and scarlet ibises from tropical America.

He stated, incidentally, that the hackles of roosters were utilized to a considerable extent, while for browns and grays dependence was had mainly upon mallard ducks. But where vivid hues were required, it was not practicable to employ chicken feathers or other substitutes for the plumage of wild birds, with the aid of the dyepot.

Salmon, in particular, delight in brilliant colors, and the flies made to serve as lures for them commonly combine the red and blue of the macaw with the green of the parrakeet and the pure gold of the pheasant's tail from China. Often it happens that a single artificial insect of the sort will represent a combination of a dozen different materials, obtained from as many parts of the world. For the body of the fly, fur is usually provided, to give the requisite fuzzy look; and in the water each individual hair shines brightly, lending attraction to the lure.



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To Those 50,000 People Who Want the Utmost in a Low-Priced Car

This is the tale of the *Chalmers-Detroit "30"*—price $1,500. It is such a tale as no one else can tell. You owe to yourself its perusal.

This year full 50,000 people will want a high-grade, low-priced car. For this innovation taps an enormous field.

Thousands of people can now, for the first time, own a car to take pride in.

Others are owners of high-priced cars, who have wearied of the cost of upkeep. They will get the same service from these lighter cars at one-fourth the cost of maintenance.

Others will keep a high-priced car for occasional service. But they will buy one of these—in Tourabout or Roadster style—to save the big car.

This new demand will be several times greater than the best makers can supply.

But Don't Pay $1,500 For An Inferior Car

There is no need now to accept inferiority because you want a low-priced car. You can demand—in all save power—the utmost the world can give.

Remember that when bicycles were cut from $150 to $75 you got better wheels than ever.

So in automobiles. The best car man can build, under 30 h. p., can be sold for $1,500.

In fact, the Chalmers-Detroit "30"—sold at that price—is the most advanced car on the market.

There is no need for skimping anywhere. No need for buying a make-shift. No need for taking an out-of-date car, or an inexperienced make.

For $1,500 you ought to buy as good a car of 30 h.p. judged by design and mechanical features as any price could make. That is just what one gets in the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

No Other Car Like This

There are plenty of good-looking cars now which sell at this price, or below it. It is a very easy thing to make a good-looking car. But it requires rare skill, and a great deal of time, to design a mechanically perfect car.

Any good and unbiased engineer, who makes the comparisons, will tell you that no car in its class begins to compare with the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

The reasons are these:

More than two years ago we saw this craze coming—the demand for a high-grade, low-priced car.

More than two years ago we set our famous designer—Mr. H. E. Coffin—at work on it.

Mr. Coffin designed our "Forty"—the best medium-priced car ever sold. He was for years the chief designer for the Thomas Companies. There is no designer who will claim to be more capable.

Mr. Coffin made two trips to Europe to glean ideas for this car from the best engineers of the Old World.

Then he spent two full years in creating this most up-to-date car on the market.

When the craze came—as it did this season—this splendid car was ready.

No other car in this class has such careful preparation back of it. Others were not begun until the demand developed.

Our Profit, Nine Per Cent.

Another fact is this: Our profit on the Chalmers-Detroit "30" is exactly nine per cent.

Our 4-cyl. engine costs us $261. Yet there are 4-cyl. engines which sell as low as $75.

Our transmission costs us $94. Our axles cost us $125. The annular ball bearings used in this car cost us $103. No other cars, except very high-priced ones, use so many.

So it is all through. We have stinted nowhere. In every feature we give you the best that any price can buy.

No other car gives nearly so much for the money. Never will any car give any more. For never will an automobile maker charge you less than nine per cent.

Any lower price—any extras free—mean much less value where you need it most.

A 27,000 Mile Test

One of these cars—a stock car—has run 27,000 miles.

For 100 consecutive days it made 208 miles per day. It made those 20,800 miles without missing a trip, and without a single mechanical breakdown. The same car had run 6,000 miles before this test was begun.

No other car at any price ever stood such a test as that.

When this car had run 27,000 miles we took out the bearings—in perfect condition—and exhibited them at the New York and Chicago Shows.

On Election Day, last November, 100 of these cars, in 100 cities, each ran 200 miles without a stop of the engine. Plenty of other cars have made non-stop runs. But never did 100 cars of the same make all fulfill such a strenuous test.

So the Chalmers-Detroit "30" at $1,500—has proved reliability and endurance better than any other car ever made.

What Herreshoff Says

There is no higher authority, perhaps, in America than John B. Herreshoff. It was he who designed all the yachts which have defended the America Cup for years. He is also President of the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., of Bristol, Rhode Island, and one of the foremost designers of the world. This is what he writes:

"In placing my order this A. M. for a Chalmers-Detroit "30," and also advising my friend to join me in purchasing another of the same model (which has been done today), I did so after due consideration, examination and trial, and I feel satisfied that it is one of the best four-cylinder cars of its size, and *certainly the best for the money that has yet been on the market*."

Do you think that any good, unprejudiced engineer in America will disagree with his conclusions?

Things That Others Lack

Naturally this car has many features which our competitors lack. It is natural also that those who lack them should try to belittle them.

The four cylinders in the Chalmers-Detroit "30" are cast together, as in most of the late foreign cars. One purpose is lightness, compactness and perfect water circulation. Thus we also secure the popular short bonnet and give the extra room in the tonneau.

We replace this four-cylinder block for $35 should it freeze and crack. So this risk is not so great as on separate cylinders.

If one cylinder freezes, all probably will. It is cheaper to replace one block of four than to replace from two to four separate cylinders.

We also use the two-bearing crank shaft. Thus we secure perfect alignment, which none can secure with four and five bearings. We make this crank shaft eight times as strong as is necessary, to eliminate all risk of bending.

Our wheel base is 110 inches. We use the Unit Power Plant. Our gas intake is water jacketed. We give you the new one-pedal control. The tires are the Diamond Quick Detachable.

Every feature is in accord with the best engineering practice.

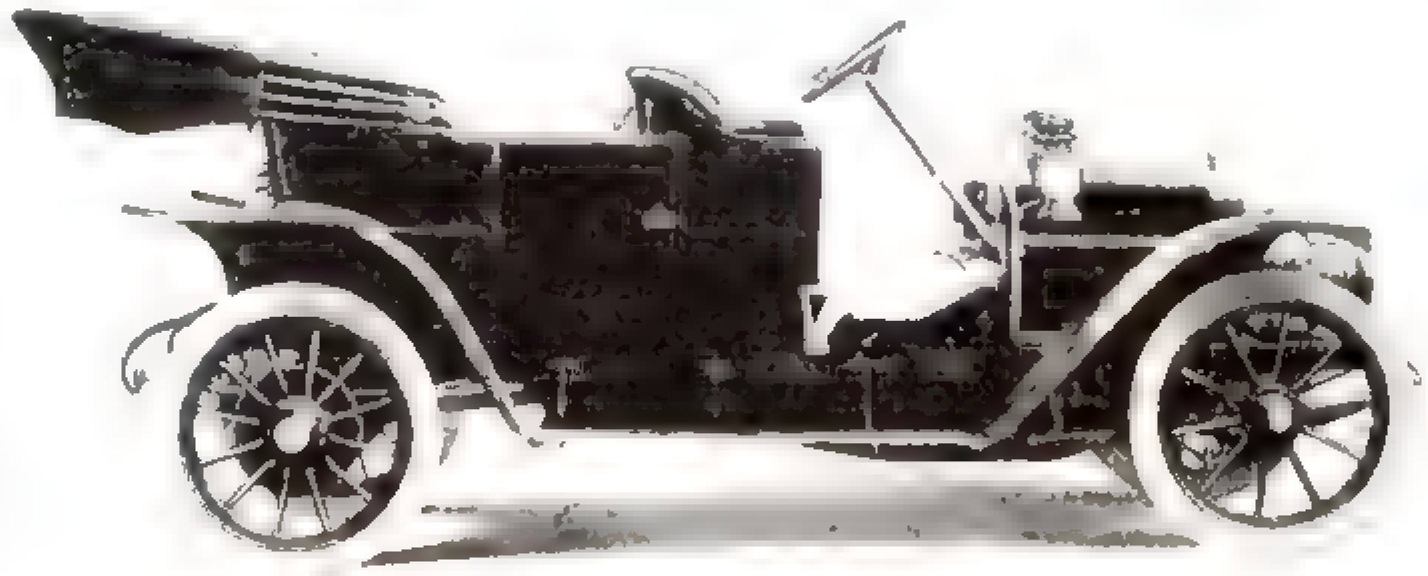
1,500 Cars Delivered

1,500 of these cars are already delivered to users. All our rivals together have not so many in use.

Our capacity is only 2,500 of these cars, so only 1,000 more people can get them. We have agents in 228 cities, so they can sell, on the average, less than five cars each.

Judge for yourself how long these cars will last. Judge the desirability for acting early. For those who buy when the Chalmers-Detroit "30's" are gone will get no car like this.

Our 2,500 cars, which will be running this summer, will show thousands of people what a car they have missed.



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The Chalmers-Detroit Forty excels our "30" only in size and power. It was designed by Mr. Coffin, and has for years been recognized as the best medium-priced car on the market. It has won scores of important events.

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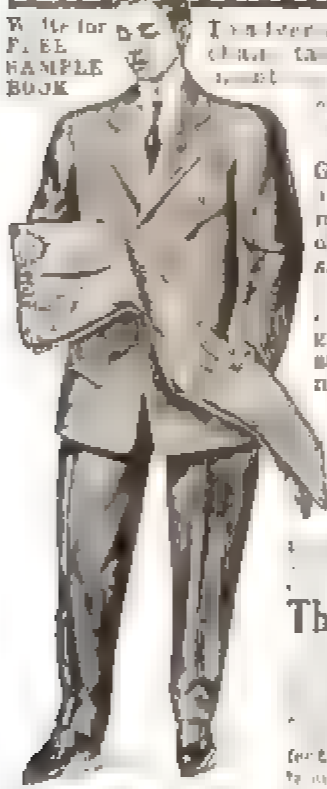

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A CON MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

That part of it was up to Louis. He was the most resourceful man in the business, and he had no general line of procedure. His methods varied with the circumstances. He was usually very indignant and shocked and sympathetic. He would try to frighten and to bully me; he would take all the blame upon himself, and promise to restore half the money. If we sized up the sucker as a coward Louis and I might start a scrap. I'd draw my gun—an old, rusty one which I couldn't cock—and howl:

"If I knowed which one o' you Yankee chaps done that ol' trick I'd blow his haid off!"

If the sucker started to report to the conductor Louis would say:

"Don't you know it's a thousand dollars fine or six months in jail for gambling on these trains?"

His tricks were innumerable, and he always ended by tying his man up completely, in one way or another. As a matter of fact, only about half of the suckers made any trouble.

Now and then the "round-up" got exciting.

One of the first men we skinned after we put our game on the road was a preacher—not a man of any standing, but an exhorter from the Kentucky mountains. I remember that he was a long time biting. Finally the real trouble occurred to me. He didn't want a witness. I put my palm to my face, giving Louis the office to go away, and when the preacher and I were alone I got him for a hundred and fifty. He didn't say anything for a minute or two after the joint came off; then he reached for his hip. His silence had warned me; before he could draw I had that old, rusty, unloaded gun, which I couldn't cock, against his breastbone. We beat it from that train in a hurry.

The Tough Citizen of Breathitt

I have a displaced cartilage in my nose to remind me of one awful slip. We had done a big, Welsh coal miner. He was making a racket about it, and I was stalling in my character of a Texan. Finally he leaned over me and said:

"If you don't give me back my money I'll knock your head off!"

I felt a little mean and grouchy that day, and this man had a kind of a disagreeable personality. I lost my head and my temper. Off went my Texan dialect, and on came my native Indiana. I said:

"You can't do it!"

The words weren't out of my mouth when he smashed me in the nose so hard that it nearly put me out. Johnny had a gun on him before he could hit again.

But the closest call came from a tough citizen of Breathitt County, who had sold his saloon and was moving with the proceeds into Wisconsin. We took about two hundred from him, and he acted like a madman. Just when I thought we had him quieted down he reached for his valise and opened it. I paid no particular attention to that motion; but when he straightened up I was looking into the barrel of a Colt's .44. And he said, very quietly:

"*Now* do I get back my money?"

Of course, there was only one thing to do. Without dropping the dialect, I said:

"Look yeah, mistah, if you're goin' to do any shootin' I don't want to keep youah money." And I handed it over. After that I made Louis watch the valises as closely as he did the hip-pockets. It was I, and not Louis, who stood to die if any one started a gun-play.

Those are all the gun episodes which I can remember. For contrast, there was an old sheep-man from Montana whom we beat out of five hundred when we were playing the Northwest, looking for discharged Philippine soldiers. This man woke up to the nature of our game soon after we made the joint. He said, as near as I can remember:

"Boys, you done me fair and square. It's all right; I saw that marked card and I was out to do you. You beat me to it, and I ain't kicking. But I'd promised to bring my wife a silk umbrella, and in Chicago I forgot it. I was intending to stop off at Cheyenne and make good. Maybe you're married yourselves, and know how it is. A loan of a twenty would oblige me."

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Spring is the time when most of the painting is done. Nature is brightening all around and the impulse is to make houses and barns and fences bright and in harmony with the new leaves and blossoms. This is good economy. You not only make things spick and span, but you save your property and make it more valuable.

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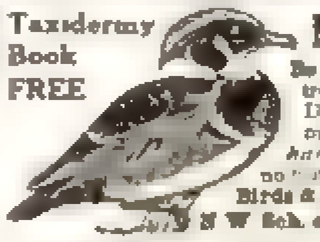

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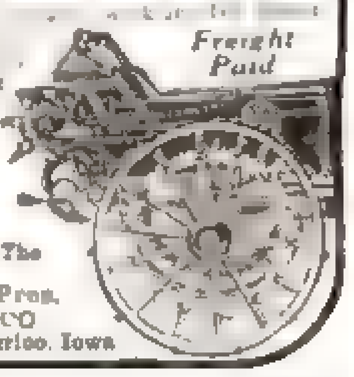

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He got it all right. And he insisted on taking an address to send the money back.

Marsh, the third member of our mob, got more and more useful as time went on and we learned to play for bigger and bigger money. He stayed back in the next car and cashed the drafts. Comparatively few men carry more than a hundred dollars or so in cash. When the sucker got wild to play he'd remark that he had nothing on him but a draft. Louis would say that he could fix that up—he'd seen Mr. Marsh, of the Polish Hardware Company, in the next coach. Mr. Marsh was auditor and collector for the company; he always carried ready money. He'd lead the sucker back, and Marsh, on the recommendation of Louis, would cash the draft. We never had any real trouble in collecting, either. Why should we? The draft was indorsed fair enough; there was nothing about the transaction with Marsh which savored of gambling. The bank had to cash it, and if the sucker tried to stop payment we hired a lawyer. We were the only monte mob on the road which ever got around the draft obstacle.

Of all our suckers I'll remember longest the only one who ever led me into a police-station.

In the city which we made our headquarters we employed a little Jew clothing merchant as lookout. The lumbermen traded with him a good deal; it was his job to tip off the flush ones. One day he called me up on the telephone.

"There was a drummer, named Silverman, in here today," he said. "He carried a lot of ready money—I seen it. He's gone up to Arlington, and he's coming back here Wednesday afternoon to take the rest of my order." Arlington, as I call it, was a town about twenty miles up the road.

Wednesday morning I loafed around the hotels at Arlington, found the one where Silverman was staying, and learned that he was going to take the eleven-fifteen train. I proceeded to the next block and interviewed a bartender friend of mine.

Working a Bluff

"Bill," I said, "I'm coming back in an hour or two. I'm a whisky salesman, and you're going to help me play the part. See?" I returned to the hotel, and my man—I had a good description of him—walked up to the desk. I stepped up beside him, and asked the clerk about the next train home. Silverman cut in.

"Eleven-fifteen," he said; "I'm taking that train myself."

From that beginning we opened conversation. He asked me my business. I said that I was a whisky salesman. Knowing that he had an interest in the company which he represented, I went on:

"I'm a junior member of the firm, but I'm just obliged to travel. You can't trust drummers any more." That touched the button, and he loved me. He said:

"That's right. Those fellows are fierce. They get drunk and never think of making money. I don't know what this traveling business is coming to." We chummed down to the station. I suggested a drink and asked him if he minded going to a little place which bought our goods. He accepted. I led him to Bill, the bartender. As soon as we had ordered, Bill said:

"Mr. Jones, we liked the last two barrels you sold us. I guess I'll want another one."

"Fine business," said I. I pulled out some regular order blanks and made the entry. That established me completely with Silverman.

On the train I was delighted to meet Louis and Marsh—old friends of the road whom I hadn't seen for six months. I introduced Mr. Silverman. We got double seats in the day coach, and I recalled that we met the last time over a game of euchre. That brought out the cards.

We weren't playing monte with him, you see. Monte is a night game. What we had planted was "high euchre hand." Briefly, you start an argument as to whether a certain hand can be euchred and prove to the satisfaction of the sucker that it cannot. Later in the game you deal him that very hand, induce him to bet his shirt with the skeptic of the game that it cannot be euchred—and euchre it.

He felt easy. We won three hundred-odd dollars, his watch and his diamond pin. When we left he had no suspicion of us. But after he left our town he told his troubles to a hotel man who used to be a partner of Jakey, and the hotel man let in the light upon Silverman.

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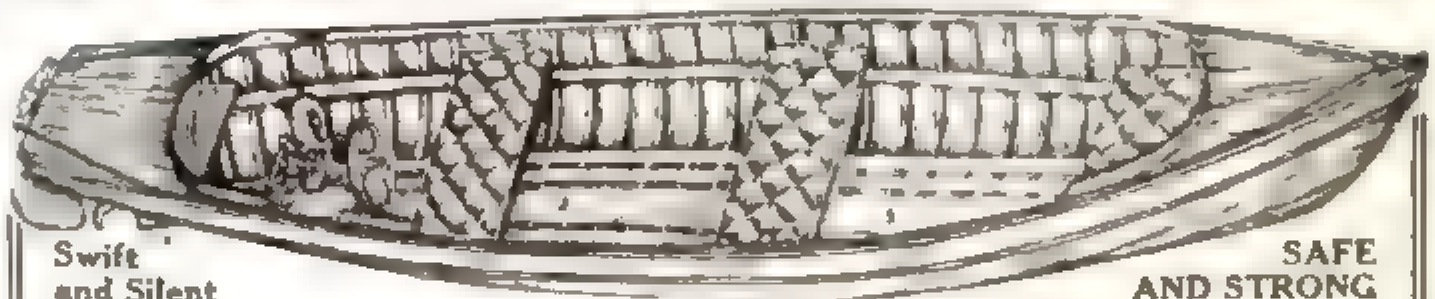

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Sunday was our day off. Sunday afternoon Louis and Marsh and I sat in our regular hang-out having a sociable little game of hearts among ourselves when the door flew open and in came Silverman. He flew straight at me, yelling, "Cheat!" "Fraud!" I cast a contemptuous look on this raging, roaring rascal who dared to bother three gentleman attending to their own affairs, and I said:

"You make a lot of noise. You lost on a card game and now you're hedging."

"You're a lot of professional beats, and you ought to be arrested."

"Well, you won't arrest me," I said.

"By Jiminy, I will! I'm going down to the police-station now."

Knowing the way we had the police sewed up, that proposition interested me. I threw down my cards and said:

"See here, if you really want to arrest me I'll save you the trouble. For a dollar I'll go down with you and give myself up at the station." He said, "Do you mean it?" And I reached for my hat and said: "Sure thing." He dug up the dollar. I pocketed it and went along with him.

What Mr. Belmont Missed

The captain, who had received twenty-five dollars from me on the previous Monday, and expected to receive twenty-five more on every other Monday so long as we both should graft, looked me over severely, and said:

"This is a very serious complaint. I am surprised to hear of such an occurrence. By the way, just where did this happen?"

"Last Wednesday, on the train coming from Arlington," said Silverman.

"Just after you left Arlington?" asked the captain, seeing light ahead.

"Yes, sir. We no more than got started than this scoundrel began to play cards with me——"

Here the captain sawed Silverman short off. He said:

"What the thunder do you mean by bringing such a charge in here? Arlington is away out of my jurisdiction. Are you a fool? This prisoner is discharged!"

And when we got outside Silverman tried to make me give his dollar back.

Six weeks later we were making a monte touch. I always kept my eyes open for everything, and I noticed one passenger who wasn't asleep—a little, quiet man, who sat with his hat pulled down over his eyes watching the game. A few minutes later that little man walked up to me.

"Say," he said, "are you the gang that did Silverman out of his roll and his watch and his diamond, six weeks ago?"

I sized him up and decided that he was friendly before I answered:

"Yes, if you want to know. Why?"

He threw an arm over my shoulder and said:

"I want to shake your hand. If my wife was here she would want to shake your hand—she would kiss you. He is the meanest man in Cincinnati!"

Probably O. H. P. Belmont never knew how near he came to having an adventure the last time he visited Yellowstone Park. Louis and I had been to the Portland Exposition for a vacation; we weren't playing. As we drew on the stretch beyond Livingston I saw that Louis had struck up an acquaintance with a prosperous-looking couple in the compartment. I paid no attention to that until he flashed the office for "go out on the platform." He joined me there.

"That's O. H. P. Belmont," said Louis. "His private car missed connections, and he's had to take the Pullman. He doesn't know that I know who he is."

"Well, let's play for him, then," said I.

But when Louis thought it over he lost his nerve completely.

"He ain't carrying any ready cash," said Louis. "Those big magnates don't have to. And Marsh isn't here to cash drafts. We don't know the train men, either, and, besides, my wife is along."

"If we can get his promissory note he'll cash it. If he fails to make good we can threaten him with the newspapers."

Louis couldn't see it that way, and the Belmonts had connected with their private train before I talked him over.

People are sure funny. Twenty times after that Louis said to me:

"I wish we'd had the nerve to play for O. H. P. Belmont that time."

And I'd always answer, never letting on that I had any sarcastic feelings:

"Yes, Louis, I wish we had!"

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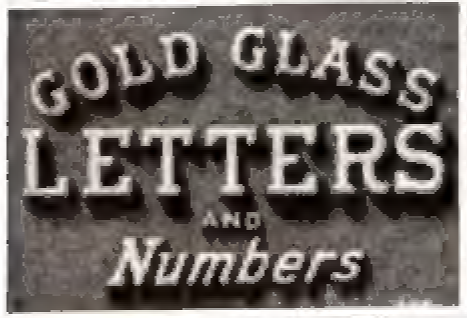

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Water Turned Into Money

By René Bache

A HORSE-POWER is worth more in some parts of the United States than in others. Its average value all over the country, however, is thirty-five dollars a year.

It is obvious then, or ought to be so, that anybody who owns a waterfall or a piece of stream that can be converted into a fall by means of a dam has a right to regard it as a possible source of income. If it can be handled in such a way as to produce one hundred horse-power, it should yield (with an average market) thirty-five hundred dollars per annum.

There are plenty of people who possess such sources of easily-obtainable wealth without at all realizing the fact. They need to be taught, and the Government is doing its best at the present time to convey and scatter broadcast the requisite knowledge. You have a stream on your land, let us say, which, by damming, can be converted into a waterfall. If so situated as to be available for industrial purposes it represents a certain income, if you will take the trouble to draw it.

How large an income? In order to get an answer to that question you have only to apply to a competent engineer and he will tell you. He will not only measure your stream to determine how many horse-power it is capable of yielding, but will show you how to produce those horse-power, and how to turn them into dollars.

The Water Resources Branch of the United States Geological Survey is making a special study of this problem at the present time. When one of its experts tackles a stream he starts in by measuring its rate of flow—that is to say, the velocity with which the water moves. He goes above the fall (if there is one) in the stream channel, carrying a suitable instrument. If it is shallow enough he wades; if deep, he may suspend himself above the water in a little wooden car that runs along a rope, trolley fashion, from bank to bank. In any case, the object of the performance is to hang in the water, at various depths, a contrivance to measure the flow.

One has often seen a small boy holding against the wind a paper windmill fastened on the end of a stick. The current of air causes it to revolve rapidly. This is exactly what happens in the case of the water-meter, the current being one of water instead of air. Connected with the instrument is a wire, at the other end of which is a telephone receiver, either fastened to the head of the operator or else put to his ear when he wishes to listen.

Every time the vanes of the meter make a revolution in the water a circuit is closed, and a click sounds through the telephone in the ear of the operator. Different forms of meters are used in shallow water and in deep water, when wading, or when slung in the overhead car; but they all act on the same principle. The operator holds a stop-watch in his hand, and in this way, by counting the ticks, he determines the number of revolutions per minute.

Measuring the Rate of Flow

Each meter having been carefully tested beforehand, the number of revolutions thus recorded gives the exact velocity of the stream. But, of course, all parts of the stream do not move equally fast. It runs more rapidly in the middle than at the sides, and faster at the top than at the bottom. The fastest water, however, is not at the top, where it is impeded by the friction of the air. A stream runs most rapidly one-fifth of the depth below the surface, and its average speed is that of the current at two-fifths of its depth above the bottom.

Thus, if the stream is ten feet deep, the current six feet below the surface will represent its average speed, and it will flow most rapidly at a depth of two feet. It is a matter simple enough to make measurements with the meter at a series of equi-distant points from bank to bank, and at various depths, and then to add up all the results, dividing the sum by the number of measurements to get the average velocity.

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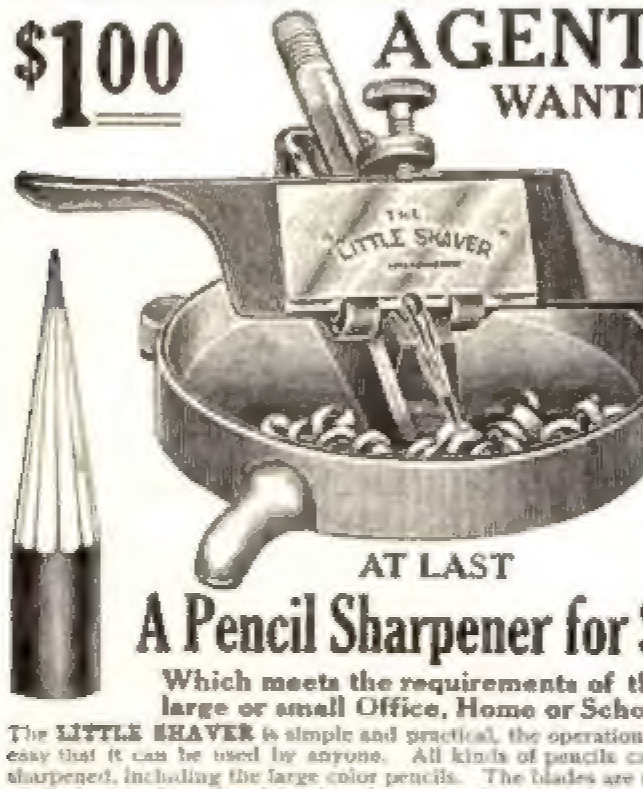

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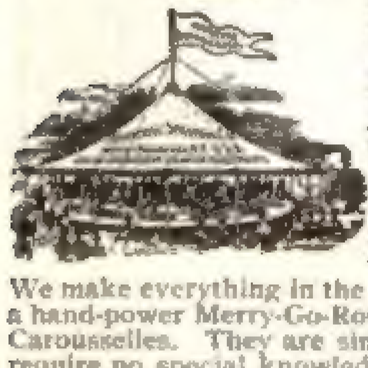

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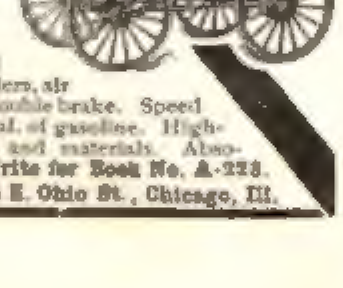

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experts would put it, the area of a vertical section through the stream. This is learned by soundings. If the average depth is ten feet and the width twenty feet, the area in question is two hundred square feet. Supposing that the stream, as shown by the meter, moved at an average rate of two feet per second, it follows that the total flow is four hundred cubic feet per second. The problem, after all, is not so very difficult.

Now, suppose that the waterfall is fifty feet high, with water going over it at the rate of four hundred feet per second. The next question is: How many horse-power does this represent? It must be considered, in the first place, that all of the fifty feet cannot be used. Some space must be reserved for the machinery at the foot of the falls, and for a clearance for the "tail water' that flows away—say, five feet, leaving forty-five feet over and available.

One cubic foot per second falling eight and four-fifths feet represents one horse-power—that is to say, enough power to lift five hundred and fifty pounds one foot. It follows, then, that one cubic foot per second, falling forty-five feet, is equal to about five horse-power. But here we have four hundred cubic feet falling forty-five feet—the equivalent of a total of over two thousand horse-power. This estimate is theoretical. No machinery has ever been constructed that will show one hundred per cent efficiency. Eighty per cent is obtainable, however, and so it appears that the waterfall in question is capable of furnishing sixteen hundred horse-power.

A Waterfall Expressed in Dollars

At thirty-five dollars per horse-power this should represent an income of fifty-six thousand dollars a year—too much money, surely, to allow to run to waste. But one must take into consideration the cost of installing and operating the machinery. Some capital, of course, is required; but, when once the plant is in running order, the energy is supplied, without a penny of direct expense to the owner, by the sun, which attends to the business of gathering up the water and letting it fall upon the land, thus keeping the stream flowing.

It is an easy matter, by a dam or other simple means, to direct all of the water of the stream in such a manner that it shall flow down a big pipe at one side of the waterfall, pouring out at the lower end of the pipe through a nozzle. This nozzle, viewed from the front, looks somewhat like a modern cannon, shooting water instead of projectiles. The water, however, if it comes from a really considerable height, may be shot out with a force representing a pressure of several thousand pounds to the square inch.

The stream emerging from the nozzle strikes a series of buckets, as they might be called, mounted on the periphery of a great wheel, thus causing the latter to revolve. It is a means adopted for transmitting the power of the falling water. The wheel turns on a shaft, which is likewise the axis of an electric generator. Thus the power of the water is converted into electricity, and in this way is made available for a great variety of purposes. Wires lead from the generator to a "transformer," which takes the electricity and sends it out at a constant strength.

The electricity is furnished by the generator in varying quantities—sometimes more, sometimes less. But the transformer acts like a funnel, the current coming out of it always in a stream of a certain size. This, of course, is a matter of utmost importance, inasmuch as the electric "fluid" could not be utilized satisfactorily for lighting, for running machinery, or for any other purpose, if the quantity of it delivered were constantly varying.

Transmission of electricity today is not economical beyond one hundred miles, at which distance about eighty-three per cent of the current is actually delivered. Some day, however, it will be sent over unlimited distances. This prediction seems a safe one in view of the enormous improvement in matters of the kind that has been accomplished within the last few years.

It ought to be added that, in the accurate and definite measurement of a stream, with reference to the horse-power derivable from it, necessity demands that determinations of the sort described shall be made through a series of years, in order to ascertain the minimum, the mean and the maximum flow.

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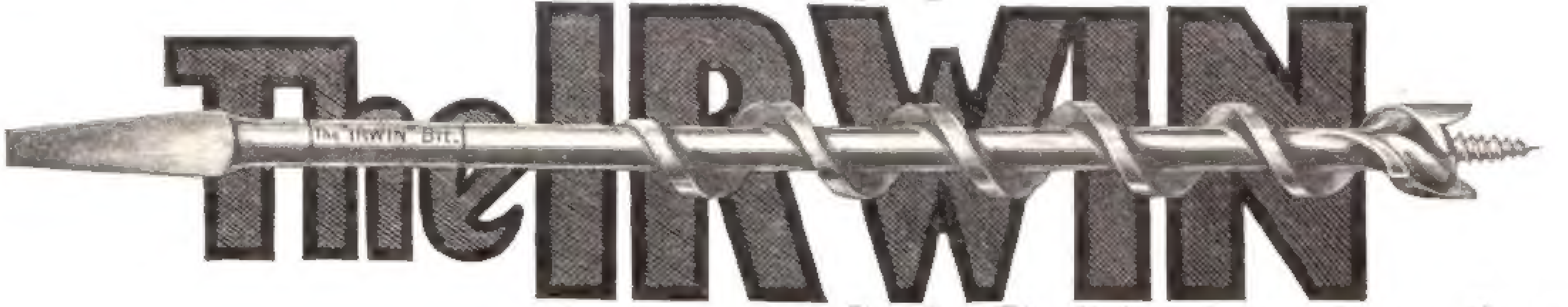

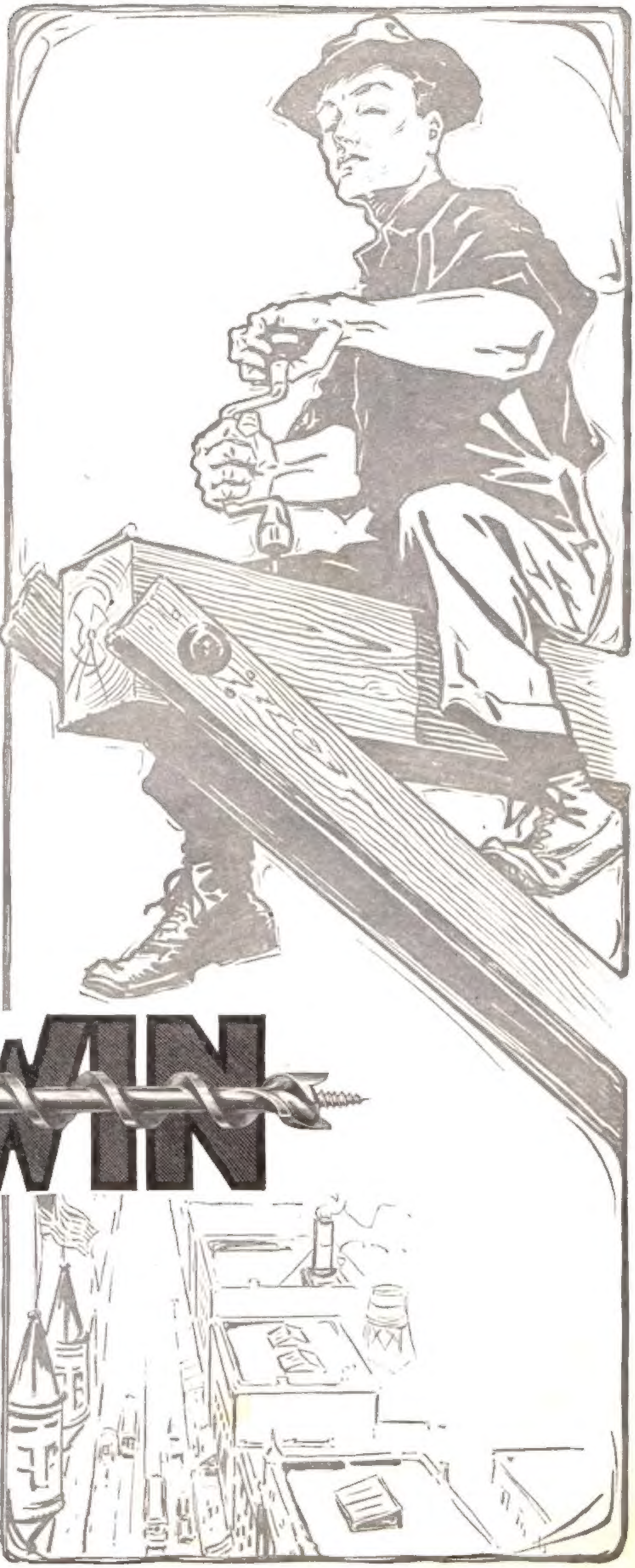

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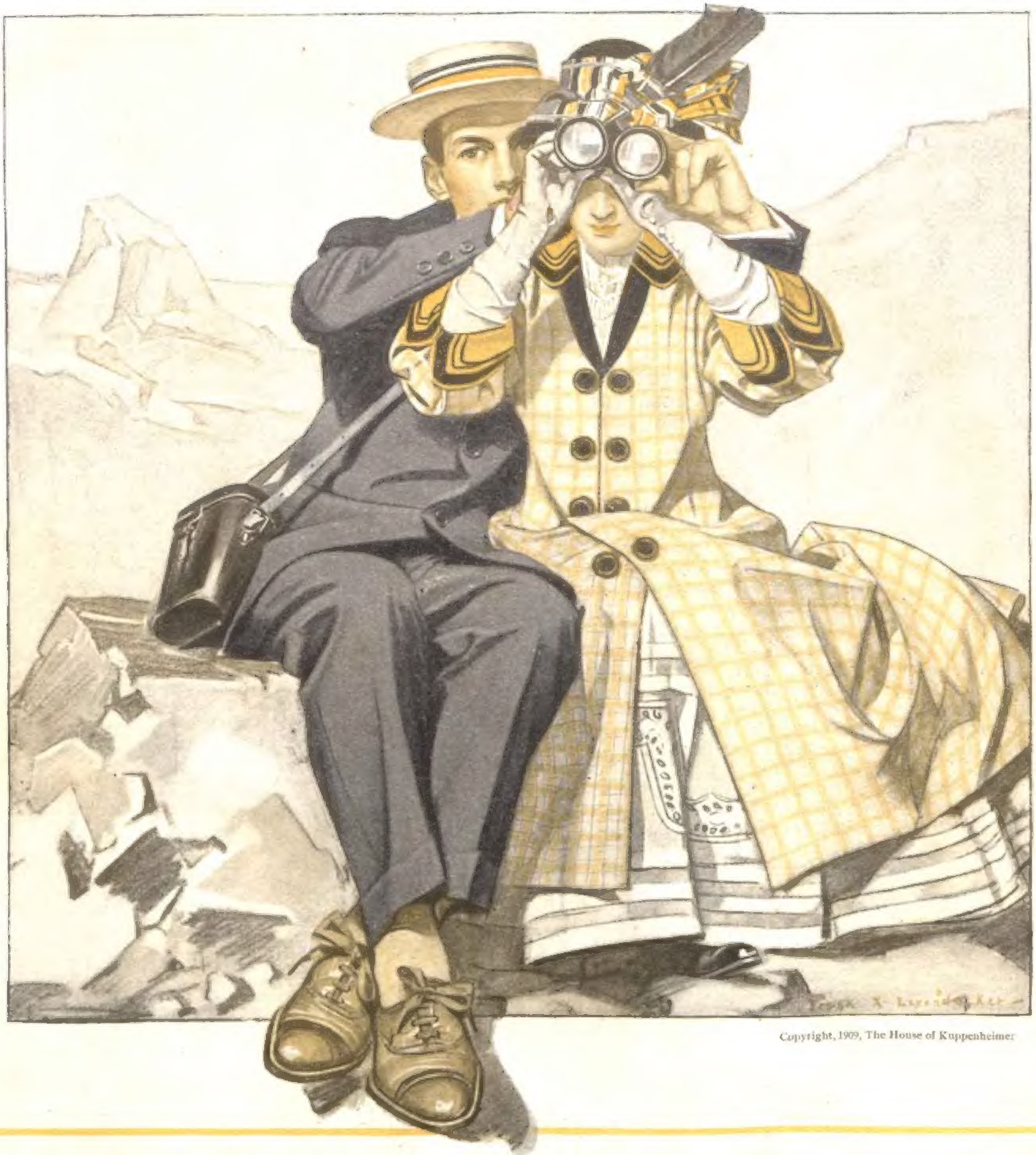

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